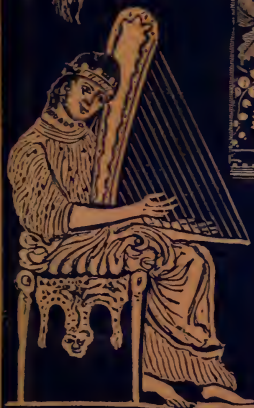




GOSPEL MELODIES

By

H. MILLARD



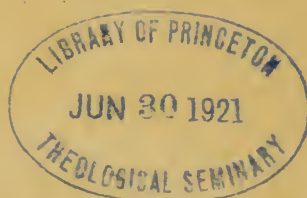
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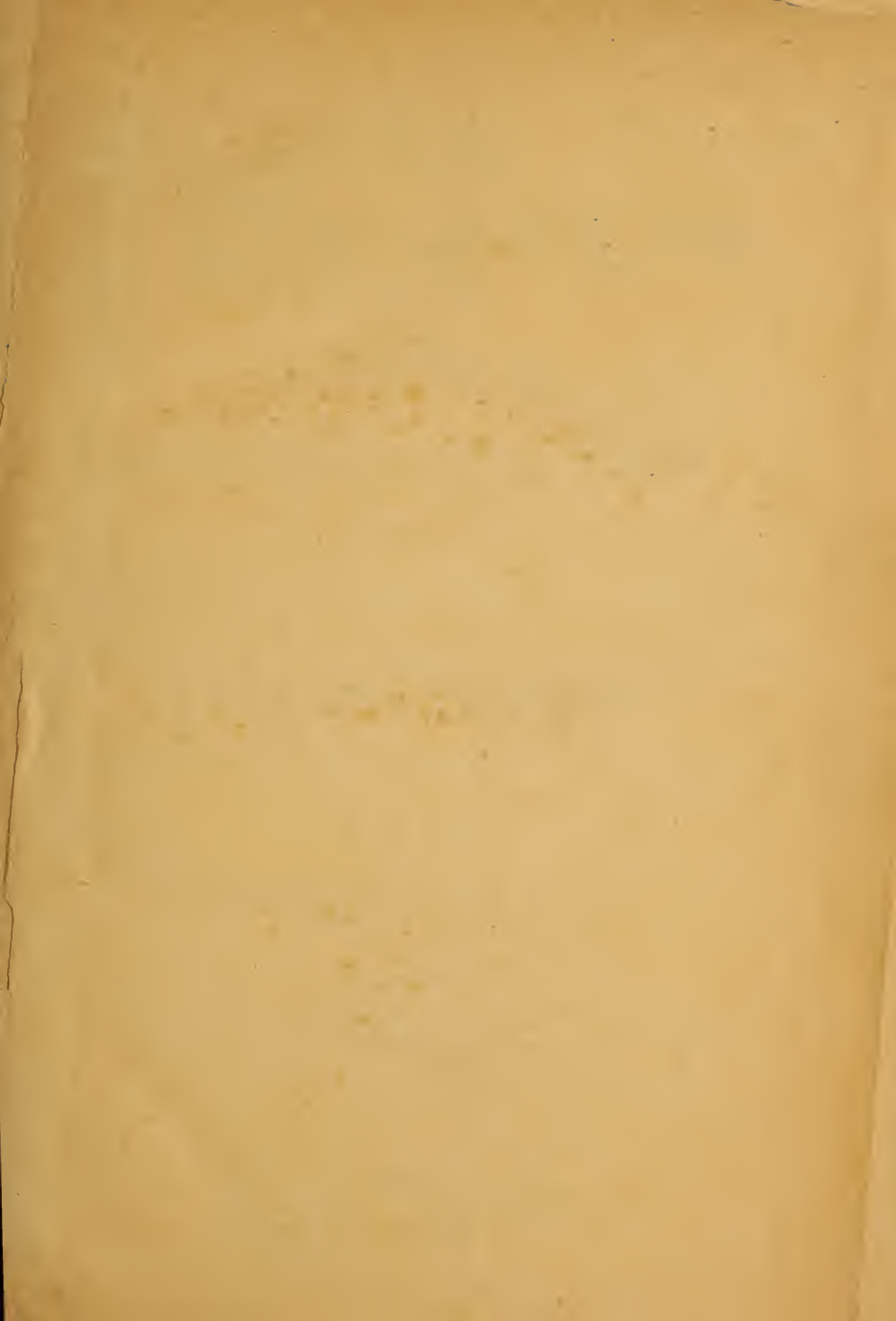
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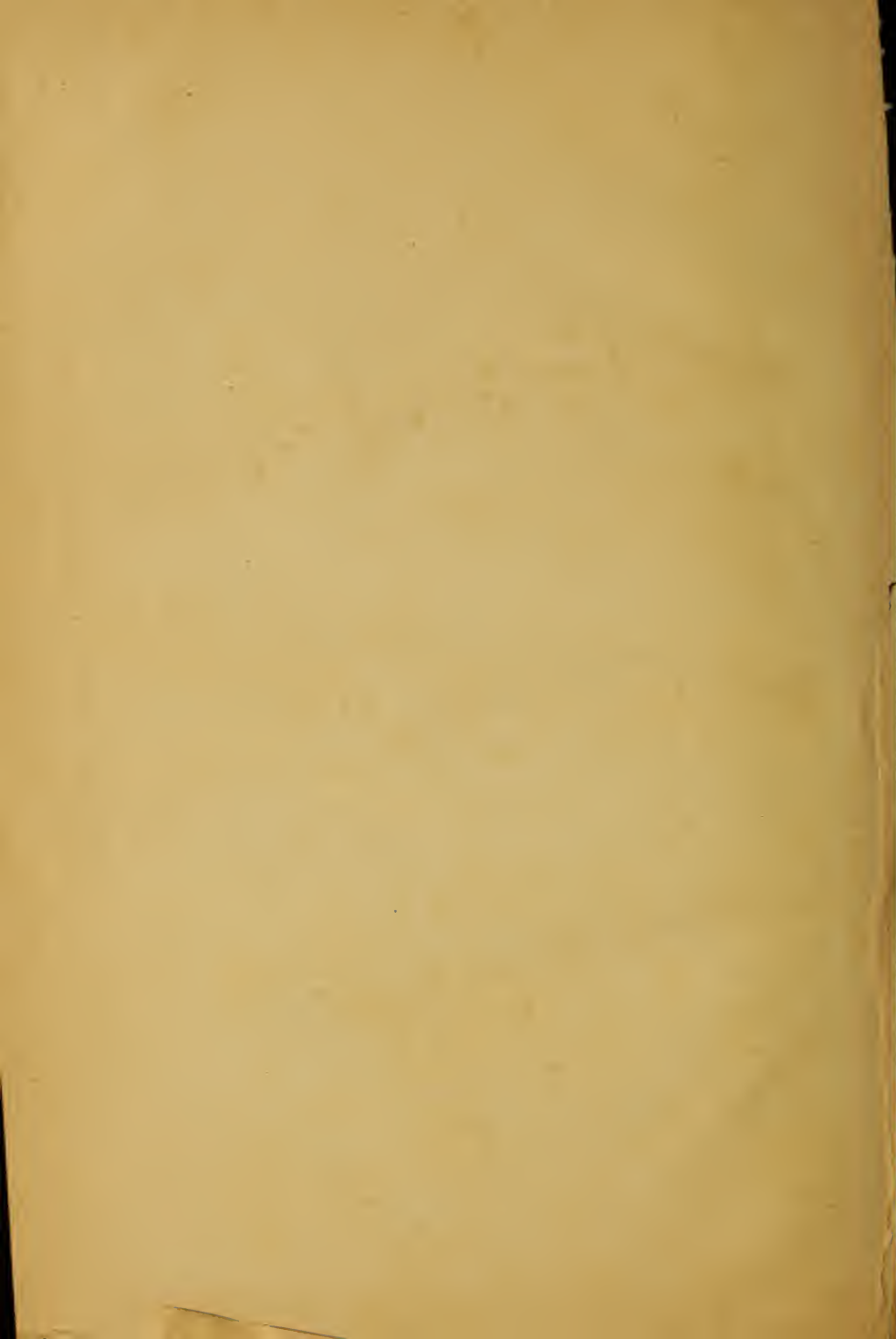
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Section

5195

Benson







GOSPEL MELODIES

A COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS, SOCIAL GATHERINGS, &c., &c.

BY

HARRISON MILLARD,

J. L. GILBERT,

THEO. E. PERKINS,

H. P. DANKS

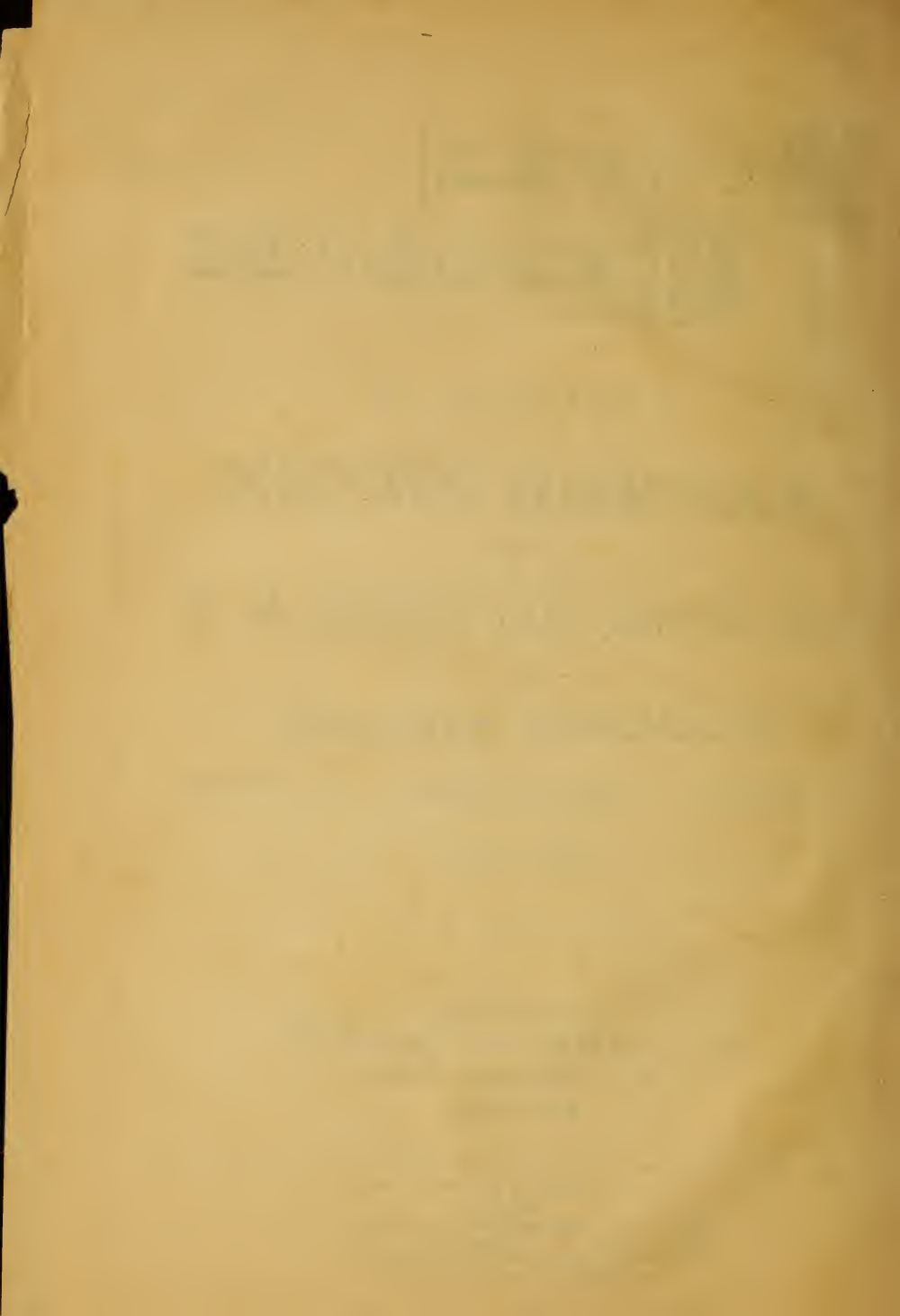
AND OTHERS.

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GOSPEL MELODIES.

No. 1. JESUS WILL BE YOUR FRIEND.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv: 13.

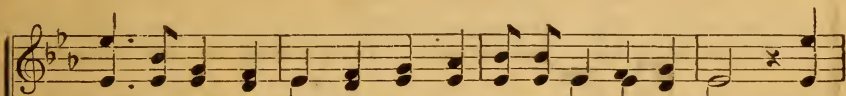
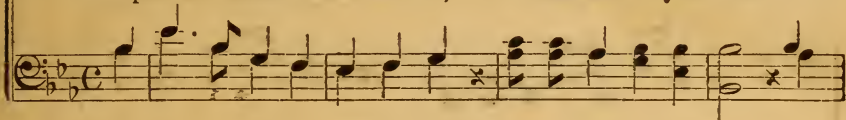
GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

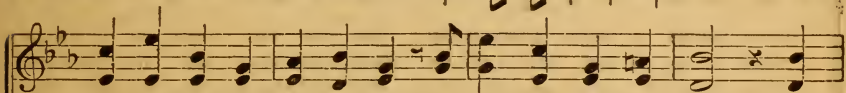
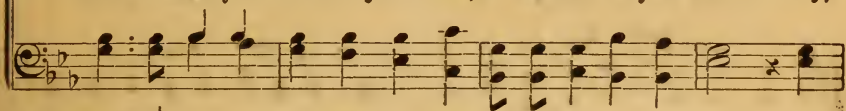
Not too fast.



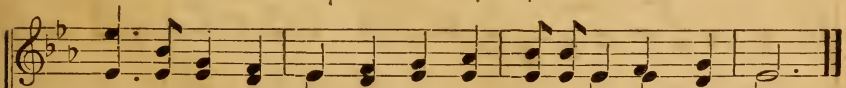
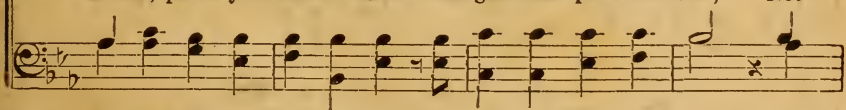
1. Oh, come to Him, ye hearts opprest, — Je - sus will be your friend! He
2. His blood has paid the debt for you, — Je - sus will be your friend! Be-
3. Ye poor and wretched hear His voice, — Je - sus will be your friend! His



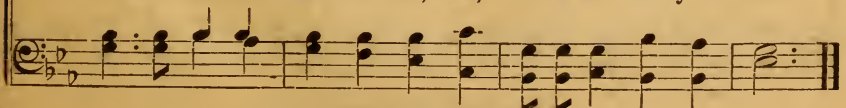
bids you come to peace and rest — Oh, Je - sus will be your friend! Tho'
lieve on Him, your Sa - viour true — Oh, Je - sus will be your friend! Oh,
love will make your hearts re-joyce — Oh, Je - sus will be your friend! Why,



sin and sor-row weigh you down, The Lord will par - don send; There
leave the deadly paths of sin, Where now your foot steps wend! He
sinners, pause you there in doubt? He'll grace and par - don send; Not



waits for you a gol - den crown, Oh, Jesus will be your friend!
is the way; oh, en - ter in, And Jesus will be your friend!
one who comes He cast - eth out; Oh, Jesus will be your friend!

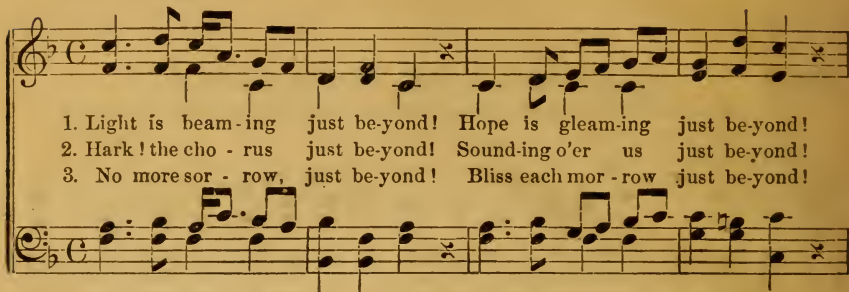


No. 2.

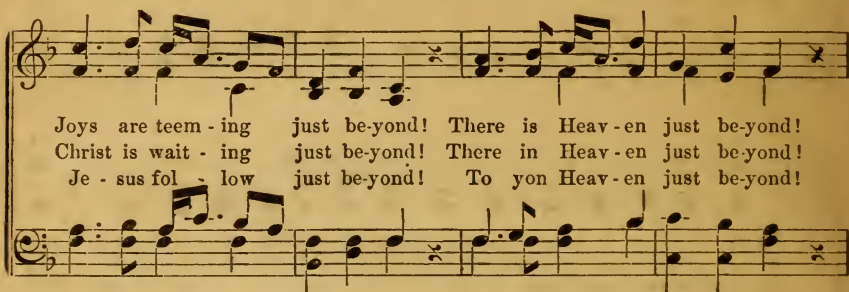
JUST BEYOND.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1st Cor. ii: 9.

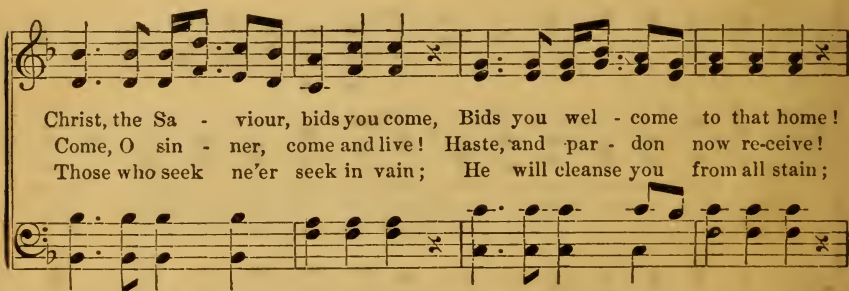
GEO. COOPER.



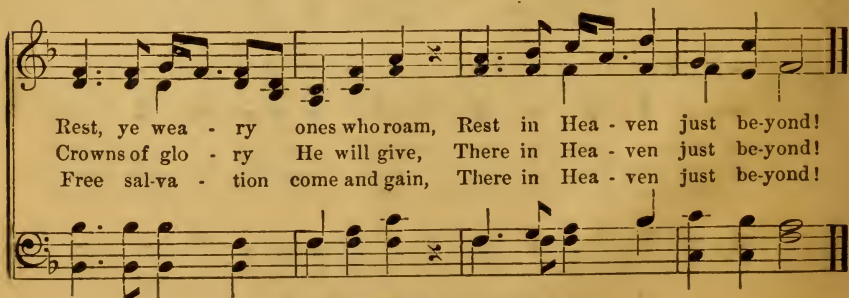
1. Light is beam-ing just be-yond! Hope is gleam-ing just be-yond!
 2. Hark! the cho - rus just be-yond! Sound-ing o'er us just be-yond!
 3. No more sor - row, just be-yond! Bliss each mor - row just be-yond!



Joys are teem-ing just be-yond! There is Heav-en just be-yond!
 Christ is wait-ing just be-yond! There in Heav-en just be-yond!
 Je - sus fol - low just be-yond! To yon Heav-en just be-yond!



Christ, the Sa - viour, bids you come, Bids you wel - come to that home!
 Come, O sin - ner, come and live! Haste, and par - don now re-ceive!
 Those who seek ne'er seek in vain; He will cleanse you from all stain;



Rest, ye wea - ry ones who roam, Rest in Hea - ven just be-yond!
 Crowns of glo - ry He will give, There in Hea - ven just be-yond!
 Free sal - va - tion come and gain, There in Hea - ven just be-yond!

No. 3.

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

"Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb.—xii: 2.

GEO. COOPER.

1. Cling - ing, clinging to the Cross, Tho' on bil - lows wild I toss!
 2. Cling - ing, clinging to the Cross, What to me is earth - ly loss?
 3. Cling - ing, clinging to the Cross, Tho' on waves of death I toss;

This my on - ly re - fu - ge here, — This my hope a - mid each fear! Safe from
 Leav - ing all the world behind, Heav'nly peace and joy I find! Trusting
 Here my faith and trust I place Rescued by Thy saving grace! Where my

harm my soul shall rest, As a child on moth - er's breast!
 in Thy sav - ing might, Heav'n is o - pen to my sight!
 Sa - viour for me died, — Thro' this am I sanc - ti - fied!

Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling - ing still to Thee, Safe from

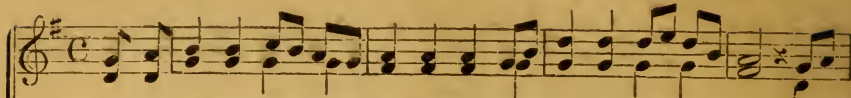
Cling - ing, cling - ing,

harm my soul shall be, O thou Cross of Cal - va - ry!


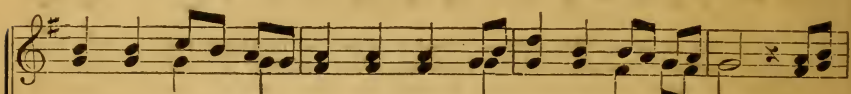
GEO. COOPER.

"Remember how short my time is." Ps. 89 : 47.


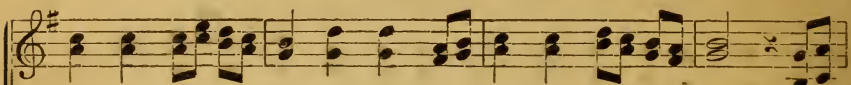
H. M.



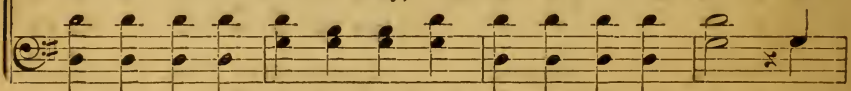
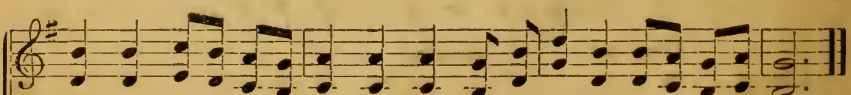
1. We are nearing home, that home so bright Where reigns our Saviour blest ! Its
 2. We are nearing home, our home a - far The Saviour's love hath made ; Where
 3. We are nearing home, our Father's home Where many mansions be ; Our

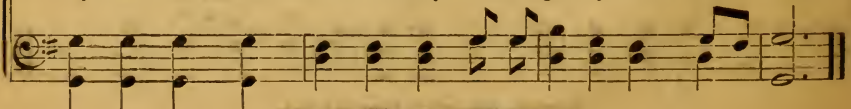
gold - en gates are 'most in sight, Where weary feet shall rest ! While
 all His ran - somed child - ren are With Angels bright arrayed. His
 wand'ring feet no more shall roam, Our bless - ed Lord we'll see ! There's

here, the storms may gloom our days, But there 'tis ev - er peace ! And
 hand shall lead us o'er the stream We're nearing while we stray ; By
 but a lit - tle while to stay, And then e - ter - nal rest ! Oh

there our songs of love and praise To the Saviour ne'er shall cease !
 faith we al - most catch the gleam Of that land of per - fect day !
 may we faint not on the way To the glo - ry - land so blest !



No. 5.

SERVING MY SAVIOUR!

"Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing." Matt. xxiv : 46.
GEO. COOPER. H. M.

1. Serv-ing Him in glad-ness, Serv-ing Him in sad-ness, Serv-ing still my
2. Serv-ing Him for - ev - er, With renewed en - deav - or, Serv-ing Him with
3. Serv-ing Him with meek-ness, In my strength or weakness, Serv-ing Him un-

Sav - iour, Faith - ful till the last!
pa - tience, Wait - ing for His call. Dear ones are passing o'er,
fear - ing, Day by day I wait. Keep - ing sweet watch and ward,
Yon - der, by faith I see

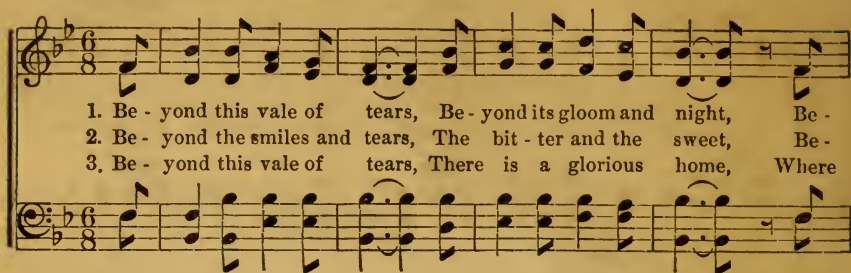
Go - ing to yon - der shore, Soon will the earth and its sor - row be
Faith - ful - ly stand - ing guard, Knowing not when the glad sum - mons may
Glo - ries that beam for me, Fa - ces that shine thro' the Heav - en - ly

past. Serv - ing Him in glad - ness, Serv - ing Him in
fall. Serv - ing Him in glad - ness, Serv - ing Him in
gate. Serv - ing Him in glad - ness, Serv - ing Him in

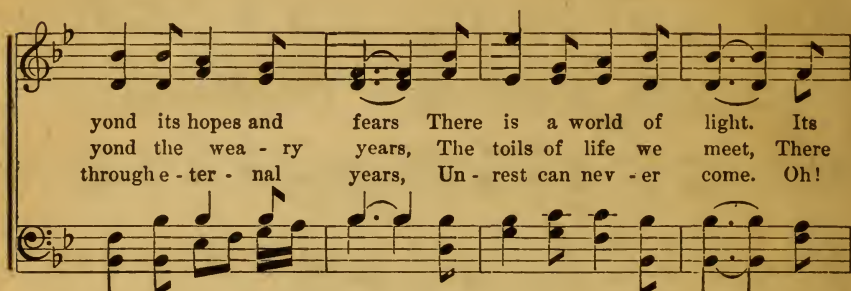
sad - ness, Serv - ing still my Sav - iour till He shall come.

No. 6. BEYOND THIS VALE OF TEARS.

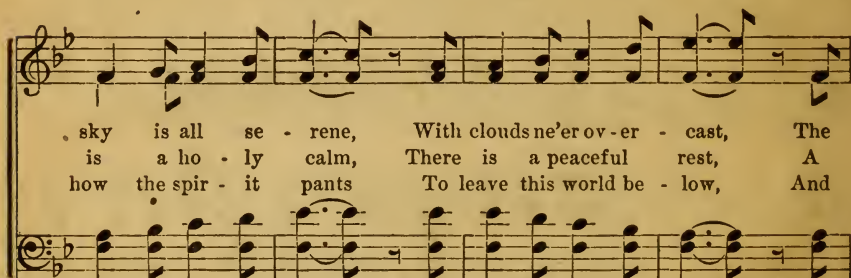
REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.



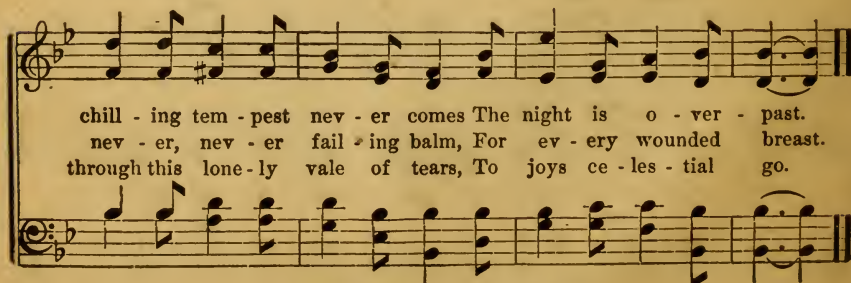
1. Be - yond this vale of tears, Be - yond its gloom and night, Be -
 2. Be - yond the smiles and tears, The bit - ter and the sweet, Be -
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a glorious home, Where



yond its hopes and fears There is a world of light. Its
 yond the wea - ry years, The toils of life we meet, There
 through e - ter - nal years, Un - rest can nev - er come. Oh!



sky is all se - rene, With clouds ne'er ov - er - cast, The
 is a ho - ly calm, There is a peaceful rest, A
 how the spir - it pants To leave this world be - low, And

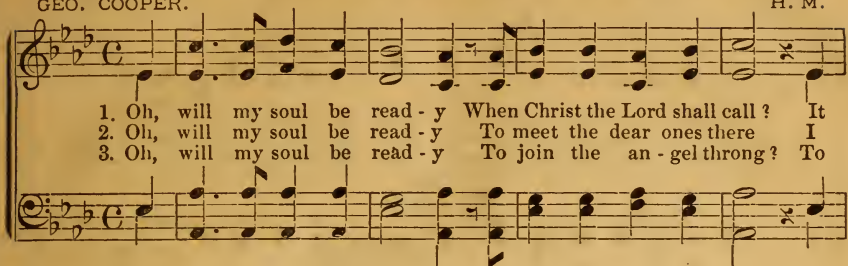


chill - ing tem - pest nev - er comes The night is o - ver - past.
 nev - er, nev - er fail - ing balm, For ev - ery wounded breast.
 through this lone - ly vale of tears, To joys ce - les - tial go.

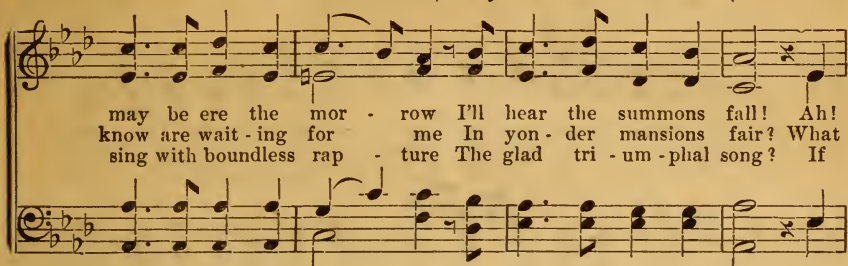
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No. 7. "WILL MY SOUL BE READY?"

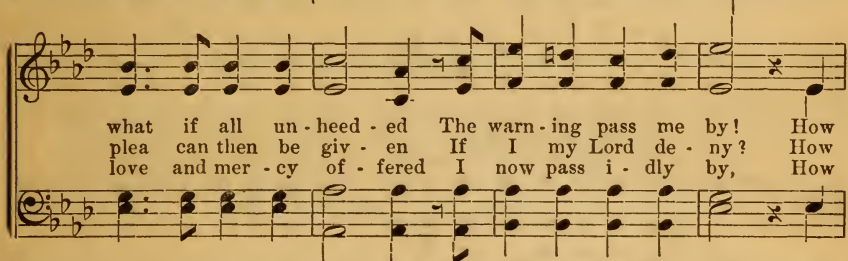
Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. Matt. xxv: 44.
GEO. COOPER. H. M.



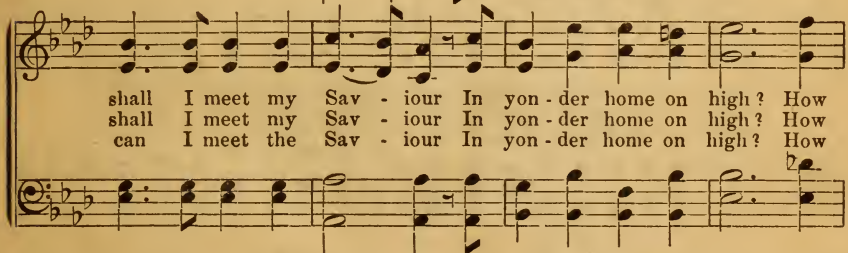
1. Oh, will my soul be read - y When Christ the Lord shall call? It
2. Oh, will my soul be read - y To meet the dear ones there I
3. Oh, will my soul be read - y To join the an - gel throng? To



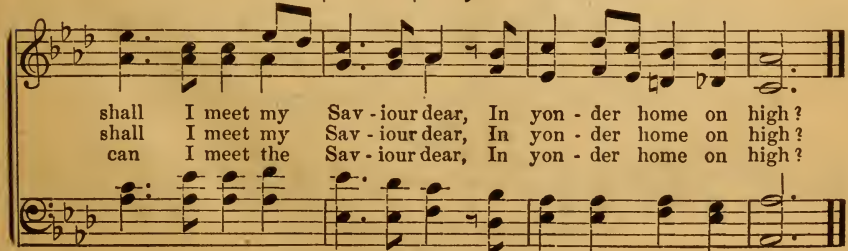
may be ere the mor - row I'll hear the summons fall! Ah!
know are wait - ing for me In yon - der mansions fair? What
sing with boundless rap - ture The glad tri - um - phal song? If



what if all un - heed - ed The warn - ing pass me by! How
plea can then be giv - en If I my Lord de - ny? How
love and mer - cy of - fered I now pass i - dly by, How



shall I meet my Sav - iour In yon - der home on high? How
shall I meet my Sav - iour In yon - der home on high? How
can I meet the Sav - iour In yon - der home on high? How



shall I meet my Sav - iour dear, In yon - der home on high?
shall I meet my Sav - iour dear, In yon - der home on high?
can I meet the Sav - iour dear, In yon - der home on high?

No. 8. SOON WILL THE MIST ROLL AWAY.

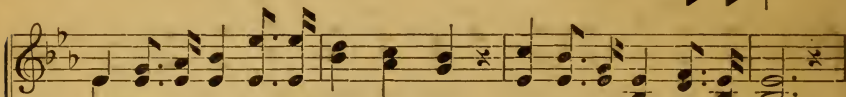
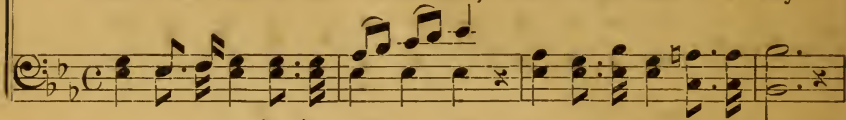
"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

GEO. COOPER,

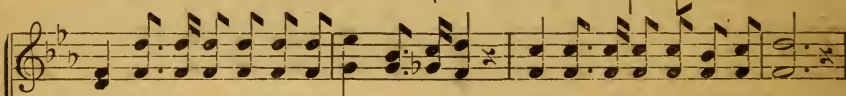
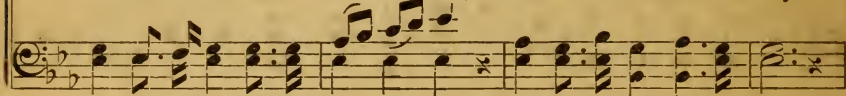
H. M.



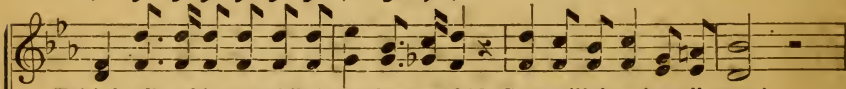
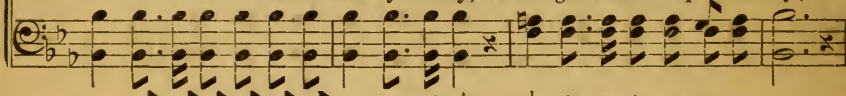
1. Yonder's the land where the lov'd ones are, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
2. Dark looms the path, but the promise heed, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
3. Bear thou the Cross till the Crown is won, Soon will the mist roll a - way!



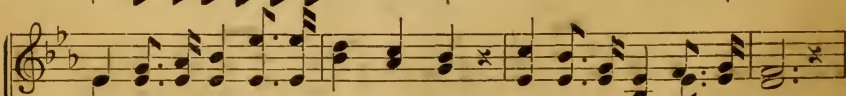
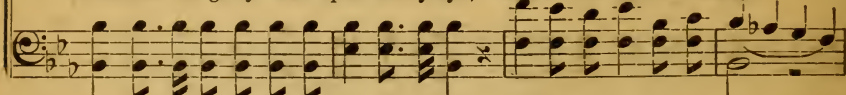
Joy soon to rest in that realm a - far, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
 Je - sus a lone can re - lieve thy need, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
 Work till the will of the Lord be done, Soon will the mist roll a - way!



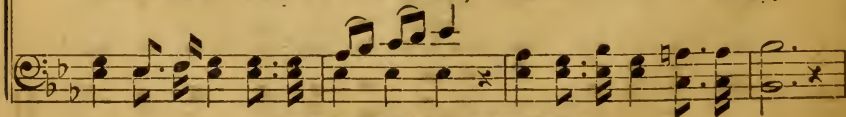
There in the loving smile of Je - sus to bide, Visions of glo - ry day by day!
 Clear will the purpose of the Lord be to thee, Hasten the Master to o - bey;
 All will be re-conciled to thee by and by, Faith guideth on to per - fect day;



Faith fondly whispers, while in shadows we hide, Soon will the mist roll away!
 Blissful the vision that beyond we shall see, Soon will the mist roll a-way!
 Soon shall the glory dawn upon ev - ery eye, Soon will the mist roll a-way!



Yonder's the land where the lov'd ones are, Soon will the mist roll a - way!



SOON WILL THE MIST ROLL AWAY.

Joy soon to rest in that realm a - far, Soon will the mist roll a - way!

No. 9.

UNDYING LOVE.

GEO. COOPER.

H. MILLARD. By per.

1. Un - dy - ing love!—oh, sweet the tho't, My Sav - iour keeps for me! And
 2. Un - dy - ing love!—O theme of joy That heavenly an - gels sing! How
 3. Un - dy - ing love!—a-wake my soul, And tell its won-drous power! Tho'

since His ref - uge I have sought, By faith my home I see! Oh,
 sweet, while earth - ly ills an - noy, The com - fort it doth bring! O
 sor - row's bil - lows o'er us roll, 'Tis ours each day and hour. For -

poor and weak with - out His aid, And help - less while I rove, I
 balm that on the heart descends As falls the gen - tle dove! O
 ev - er would my life re - peat His prais - es while I rove, And

rest, — no more by sin dis - mayed, In God's un - dy - ing love!
 bless - ing till life's jour - ney ends, — Our Lord's un - dy - ing love!
 sing, for - ev - er blest and sweet, My Lord's un - dy - ing love!

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—Ps. 42: 1.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

Not too fast.

1. As the hart panteth af - ter the brooks, O my Sav-iour, So my
 2. Thou art still to my path as a light to the wand'r'er; And Thy
 3. As the hart panteth af - ter the brooks, O my Sav-iour, So my

soul panteth still every hour af - ter Thee. Be Thou near in my gladness, and
 word on life's way is a comfort and cheer. Tho' I walk thro' the shadows Thou
 soul panteth still ev-ery hour af - ter Thee. Leave me not in my sorrow, But

near in my grief; Thy smile is a joy and a balm un - to
 still art my joy; I heed not the storm for I know Thou art
 com - fort and bless, And hush ev - ery care as Thou once did the

me. In the deeps of the night be Thou still ev - er present, For the
 near. Ev - ery hope flies to Thee like a dove to its bower, In the
 sea. When the dark - ness of death shall en - com - pass my spirit, May the

hope of my soul ev - er - more shalt Thou be. A - men, A - men.
 light of Thy smile there is rest ev - er dear.
 light of Thy smile lead me where Thou shalt be.

No. 11. HOME WITH JESUS FOREVER.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."—John iv: 3.

GEO. COOPER.
SEMI-CHORUS.

H. P. DANKS.

1. Oh, what de-light, when earth is end-ed, Tri-als past, and sor-row and care!
2. Joy that by faith my earth-ly vis-ion, Sees a-far that cit-y of gold!
3. Light of our days, His word of glad-ness Points to ev-ery sin-ner the way!

Then our Re-deem-er we'll be-hold Up in the man-sions bright and fair!
Dark-ness and grief shall melt a-way When we its gran-deur shall be-hold!
Come, and His bless-ed love re-ceive; Free-ly 'tis of-fered you to-day!

There with the lov'd ones who have gone be-fore us, Joy-ful, joy-ful, shall our meet-ing be!
Prom-ise of Je-sus un-to all be-liev-ers! Glo-ry, glo-ry, still shall be our song!
Lay then your bur-dens on the lov-ing Sav-iour, Cleans'd and 'ransom'd by His sav-ing grace!

Glo-ry and praise, oh, hap-pi-ness to sing, Home with Je-sus for-ev-er!
Saved by His blood, what bliss a-waits us there, Home with Je-sus for-ev-er!
Praise to His name, oh, bliss to yon-der be, Home with Je-sus for-ev-er!

FULL CHORUS.

Oh, what de-light, when earth is end-ed, Tri-als past, and sor-row, and care!

Then our Re-deem-er we'll be-hold, Up in the man-sions, bright and fair!

No. 12.

MARCHING TO THE RIVER!

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God
 GEO. COOPER. and of the Lamb.—Rev. xxii: 1. H. MILLARD. By per.

Tempo marziale.

Org.

1. We are marching to the riv - er, 'Tis al - most in sight!
 2. Lov - ing ones will come to meet us, On the fur - ther shore!

With the loved and blest for - ev - er, We shall walk in light!
 Gen - tle voic - es there will greet us, And we'll weep no more!

We can almost hear the flow - ing Of that rush - ing tide!
 Step by step, that shore we're near-ing, And the Sav - iour's hand

To the land of love we're go - ing, Where our hopes a - bide!
 Leads us on-ward, nev - er fear - ing, To the Bet - ter Land!

CHORUS.

We are marching to the riv - er, 'Tis al - most in sight!

MARCHING TO THE RIVER.

Just across, we'll meet the An - gels, Robed in spotless white.

No. 13.

LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—Rev. iii: 20.

GEO. COOPER.

H. MILLARD. By per.

Moderato.

1. Lo! He's knocking at ev - 'ry heart, Let the Sav - iour in! . . .
 2. Would ye turn Him in grief a - way? Let the Sav - iour in! . . .
 3. Take Him fondly un - to your breast, Let the Sav - iour in! . . .

Shall we tell Him He must de - part? Let the Sav - iour in! . . .
 Sis - ter, broth - er, do not de - lay, Let the Sav - iour in! . . .
 He will give to the wea - ry rest, Let the Sav - iour in! . . .

He is wait - ing be - side your door, He is plead - ing for - ev - er - more!
 He is might - y to save and keep, He will com - fort the eyes that weep!
 Shall His sum - mons be heard in vain? Shall we turn Him a - way a - gain?

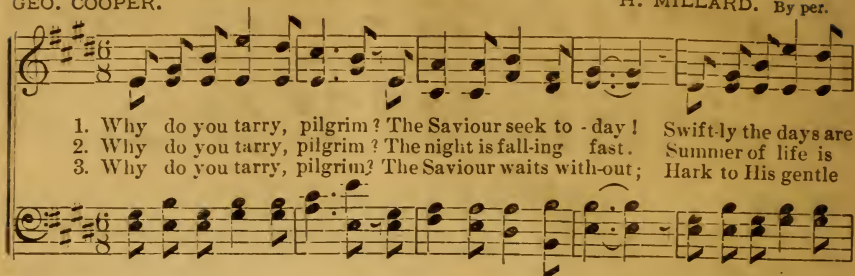
Your sweet wel - come He doth im - plo - re, Let the Sav - iour in! . . .
 In his pre - sence how sweet our sleep! Let the Sav - iour in! . . .
 Ye who lin - ger in doubt and pain, Let the Sav - iour in! . . .

No. 14. WHY DO YOU TARRY, PILGRIM?

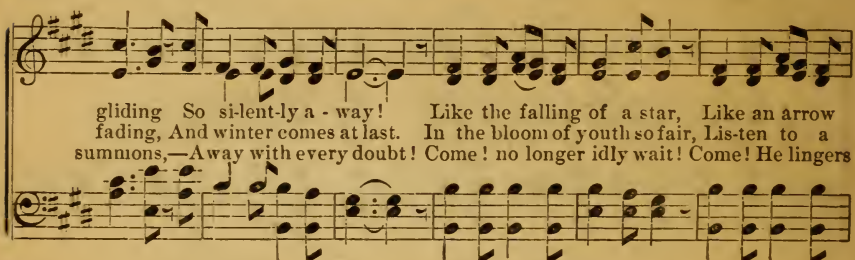
How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God follow him.—1 Kings xviii: 21.

GEO. COOPER.

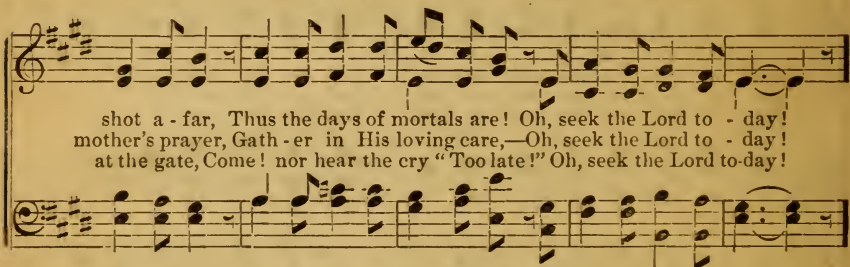
H. MILLARD. By per.



1. Why do you tarry, pilgrim? The Saviour seek to - day! Swift-ly the days are
 2. Why do you tarry, pilgrim? The night is fall-ing fast. Summer of life is
 3. Why do you tarry, pilgrim? The Saviour waits with-out; Hark to His gentle

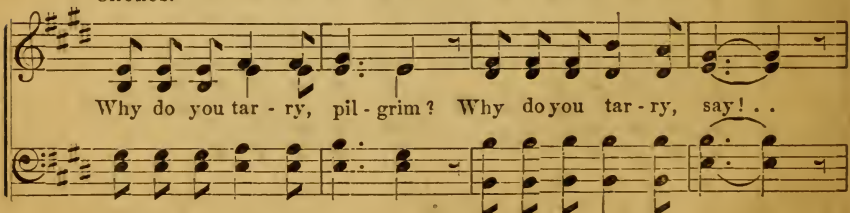


gliding So si-lent-ly a - way! Like the falling of a star, Like an arrow
 fading, And winter comes at last. In the bloom of youth so fair, Lis-ten to a
 summons,—Away with every doubt! Come! no longer idly wait! Come! He lingers

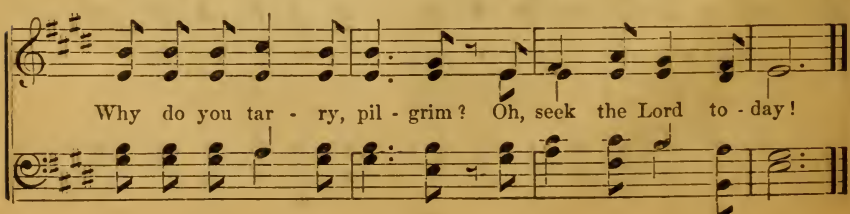


shot a - far, Thus the days of mortals are! Oh, seek the Lord to - day!
 mother's prayer, Gath - er in His loving care,—Oh, seek the Lord to - day!
 at the gate, Come! nor hear the cry "Too late!" Oh, seek the Lord to-day!

CHORUS.



Why do you tar - ry, pil - grim? Why do you tar - ry, say! . .

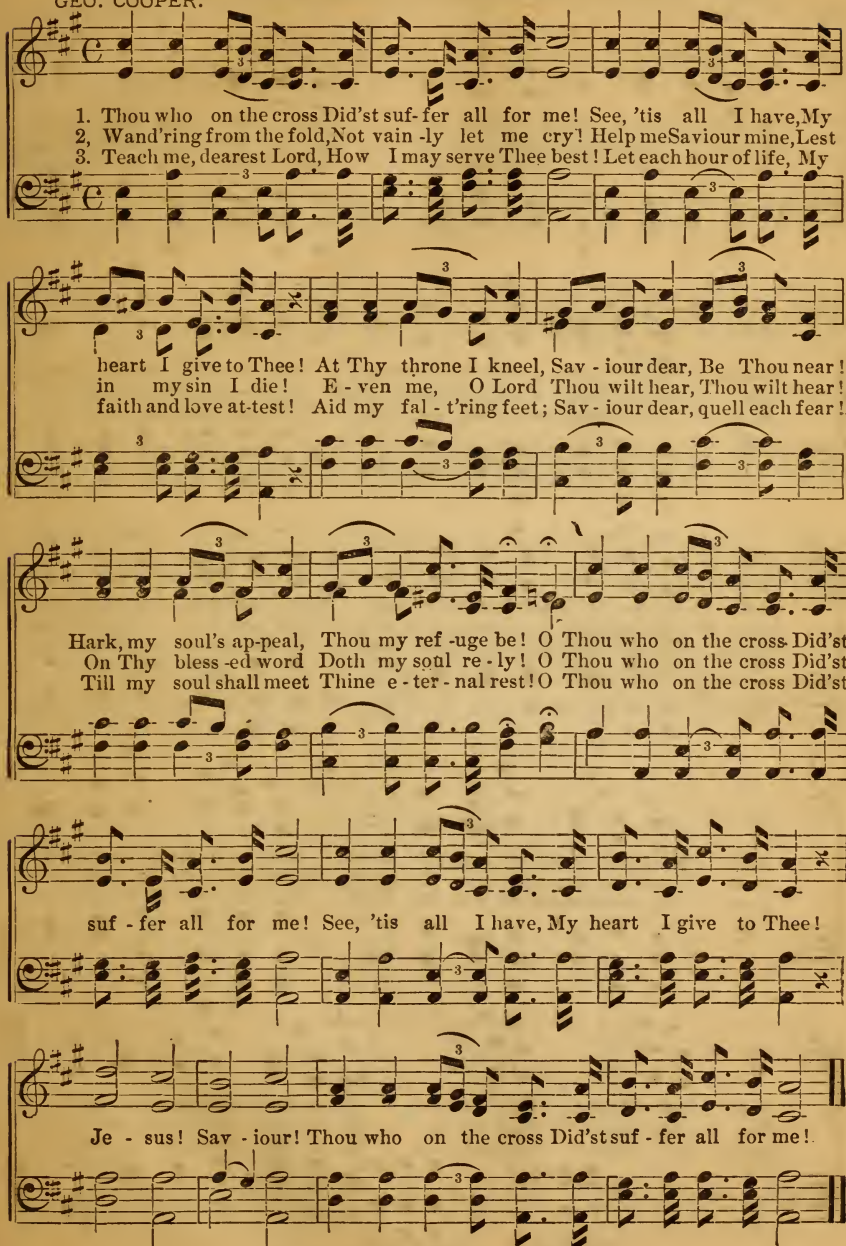


Why do you tar - ry, pil - grim? Oh, seek the Lord to - day!

No. 15. THOU WHO ON THE CROSS.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities."—Isa. liii: 5.

GEO. COOPER.



1. Thou who on the cross Did'st suf-fer all for me! See, 'tis all I have, My heart I give to Thee! At Thy throne I kneel, Sav- iour dear, Be Thou near!!

2. Wand'ring from the fold, Not vain-ly let me cry! Help me Saviour mine, Lest in my sin I die! E- ven me, O Lord Thou wilt hear, Thou wilt hear!!

3. Teach me, dearest Lord, How I may serve Thee best! Let each hour of life, My faith and love at-test! Aid my fal- t'ring feet; Sav- iour dear, quell each fear!!

Hark, my soul's ap-pear, Thou my ref-uge be! O Thou who on the cross Did'st On Thy bless-ed word Doth my soul re-ly! O Thou who on the cross Did'st Till my soul shall meet Thine e-ter- nal rest! O Thou who on the cross Did'st

suf-fer all for me! See, 'tis all I have, My heart I give to Thee!

Je- sus! Sav- iour! Thou who on the cross Did'st suf-fer all for me!

No. 16.

ONLY CHRIST.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. iii: 11.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. On - ly Christ can save your soul ; On - ly He can calm your
2. On - ly Christ your steps can aid ; On - ly He can cleanse from
3. On - ly Christ the Sav - iour true ; On - ly He who call - eth

breast ; On - ly Christ can make you whole ; On - ly He can give you
sin ; On - ly Christ whose blood was paid, As the price your soul to
now ; On - ly Christ who died for you, With the thorns up - on His

rest. When the world and friends for - sake, When your sins op - press you
win ! Would you find the Friend, of friends, Would your feet in glad - ness
brow. He can lead you to that home, To the lov'd and ran - somed

sore, When the storms a - round you break, Who can hope and peace re -
stray, Would you know the love He sends, Would you seek the Light, the
given, He can keep while here you roam, He can lead from earth to

store ? Only Christ ! Only Christ ! He can hope and peace re - store.
Way ? Only Christ ! Only Christ ! He a - lone the Light, the Way !
heaven. Only Christ ! Only Christ ! He a - lone can lead to heaven.

Only Christ ! Only Christ !

Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

No. 17. WHEN CHRIST SHALL COME.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Col. iii: 4.

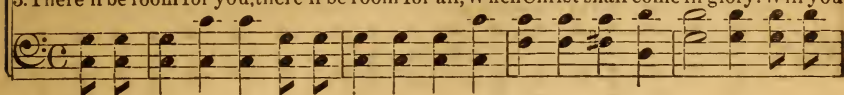
GEO. COOPER.

H. P. DANKS.

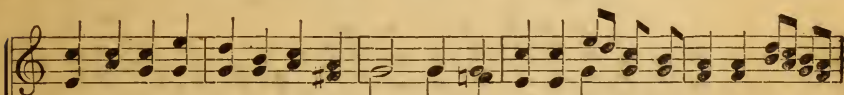
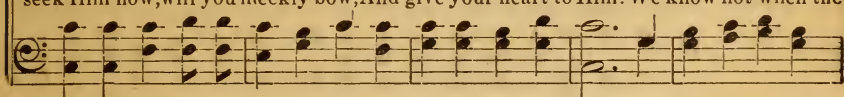
SEMI-CHORUS. *Maestoso*.



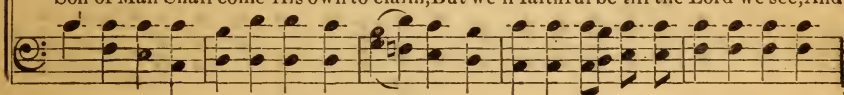
1. Oh, the days roll on, and we near the hour, When Christ shall come in glory, And the
2. Have I serv'd my Lord, while I've journey'd here, With purpose true and faithful? Have I
3. There'll be room for you, there'll be room for all, When Christ shall come in glory! Will you



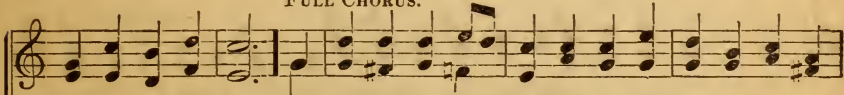
trump shall sound, with a voice of pow'r To call His lov'd ones home! Shall I be there that
sown the seed of a kindly deed, And sought to do His will? Oh, then with gladness
seek Him now, will you meekly bow, And give your heart to Him? We know not when the



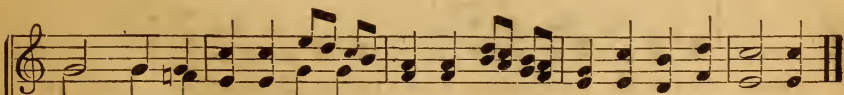
morn so fair To see my Saviour dear? And to sing my song with the angel throng, His
shall I rise My blessed Lord to meet, And in realms above, 'mid the light of love His
Son of Man Shall come His own to claim; But we'll faithful be till the Lord we see, And



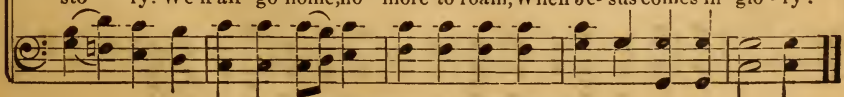
FULL CHORUS.



words of love to hear? Oh, day of joy o'er earth and sea, I love to sing thy
triumph-song re-peat!
praise His ho-ly name!



sto-ry! We'll all go home, no more to roam, When Je-sus comes in glo-ry!

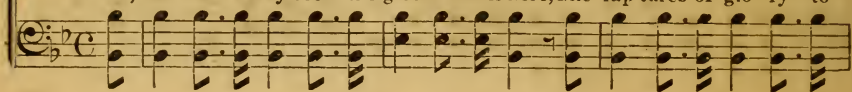


No. 18. SING ME A SONG OF THAT LAND.

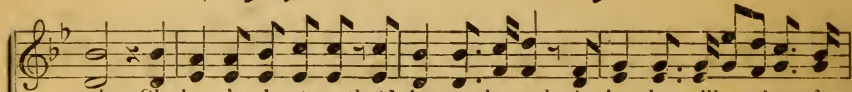
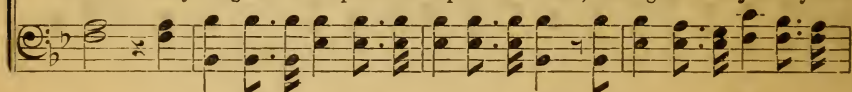
"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light and they shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. xxii: 5.



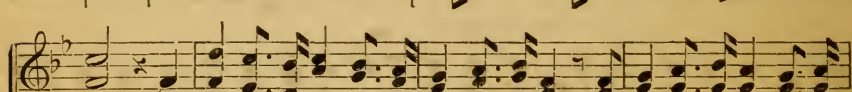
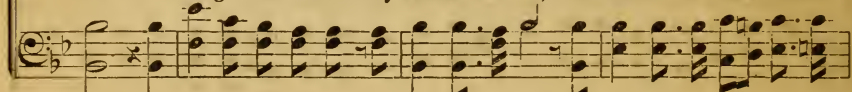
1. Oh, sing me a song of the land far away, And tell me of Je-sus a-
2. Oh, tell me if dear ones are waiting for me, And watching my pathway a-
3. Oh, lure me a-way from the gloom that is here, The rap-tures of glo-ry to



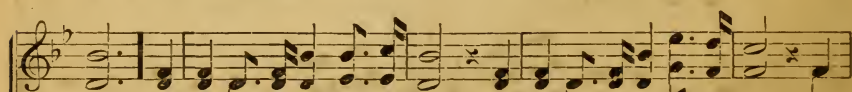
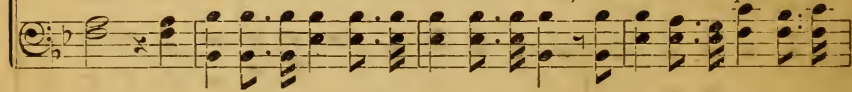
gain; I long thro' the portals of glo-ry to stray From earth and its trials and
bove! Their gio-ri-fied fac-es in spir-it I see, 'Mid an-gels of beauty and
know! Thy song will have power the spirit to cheer, And lighten the journey be-



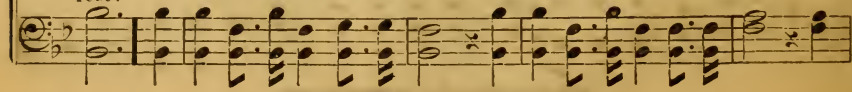
pain. Oh, sing o'er the story that brings to the soul, A joy that will soothe and re-
love. Oh, sing of the blessings a-wait-ing us there, When earth and its sorrows are
low. Come sing of the wonders by faith I can see, The home of the Sav-iour so



store; And sing of the anthems that endless-ly roll, To Je-sus the King ev-er-
done; And sing of the glory the ransom'd will share, When Heaven, yon Heaven is
blest! And life shall be in-fi-nite sweetness to me, And sorrow and pain be at



more! Oh, sing me a song of that Land! And tell me of Je-sus a-gain; I'm
won!
rest!



SING ME A SONG OF THAT LAND.

longing to go to the bright, golden strand, Where Jesus, my Saviour, doth reign!

No. 19.

PARDON E'EN FOR ME.

"I will pardon all their iniquities, whereby they they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me."—Jer. xxxiii: 8.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. Prom-ise sweet of Je - sus, Mer-cy still is free; Hope there is and
2. Soft-ly speaks my Sav-iour, "Come, O sin-ner, come! There is rest and
3. Joy-ful, joy-ful tid-ings! Shall I turn a-side? O Thou Rock of

par-don, Par-don e'en for me! What am I that He should strive
shel-ter In my heavenly home! On the Cross for thee I died,
A-ges, In Thy cleft I hide! By the thorns up-on Thy brow,

rit.
This my soul to win? I so poor and wretched, I so steep'd in sin!
There I plead for thee!" Je-sus says there's pardon, Pardon e'en for me!
By Thine ag-o-ny, There is lov-ing par-don, Pardon e'en for me!

No. 20.

ONLY BELIEVE.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi: 31.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. His love a - bound-eth still for thee, On - ly be - lieve! The
 2. No sac - ri - fice He bids thee make, On - ly be - lieve! His
 3. A home of glo - ry wait - eth there, On - ly be - lieve! A

fount of mer - cy flow - eth free, On - ly be - lieve! Now He knocketh
 lov - ing yoke up - on thee take, On - ly be - lieve! Wilt thou pause, in
 Saviour's love what bliss to share, On - ly be - lieve! Je - sus, now, will

at the door, Now to save thee doth implore; Waiting, plead-ing, ev - ermore;
 sin - ful pride? Shall Thy Saviour be denied? Glo - ry's gates are opened wide;
 take thy hand, Lead thee to the bet - ter land; Come, and join the ransom'd band;

Wilt thou grace re - ceive? His love a - boundeth still for thee, On - ly be -
 Wilt thou life re - ceive? His love a - boundeth still for thee, On ly be -
 Wilt thou Christ re - ceive? His love a - boundeth still for thee, On - ly be -

lieve! The fount of mer - cy flow - eth free, On - ly be - lieve!

No. 21. HALLELUJAH! ONE MORE SAVED.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv: 7.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing, oh, sing a song of joy to - day!
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Joy! the an - gels in yon heaven sing!
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! there's room for many sinners more!

See, a sin - ner, sad and wea - ry, Hum - bly kneels to Thee, no more to stray!
 One is res - cued, one is ransom'd, By the sav - ing blood of Christ our King!
 Grace unbounded, mer - cy end - less, Je - sus of - fers to you o'er and o'er!

Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou hast led him From the toils of sin in - to Thy fold!
 Gone the darkness! come the glo - ry! Gain'd the promise of His Crown above!
 Will you seek Him? He will welcome, He will take you by the hand to - day!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the peace, the love, the joy un - told!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the rest with - in a Saviour's love!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Send no more your lov - ing Lord a - way!

"And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace,"—Luke vii: 50.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. Faith in Je - sus! Oh, the pre - cious treas - ure! Joy on -
 2. Faith in Je - sus! bound - less love re - veal - ing! Lo! He
 3. Faith in Je - sus! balm for earth ly sad - ness, While we

during, fadeless ev - er - more! Faith in Je - sus! more than heart can
 call-eth on your soul to - day. Faith in Je - sus! hark, His fond ap -
 wander down the wea - ry years; Faith in Je - sus! bless - ed fount of

measure, Is the glad - ness it holds in store! Like a star, like a star to the
 pealing; Will you turn Him in grief a - way? Free - ly now, freely now, love is
 gladness, Rest and ref - uge from all our fears. When our joys, when our joys have for

lost one, Is the hope, is the hope that it be - stows; Like a
 of - fered, Shall it then, shall it of - fer'd be in vain? Your sal -
 sak - en, And the storm, and the storm, it rag - es round, Wea - ry

beacon to the tempest toss'd one, Guiding on to ref - uge and re - pose!
 va - tion free - ly now is proffered Thro' the blood that cleanseth every stain!
 sin - ner, un to hope a - wak - en! Still in Je - sus hap - pi - ness is found!

No. 23. FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—2 Tim. iv: 7.

GEO. COOPER.

H. MILLARD. By per.

Marziale e deciso.

1. Fight the good fight brave - ly, Yield not to the foe! In the van
2. Fight the good fight no - bly, Heed the tempt-er not! In the march

of bat - tle Strike the vic - tor's blow! Je - sus watch-eth o'er you,
to vic - t'ry Be our toils for - got! Onward still, and up - ward!

Boldly.

Do not be a - fraid! Gird on all your ar - mor, Never be dismayed.
Fear not slight nor frown! Soon in joy and triumph, Ye shall wear the crown!

CHORUS.

Fight the good fight brave - ly! Con - quer far and wide!

Fight the good fight!

Deciso.

Fight the good fight no-bly! God is on your side! God is on your side!

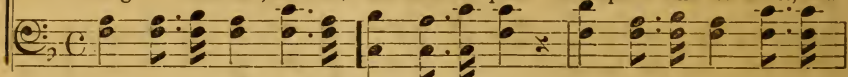
Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.—Ps. lxxxix: 26.

GEO. COOPER.

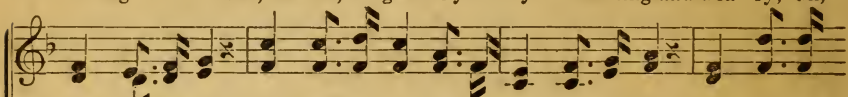
H. MILLARD.



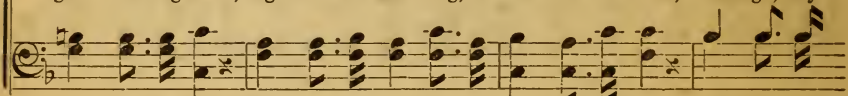
1. Cling to the rock, brother, cling while you may! Swift-ly the moments are
2. Cling to the rock, brother, bil-lows of sin Roam all a-round us in
3. Cling to the rock, brother, soon will be past Tempest and tu-mult, and



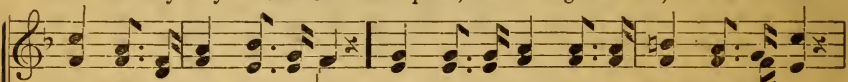
CHO.—Cling to the rock, brother, cling while you may! Fainting and wea-ry, Oh,



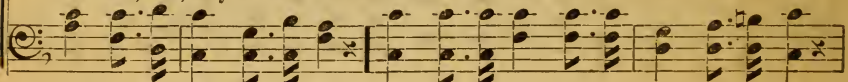
glid-ing a-way! O'er us the tem-pest is gath-er-ing fast, Death and de-wild-ness and din; See yonder gleam, 'tis the light from the Cross, Grand and tri-gath-er-ing blast; Light's in the off-ing, and suc-cor is near, Courage, my



this be thy stay! Wounded and helpless, one re-fuge we see, Rock of Sal-



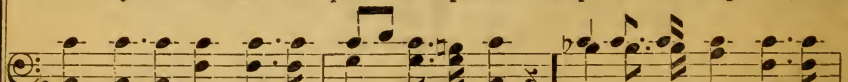
struction a-rise-on the blast. Where is our re-fuge? Oh, where shall we turn? um phant 'mid tumult and loss! Balm of the wea-ry, and joy ev-er-more, broth-er, Oh, why need we fear? Hark to the Mas-ter who bids us be true!



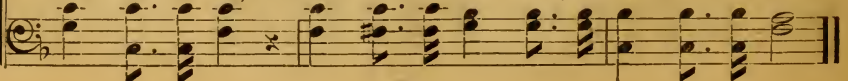
va-tion, our trust is in Thee!



Ev-en the stars o'er our path cease to burn. Hope of the help-less, one Lead us, O Saviour, to this we implore! Hope of the help-less, one Fond-ly He watches the path we pursue. Hope of the help-less, one




ha-ven we see, Rock of Sal-va-tion, our faith is in Thee!



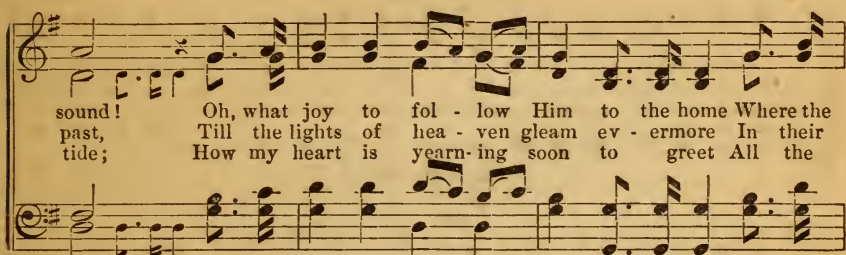
No. 25.

I AM WAITING.

"Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matt. xxv: 13.
GEO. COOPER. H. M.

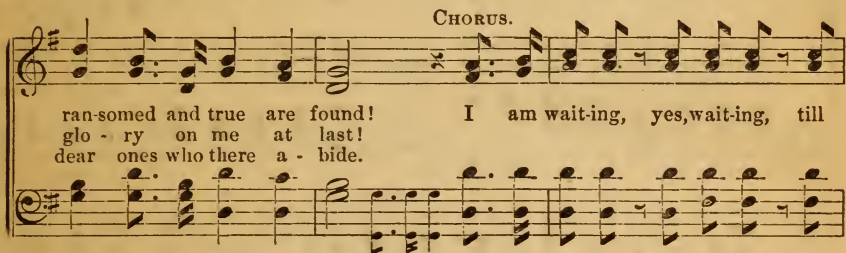


1. I am wait-ing till my Lord shall come, And the mighty trump shall
2. I am wait-ing till the strife is o'er, Till the storm of life is
3. I am wait-ing till the loved I meet, In the home be-yond the

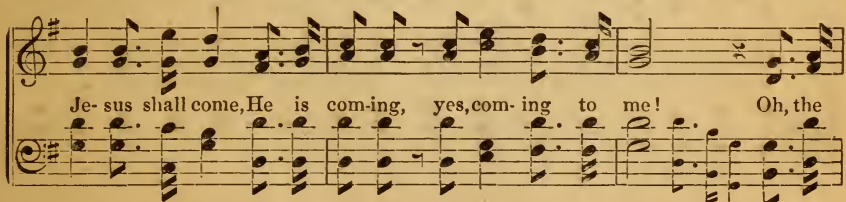


sound! Oh, what joy to fol - low Him to the home Where the
past, Till the lights of hea - ven gleam ev - ermore In their
tide; How my heart is year-n-ing soon to greet All the

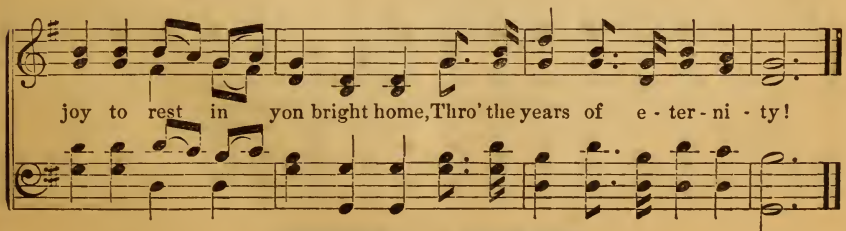
CHORUS.



ran-somed and true are found! I am wait-ing, yes, wait-ing, till
glo - ry on me at last!
dear ones who there a - bide.



Je-sus shall come, He is com-ing, yes, com-ing to me! Oh, the



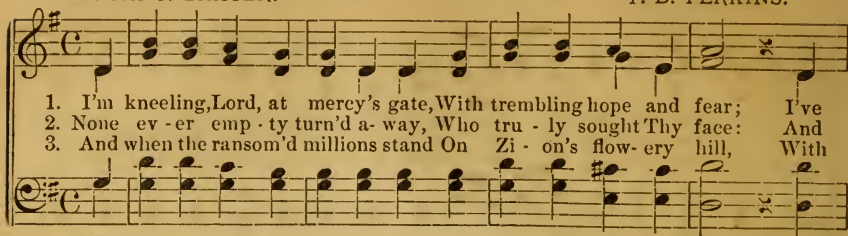
joy to rest in yon bright home, Thro' the years of e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 26. I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

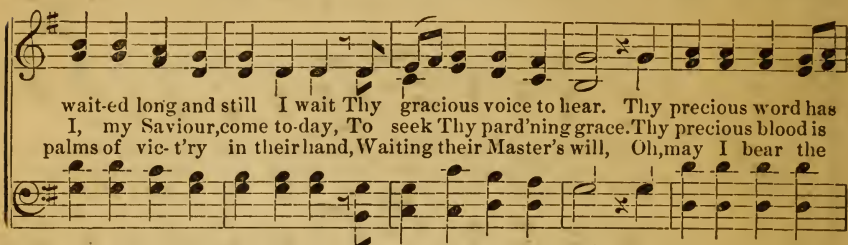
"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—Matt. vii. 7.

LYDIA C. BAXTER.

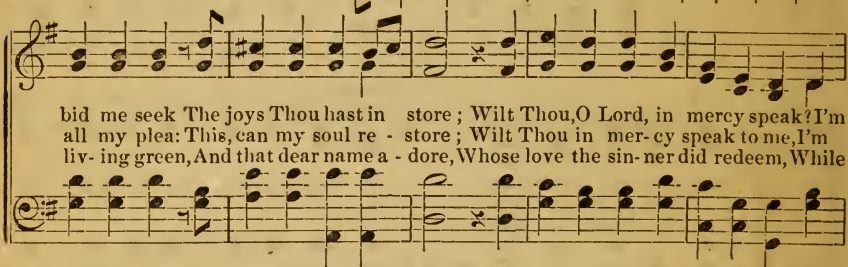
T. B. PERKINS.



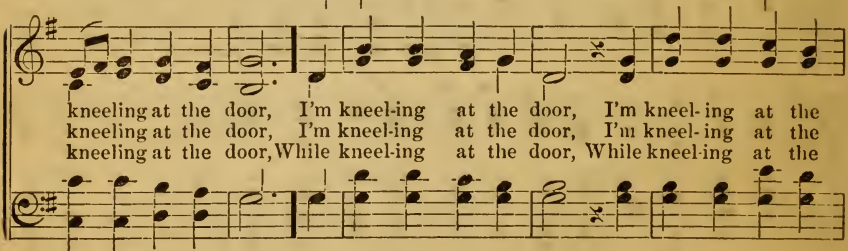
1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling hope and fear; I've
2. None ev - er emp - ty turn'd a - way, Who tru - ly sought Thy face: And
3. And when the ransom'd millions stand On Zi - on's flow - ery hill, With



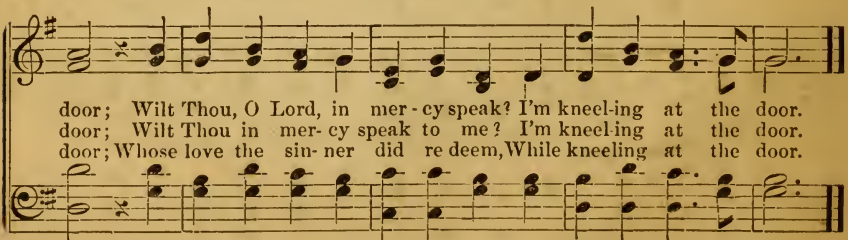
wait-ed long and still I wait Thy gracious voice to hear. Thy precious word has
I, my Saviour, come to-day, To seek Thy pard'ning grace. Thy precious blood is
palms of vic-t'ry in their hand, Waiting their Master's will, Oh, may I bear the



bid me seek The joys Thou hast in store; Wilt Thou, O Lord, in mercy speak? I'm
all my plea: This, can my soul re - store; Wilt Thou in mer-cy speak to me, I'm
liv-ing green, And that dear name a - dore, Whose love the sin-ner did redeem, While



kneeling at the door, I'm kneel-ing at the door, I'm kneel-ing at the
kneeling at the door, I'm kneel-ing at the door, I'm kneel-ing at the
kneeling at the door, While kneel-ing at the door, While kneel-ing at the



door; Wilt Thou, O Lord, in mer-cyspeak? I'm kneel-ing at the door.
door; Wilt Thou in mer-cy speak to me? I'm kneel-ing at the door.
door; Whose love the sin-ner did re deem, While kneel-ing at the door.

No. 27.

THE SHIP OF FAITH.

"Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck."—1. Tim. 1: 19.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. In the ship of faith we are sail - ing on, O - ver the bil - lows so
 2. There's a light that send-eth its rays a - far, Cheer-ing our beau - ti - ful
 3. Oh, that land of glo - ry we're sail - ing near, Sing - ing the songs of the

high! And we ne'er shall fal - ter till port is won, Un - der the morning
 way; 'Tis the sweet and ra - di - ant Morn-ing star, Guid-ing us night and
 free! And the voice of Je - sus we soon shall hear, O - ver the jas - per

sky! Sail - ing on! Sail - ing on! Do - ing the Mas - ter's will!
 day! Sail - ing on! Sail - ing on! Do - ing the Mas - ter's will!
 sea! Sail - ing on! Sail - ing on! Do - ing the Mas - ter's will!

Sail - ing on! Sail - ing on! Serv - ing the Sav - iour still! Oh, the

glo - ry wait - ing us ev - er - more, O - ver on yon - der shore!

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—John xiv: 6.

H. M.

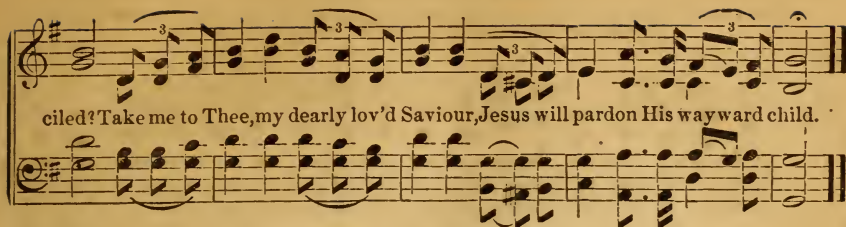
1. What would I do if 'twere not for Je-sus? How could I slum-ber un-rec-on-
 2. What would I do if 'twere not for Je-sus? Long had I wan-der'd far from His
 3. What would I do if 'twere not for Je-sus? Storm-tost and troubled, He is my

ciled! Take me to Thee, my dear-ly lov'd Saviour, Take Thy long-lost, Thy way-ward
 fold; Wea-ry and sad, my Saviour has found me, Safe in His care, oh, what joy un-
 rest! Tho' all un-wor-thy, out of the darkness I have been led to the light so

child; I was a sin-ner, now I'm for-giv-en, My heart is cleansed, my soul is
 told! Who-ev-er asketh, sure-ly re-ceive-eth; Come then, ye err-ing, from sin be
 blest! Heir to His Kingdom, glo-ry and gladness Af-ter this earth, are waiting me

free. Joy-ful to me the promise of Hea-ven, Je-sus has par-don, pardon for
 free! In-fi-nite mer-cy to all He giv-eth, Pardon and grace are waiting for
 there! Wake, weary sin-ner, wake from thy sad-ness, Je-sus will hark-en, now, to thy

me! What would I do if 'twere not for Je-sus? How could I slumber un-rec-on-
 thee! What would I do if 'twere not for Je-sus? How could I slumber un-rec-on-
 prayer! What would I do if 'twere not for Je-sus? How could I slumber un-rec-on-



ciled? Take me to Thee, my dearly lov'd Saviour, Jesus will pardon His wayward child.

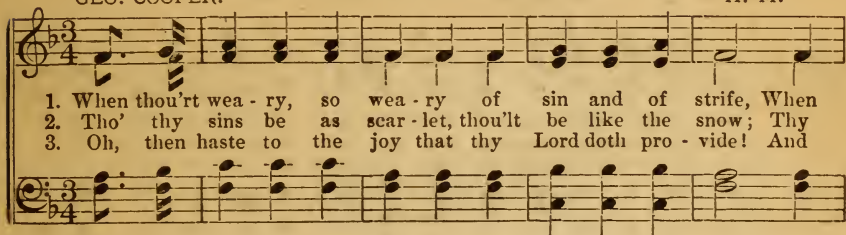
No. 29.

REST ON HIS BREAST.

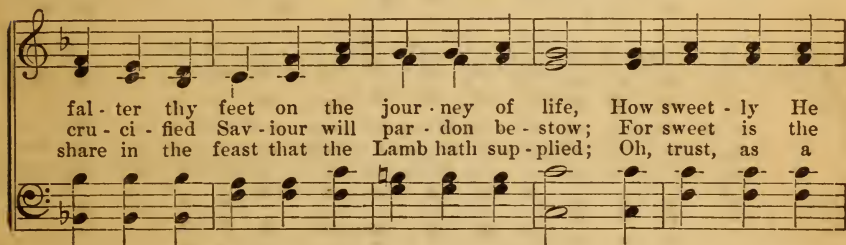
"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."—Ps. xxxvii: 7.

GEO. COOPER.

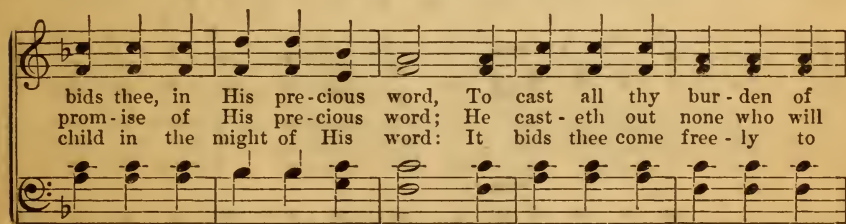
H. M.



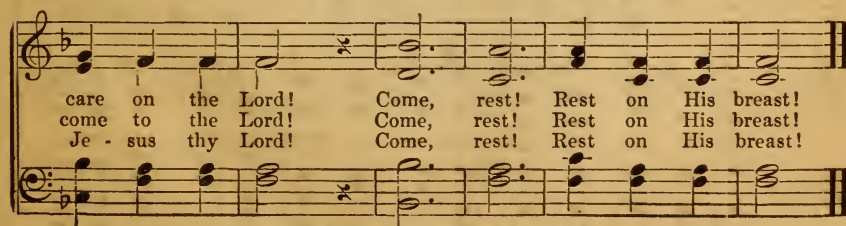
1. When thou'rt wea - ry, so wea - ry of sin and of strife, When
2. Tho' thy sins be as scar - let, thou'lt be like the snow; Thy
3. Oh, then haste to the joy that thy Lord doth pro - vide! And



fal - ter thy feet on the jour - ney of life, How sweet - ly He
cru - ci - fied Sav - iour will par - don be - stow; For sweet is the
share in the feast that the Lamb hath sup - plied; Oh, trust, as a



bids thee, in His pre - cious word, To cast all thy bur - den of
prom - ise of His pre - cious word; He cast - eth out none who will
child in the might of His word: It bids thee come free - ly to



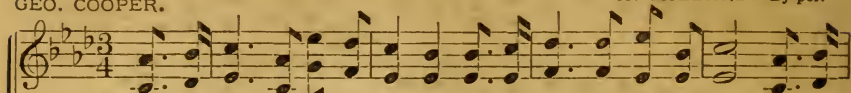
care on the Lord! Come, rest! Rest on His breast!
come to the Lord! Come, rest! Rest on His breast!
Je - sus thy Lord! Come, rest! Rest on His breast!

No. 30. WILL THERE BE A CROWN FOR ME?

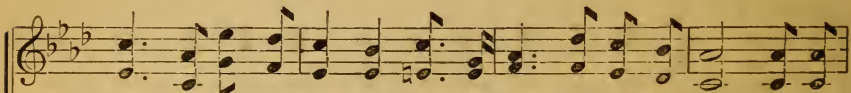
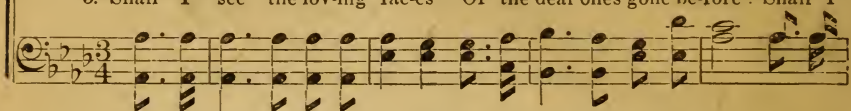
Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.—James 1: 12.

GEO. COOPER.

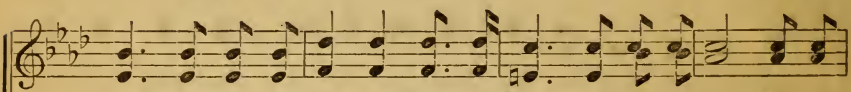
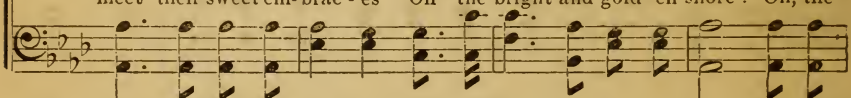
H. MILLARD. By per.



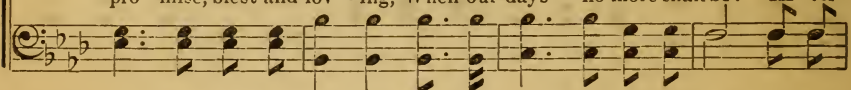
1. When the storm of earth is end - ed, In yon ra - di - ance sublime, And my
2. Have I done the Master's bidding? Have I quelled each selfish tho't? Have I
3. Shall I see the lov - ing fac - es Of the dear ones gone be - fore? Shall I



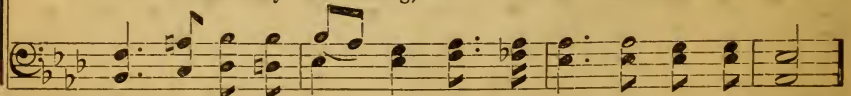
joy - ous feet have wend - ed From the fleet - ing shores of Time, In the
journeyed onward, heed - ing Ev - 'ry pre - cept that He taught? With a
meet their sweet em - brac - es On the bright and gold - en shore? Oh, the



land be - yond the riv - er, Where the blest and hap - py be, 'Mid the
true and ear - nest spir - it, Have I toiled un - tir - ing - ly? In the
pro - mise, blest and lov - ing, When our days no more shall be! Af - ter



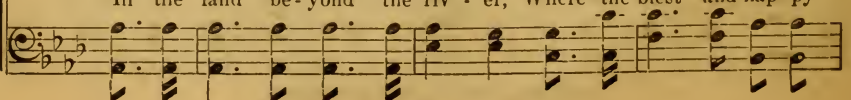
an - gel choir for - ev - er, Will there be a crown for me?
home the good in - her - it, Will there be a crown for me?
all this earth - ly rov - ing, Will there be a crown for me?



CHORUS.



In the land be - yond the riv - er, Where the blest and hap - py



WILL THERE BE A CROWN FOR ME.

be, 'Mid the an - gel choir for - ev - er, Will there be a crown for me?

No. 31.

SAFE IN THY ARMS.

GEO. COOPER.

H. MILLARD. By per.

1. Safe in Thy arms,— O Sav-iour dear and blest! How sure the
 2. Safe in Thy arms,— Thy lov-ing smile shall be . . My sun-light,
 3. Safe in Thy arms,— dear balm for earth - ly woe! Joy of my
 4. Safe in Thy arms,— Oh, joy-ful thought each hour! Oh, bliss-ful

re - fuge, sweet the per-fect rest! No ills that meet us here, no storm, no,
 Je - sus, thro' e - ter - ni - ty! No oth - er hope have I, no oth - er
 pathway while I plod be - low! Die far a - way the storms that round me
 ha - ven when earth-tempests lower! Still onward guide us, Saviour kind and

care, . . O Sav - iour mine, can ev - er find us . . . there!
 stay, . . O Sav - iour, lead me near - er ev - ery . . day!
 beat, . . O Sav - iour mine, whilst Thou dost guide my . . feet!
 blest, . . To yon - der home of sweet, e - ter - nal . . rest!

"I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."—Ps. xxxiv: 4.

GEO. COOPER.

1. All for Je-sus, lov - ing Sav - iour! While I wan - der here be -
 2. All for Je-sus, blest Re-deem - er! Let me ev - er sing His
 3. All for Je-sus, now and ev - er Shall my grate-ful prais - es

low; Still I fol - low where - so - ev - er He may bid my feet to
 praise; He has led me from the darkness, He has brightened all my
 ring! For His kindness, for His bounty, Still with rap-ture may I

go. Sweet - est ref - uge in my sor-row, Hope un - fail - ing to my
 days. Sad He found me, all for - sak - en; Far I wander'd from His
 sing! Oh, He raised me from my sadness, And a ref - uge to me

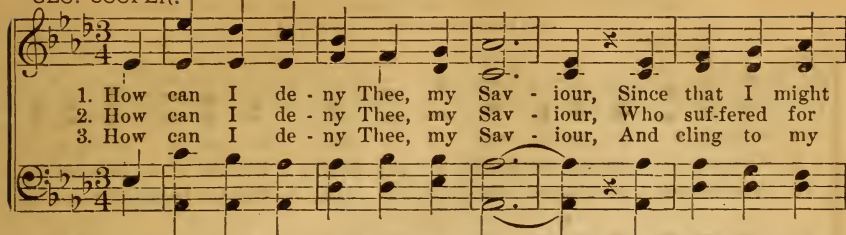
soul! Balm and com - fort on each morrow While the bil - lows o'er me roll!
 care; But He bade my soul a - wak - en To the glo - ry it will share!
 gave; He hath brought me peace and gladness, He doth love me, He will save!

No. 33.

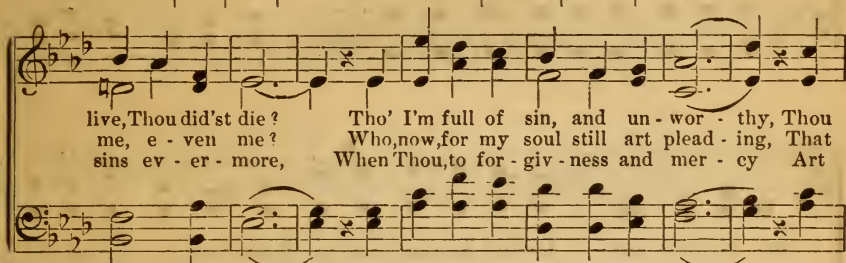
HOW CAN I DENY THEE?

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. lxxxix: 13.

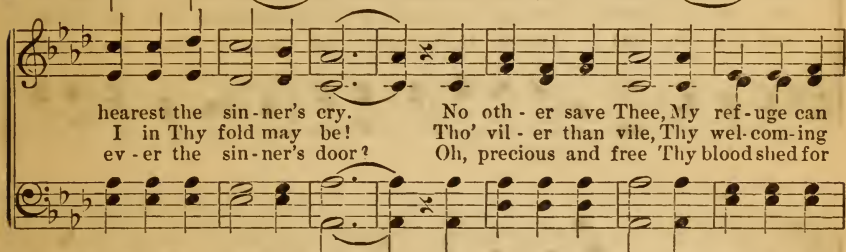
GEO. COOPER.



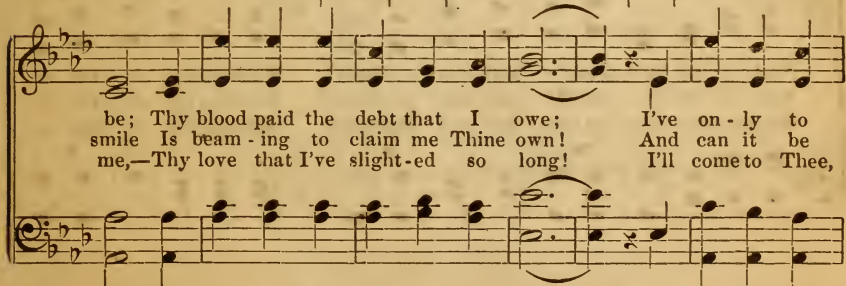
1. How can I de - ny Thee, my Sav - iour, Since that I might
 2. How can I de - ny Thee, my Sav - iour, Who suffered for
 3. How can I de - ny Thee, my Sav - iour, And cling to my



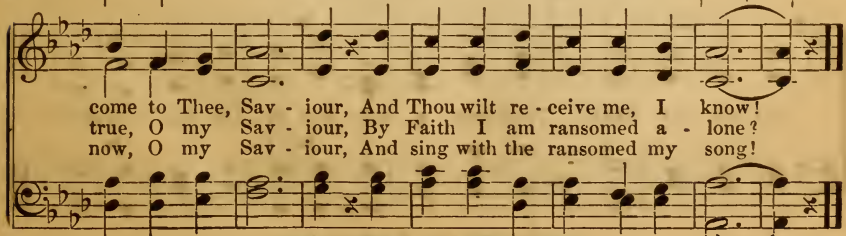
live, Thou did'st die? Tho' I'm full of sin, and un - wor - thy, Thou
 me, e - ven me? Who, now, for my soul still art plead - ing, That
 sins ev - er - more, When Thou, to for - giv - ness and mer - cy Art



hearest the sin - ner's cry. No oth - er save Thee, My ref - uge can
 I in Thy fold may be! Tho' vil - er than vile, Thy wel - com - ing
 ev - er the sin - ner's door? Oh, precious and free Thy blood shed for



be; Thy blood paid the debt that I owe; I've on - ly to
 smile Is beam - ing to claim me Thine own! And can it be
 me,—Thy love that I've slight - ed so long! I'll come to Thee,

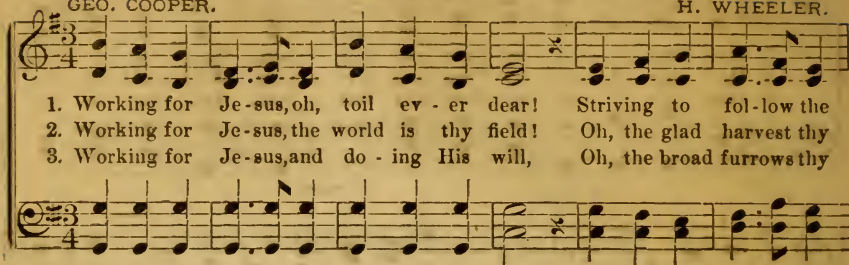


come to Thee, Sav - iour, And Thou wilt re - ceive me, I know!
 true, O my Sav - iour, By Faith I am ransomed a - lone?
 now, O my Sav - iour, And sing with the ransomed my song!

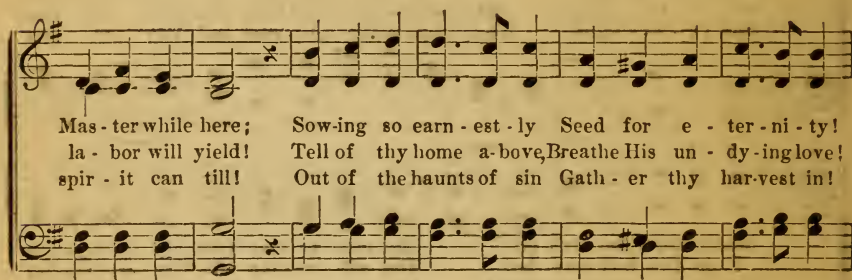
"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—John ix: 4.

GEO. COOPER.

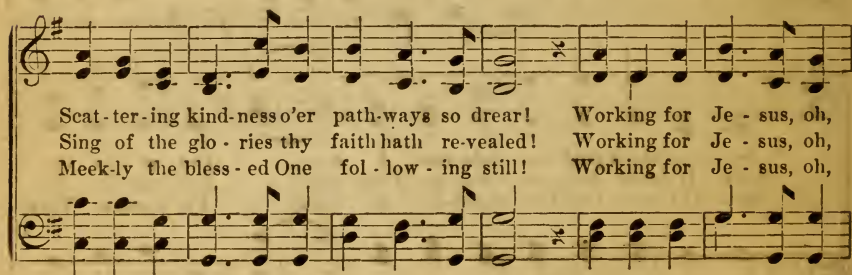
H. WHEELER.



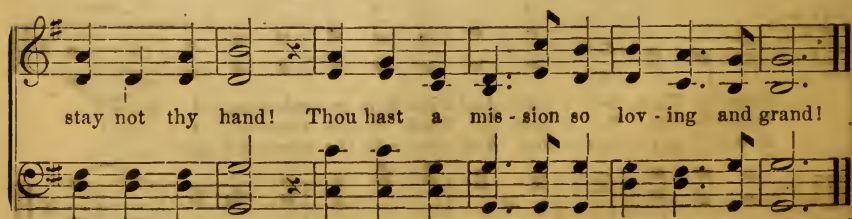
1. Working for Je-sus, oh, toil ev - er dear! Striving to fol-low the
 2. Working for Je-sus, the world is thy field! Oh, the glad harvest thy
 3. Working for Je-sus, and do - ing His will, Oh, the broad furrows thy



Mas - ter while here; Sow - ing so earn - est - ly Seed for e - ter - ni - ty!
 la - bor will yield! Tell of thy home a - bove, Breathe His un - dy - ing love!
 spir - it can till! Out of the haunts of sin Gath - er thy har - vest in!



Scat - ter - ing kind - ness o'er path - ways so dear! Working for Je - sus, oh,
 Sing of the glo - ries thy faith hath re - vealed! Working for Je - sus, oh,
 Meek - ly the bless - ed One fol - low - ing still! Working for Je - sus, oh,



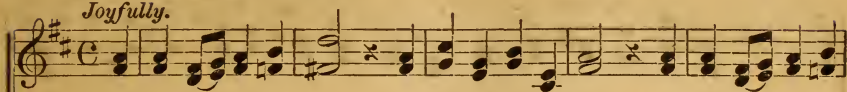
stay not thy hand! Thou hast a mis - sion so lov - ing and grand!

No. 35. BRING FORTH THE FESTAL ROBE.

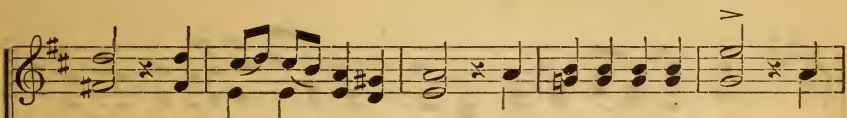
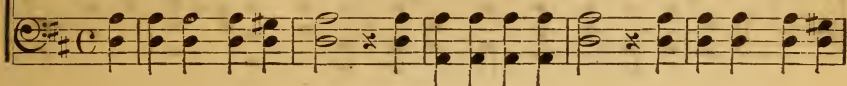
"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad."—Luke xv: 32.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

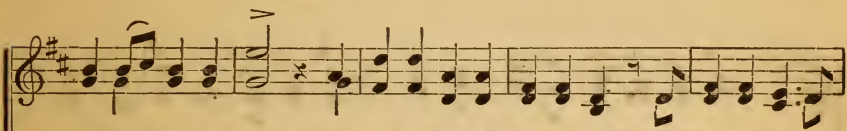
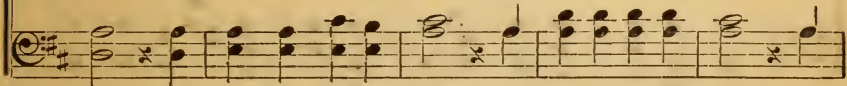
Joyfully.



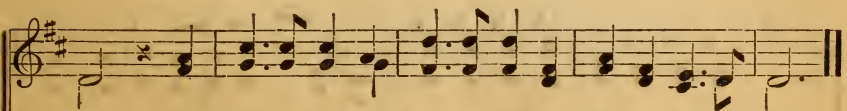
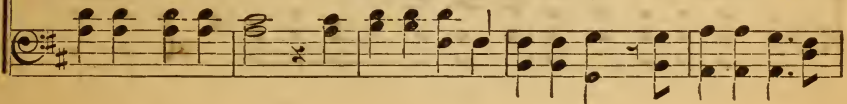
1. Bring forth the fes-tal robe! The wayward one is found! Bring forth the signet
2. Prepare the generous board, The banqueting prepare, And let the lost one
3. There's joy on earth be - low, There's joy in heav'n above, When one repent - ant



ring; Let mirth and song a - bound. The son who left his home - And
found The feast of gladness share. With words of tender love With
soul Ac - cepts re - deem - ing love. New rapture fills the song, New



turn'd his feet a - stray, Repentant seeks his Father's face With homeward steps to -
earnest greetings come, With glowing heart let all rejoice, And bid him welcome
sweetness tunes the voice, And thro' the ev - er - echoing sky, The angels sing, "Re -



day.
home. } Bring forth the robe, bring forth the ring, The wayward one is found.
joice." }



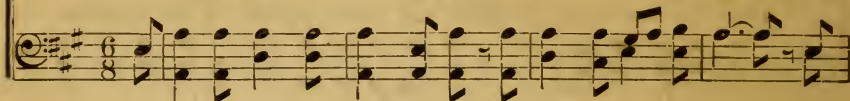
No. 36. DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

T. HAWEIS.

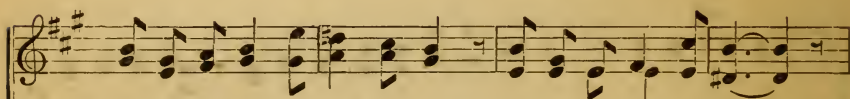
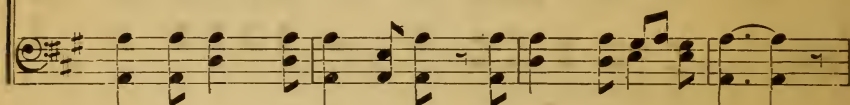
H. WHEELER.



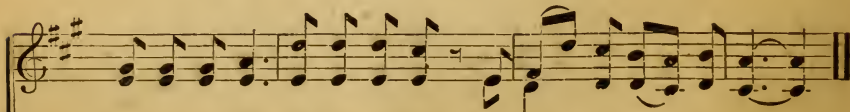
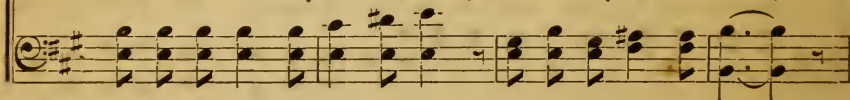
1. Oh, Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee: In
2. When tri - als sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee, Oh,



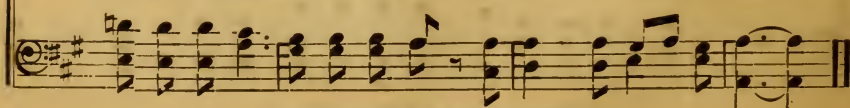
all my con - flicts, sor-rows, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me. . .
let my strength be as my day! Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me. . .



When on my ach-ing burdened heart My sins lie hea - vi - ly, . .
And when be-fore Thy throne I stand, And lift my soul to Thee,

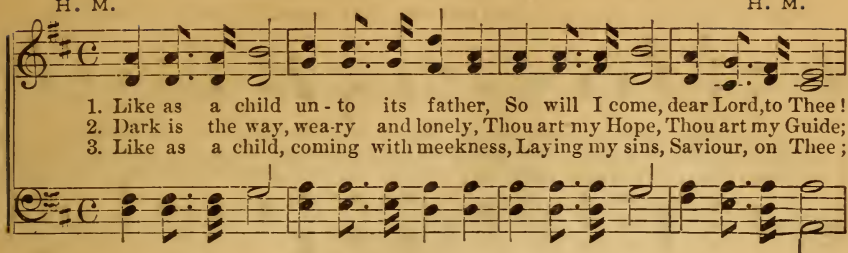


Thy pardon grant, new peace impart: Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me. . .
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand, Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me. . .

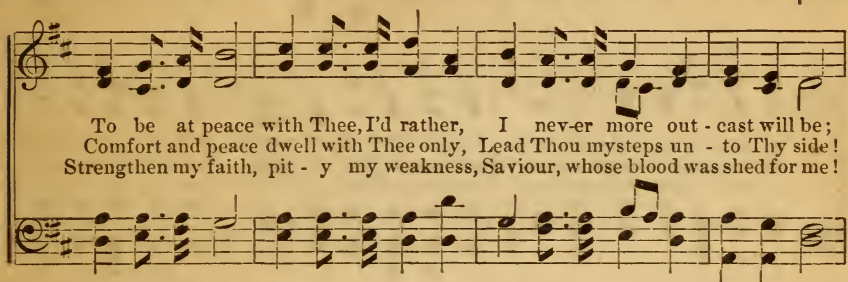


H. M.

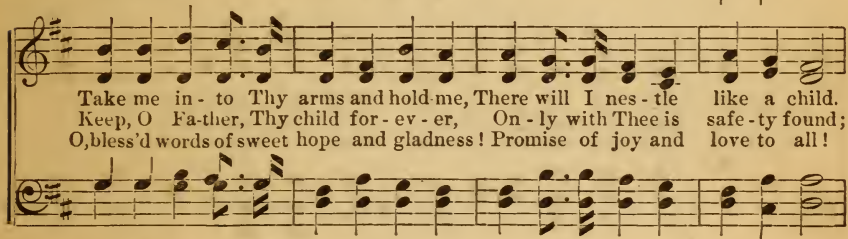
H. M.



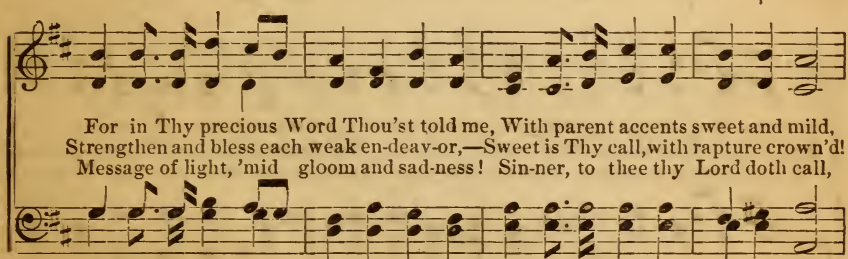
1. Like as a child un-to its father, So will I come, dear Lord, to Thee!
 2. Dark is the way, weary and lonely, Thou art my Hope, Thou art my Guide;
 3. Like as a child, coming with meekness, Laying my sins, Saviour, on Thee;



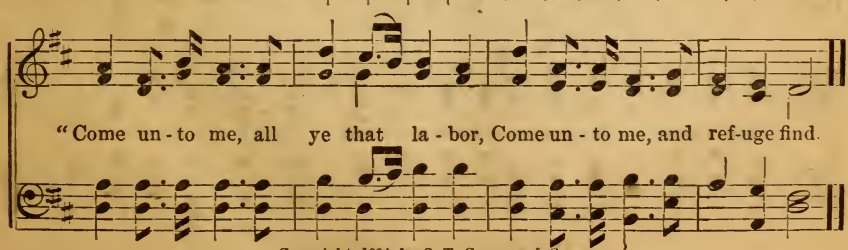
To be at peace with Thee, I'd rather, I nev-er more out-cast will be;
 Comfort and peace dwell with Thee only, Lead Thou mysteps un-to Thy side!
 Strengthen my faith, pit-y my weakness, Saviour, whose blood was shed for me!



Take me in-to Thy arms and hold me, There will I nes-tle like a child.
 Keep, O Fa-ther, Thy child for-ev-er, On-ly with Thee is safe-ty found;
 O, bless'd words of sweet hope and gladness! Promise of joy and love to all!



For in Thy precious Word Thou'st told me, With parent accents sweet and mild,
 Strengthen and bless each weak en-deav-or,—Sweet is Thy call, with rapture crown'd!
 Message of light, 'mid gloom and sad-ness! Sin-ner, to thee thy Lord doth call,

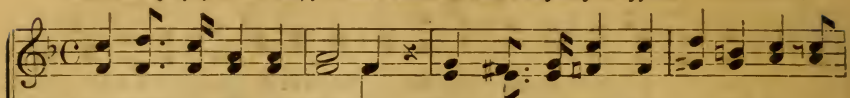


"Come un-to me, all ye that la-bor, Come un-to me, and ref-uge find.

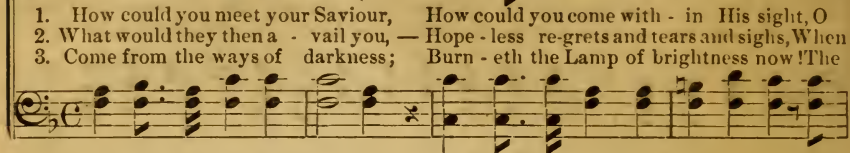
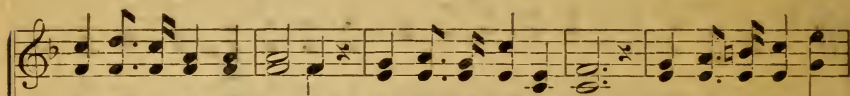
No. 38. IF YOU SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

GEO. COOPER.

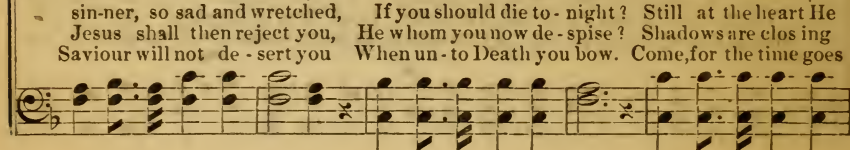
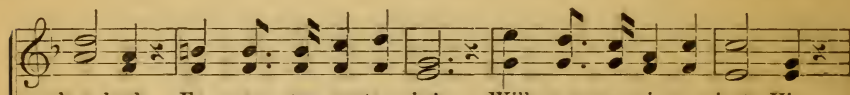
"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—Prov. xxi: 1.



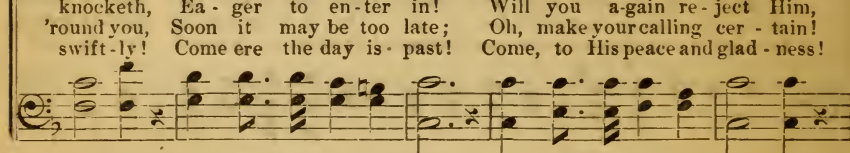
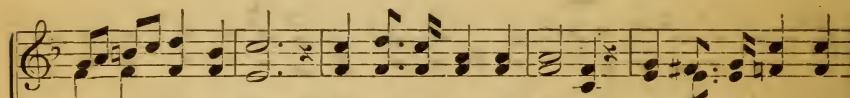
1. How could you meet your Saviour, How could you come with - in His sight, O
2. What would they then a - void you, — Hope - less re-grets and tears and sighs, When
3. Come from the ways of darkness; Burn - eth the Lamp of brightness now! The

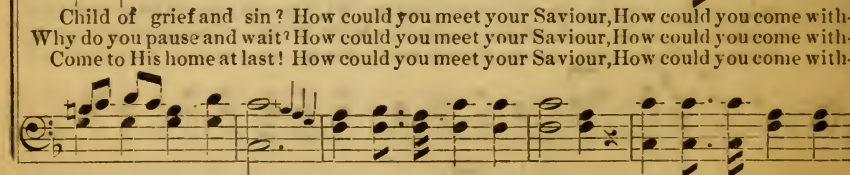
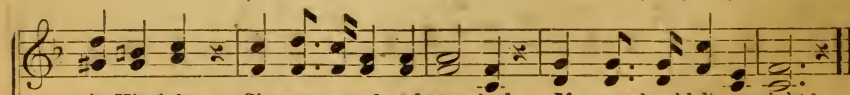
sin-ner, so sad and wretched, If you should die to - night? Still at the heart He
Jesus shall then reject you, He whom you now de - spise? Shadows are closing
Saviour will not de - sert you When un - to Death you bow. Come, for the time goes

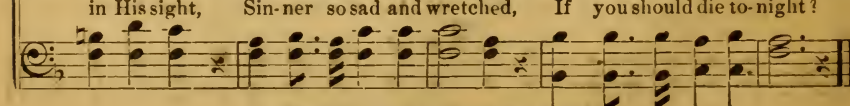
knocketh, Ea - ger to en - ter in! Will you a - gain re - ject Him,
'round you, Soon it may be too late; Oh, make your calling cer - tain!
swift - ly! Come ere the day is - past! Come, to His peace and glad - ness!

Child of grief and sin? How could you meet your Saviour, How could you come with -
Why do you pause and wait? How could you meet your Saviour, How could you come with -
Come to His home at last! How could you meet your Saviour, How could you come with -

in His sight, Sin-ner so sad and wretched, If you should die to-night?

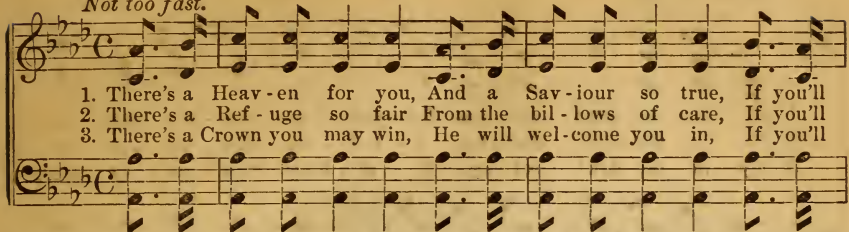


No. 39. THERE'S A HEAVEN FOR YOU.

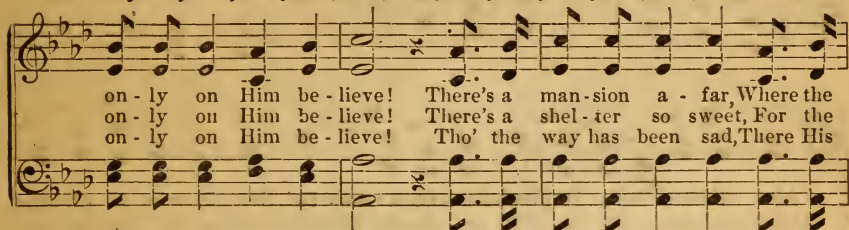
GEO. COOPER.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John vii: 47.

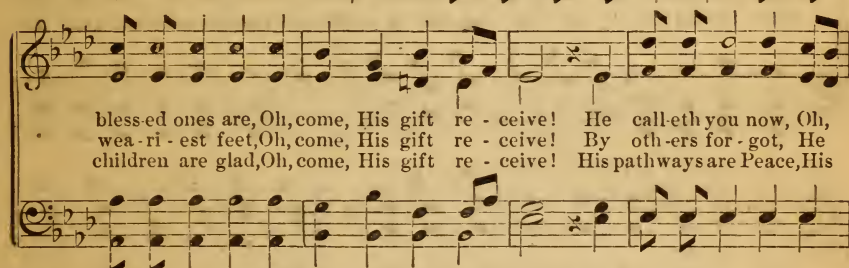
Not too fast.



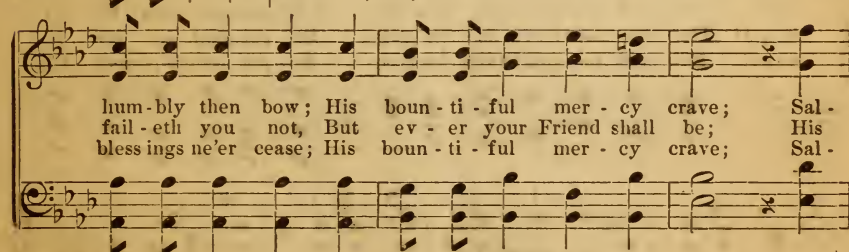
1. There's a Heav-en for you, And a Sav-iour so true, If you'll
 2. There's a Ref-uge so fair From the bil-lows of care, If you'll
 3. There's a Crown you may win, He will wel-come you in, If you'll



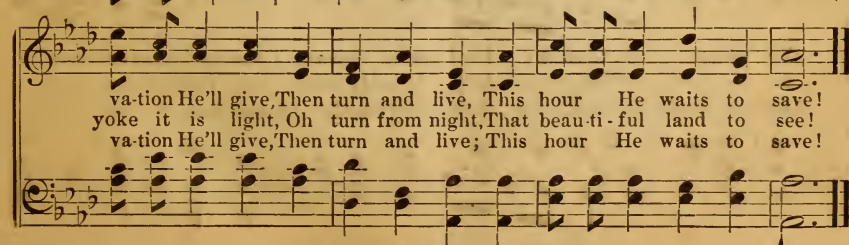
on-ly on Him be-lieve! There's a man-sion a-far, Where the
 on-ly on Him be-lieve! There's a shel-ter so sweet, For the
 on-ly on Him be-lieve! Tho' the way has been sad, There His



bled ones are, Oh, come, His gift re-ceive! He call-eth you now, Oh,
 wea-ri-est feet, Oh, come, His gift re-ceive! By oth-ers for-got, He
 children are glad, Oh, come, His gift re-ceive! His pathways are Peace, His



hum-bly then bow; His boun-ti-ful mer-cy crave; Sal-
 fail-eth you not, But ev-er your Friend shall be; His
 bless-ings ne'er cease; His boun-ti-ful mer-cy crave; Sal-



va-tion He'll give, Then turn and live, This hour He waits to save!
 yoke it is light, Oh turn from night, That beau-ti-ful land to see!
 va-tion He'll give, Then turn and live; This hour He waits to save!

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Psalm. xli: 1.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. Fly to the Ark! sin - ner for - sak - en, Je - sus calls thee
 2. Fly to the Ark! noth - ing a - vail - eth But the love of
 3. Fly to the Ark! ref - uge is of - fered; Now sal - va - tion's

from a - bove. Fondly He pleads; from sin a - wak - en! Free - ly now is of - fered
 Christ, thy Lord; All oth - er help ev - er - more fail - eth; Come! un - to life be re -
 thine to take; Mer - cy un - fail - ing now is proffered; Freed from sin and guilt a -

love! He bids thee come as thou art; Life and par - don He to
 stored! The pre - cious hour, lo! 'tis now; Be per - suad - ed ere it
 wake! Be - hold the cross! 'twas for thee Je - sus freely poured His

thee will give; Oh, from thy Lord ne'er depart; Come and grace re - ceive!
 be too late; To Christ for help hum - bly bow, He for thee doth wait.
 pre - cious blood; Thy sins, tho' dark they may be, Cleansed are in that flood!

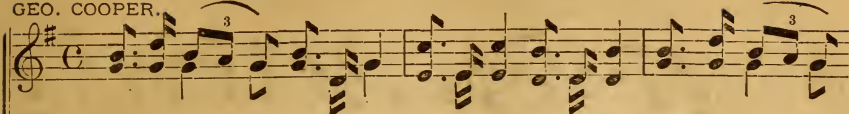
No. 41.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

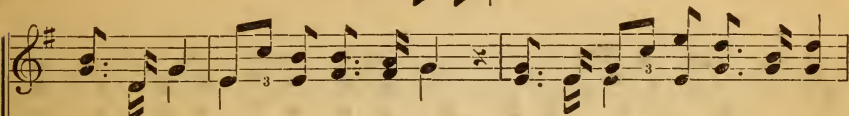
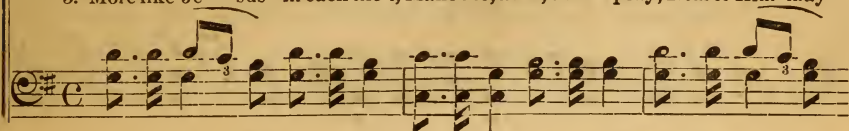
Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. — Phil. ii: 5.

H. M.

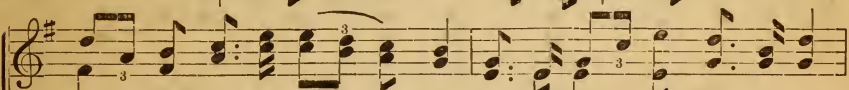
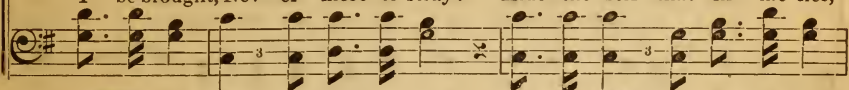
GEO. COOPER.



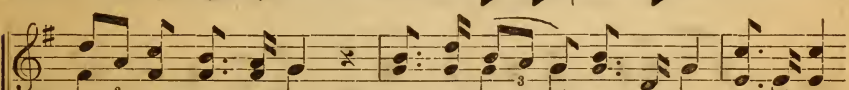
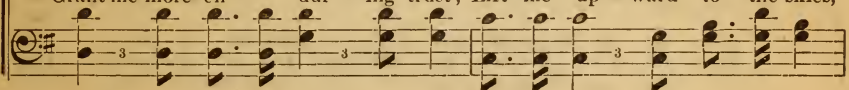
1. More like Je - sus ev - ery day, Still my heart, Lord, would be; Guide me, Saviour,
 2. More like Je - sus in my life, — This shall still be my prayer; Patient 'mid the
 3. More like Je - sus in each tho't, Make me, Lord, now I pray; Nearer Him may



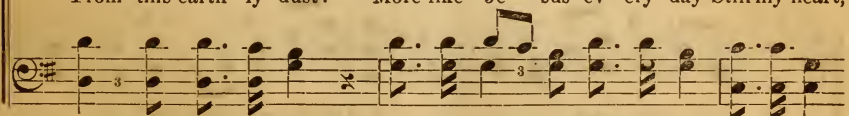
on my way Safe - ly up to Thee! Oh, in - crease my faith and love,
 bat - tle strife, Clos - er in Thy care! More of pur - i - ty from sin,
 I be brought, Nev - er more to stray! Hide the self that in me lies,



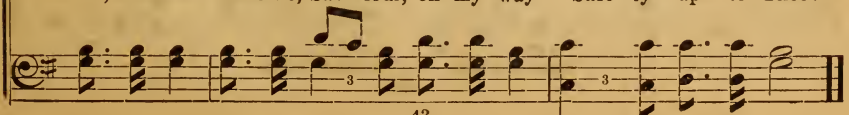
Teach my soul Thy . . praise to speak; Fix my gaze on Thee a - bove,
 More of meek - ness . . in my heart, — Till my soul may en - ter in,
 Grant me more en - - dur - ing trust; Lift me up - ward to the skies,



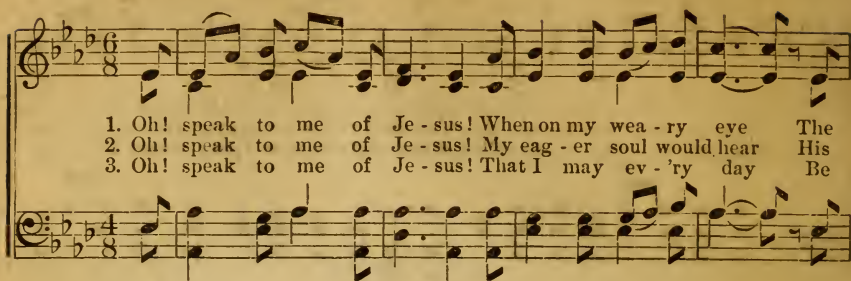
Aid my steps so weak! More like Je - sus ev - ery day Still my heart,
 Je - sus, where Thou art! More like Je - sus ev - ery day Still my heart,
 From this earth - ly dust! More like Je - sus ev - ery day Still my heart,



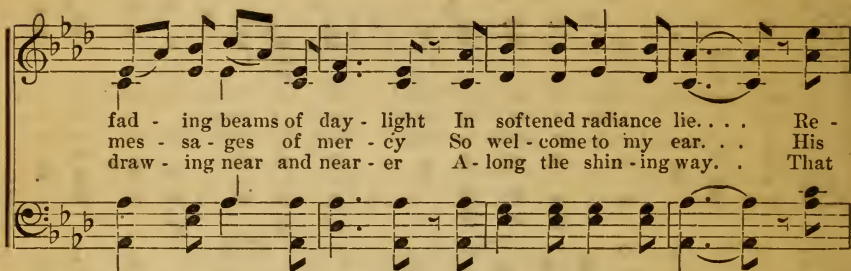
Lord, would be! Guide me, Sav - iour, on my way Safe - ly up to Thee!



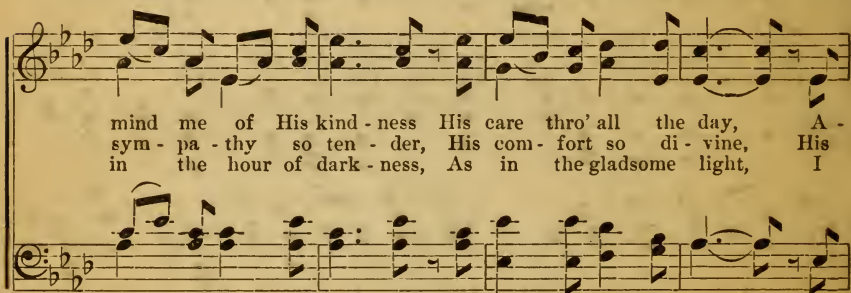
REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.



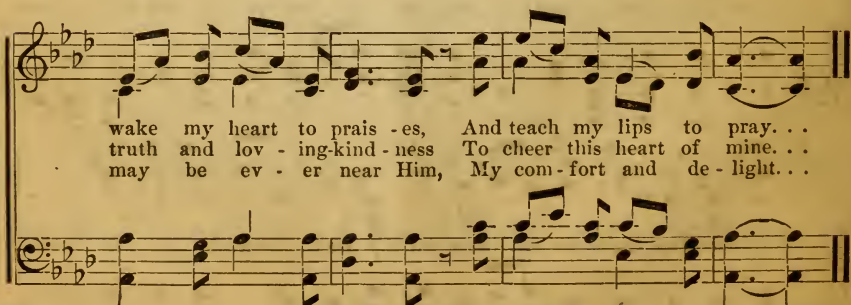
1. Oh! speak to me of Je - sus! When on my wea - ry eye The
 2. Oh! speak to me of Je - sus! My eag - er soul would hear His
 3. Oh! speak to me of Je - sus! That I may ev - 'ry day Be



fad - ing beams of day - light In softened radiance lie. . . Re -
 mes - sa - ges of mer - cy So wel - come to my ear. . . His
 draw - ing near and near - er A - long the shin - ing way. . That



mind me of His kind - ness His care thro' all the day, A -
 sym - pa - thy so ten - der, His com - fort so di - vine, His
 in the hour of dark - ness, As in the gladsome light, I



wake my heart to prais - es, And teach my lips to pray. . .
 truth and lov - ing-kind - ness To cheer this heart of mine. . .
 may be ev - er near Him, My com - fort and de - light. . .

No. 43.

AFTER ALL.

But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.—Heb. xi: 16.

GEO. COOPER.

H. MILLARD. By per.

1. There's a rest from pain and sor - row, Af - ter all, af - ter all! There's a
 2. Not the crown of thorns for-ev - er, Af - ter all, af - ter all! Nor the
 3. Oh, that Land of Love im-mor - tal, Af - ter all, af - ter all! Christ hath

re - fuge on the mor-row, Af - ter all! What tho' wild the storm to-day,
 hopes that rudely sev - er, Af - ter all! There's a balm for wea-ry feet
 oped the pear-ly por - tal, Af - ter all! Oh, the gold where all was dross!

Ev - ery pang will pass a-way; But a lit - tle while we stay, Af - ter all!
 There's a shelter from the heat, There's the Saviour's promise sweet, After all!
 Oh, the Crown where loom'd the Cross! Oh, the joys for every loss, Af - ter all!

CHORUS.

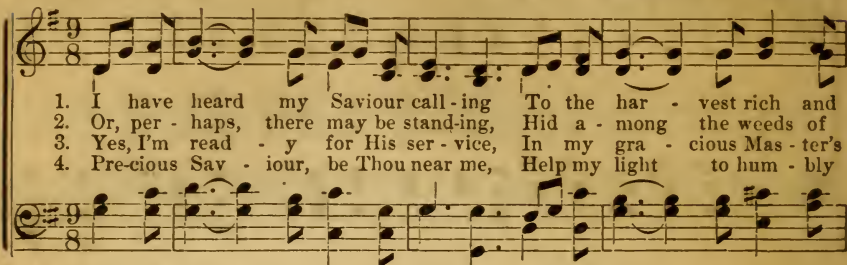
Af - ter all, af - ter all! Af - ter all, af - ter all!

Yon - der home is wait - ing for us, Af - ter all!

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—Isaiah vi: 8.

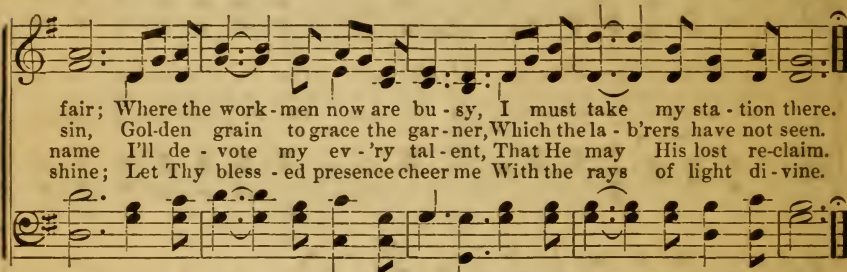
K. M., JR.

REV. K. MACKENZIE, JR. By per.



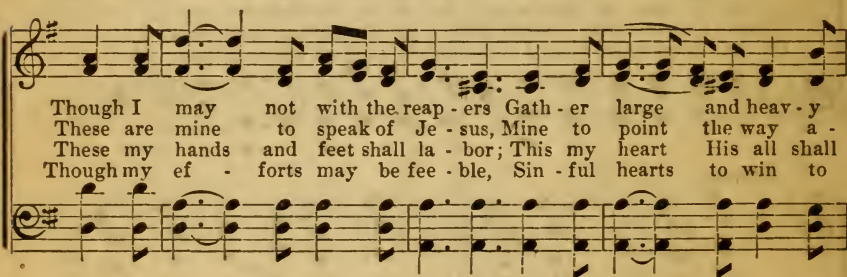
1. I have heard my Saviour call-ing To the har - vest rich and
 2. Or, per - haps, there may be stand-ing, Hid a - mong the weeds of
 3. Yes, I'm read - y for His ser - vice, In my gra - cious Mas - ter's
 4. Pre-cious Sav - iour, be Thou near me, Help my light to hum - bly

CHO. Yes! I'm go - ing, Je - sus calls me, And I has - ten now to

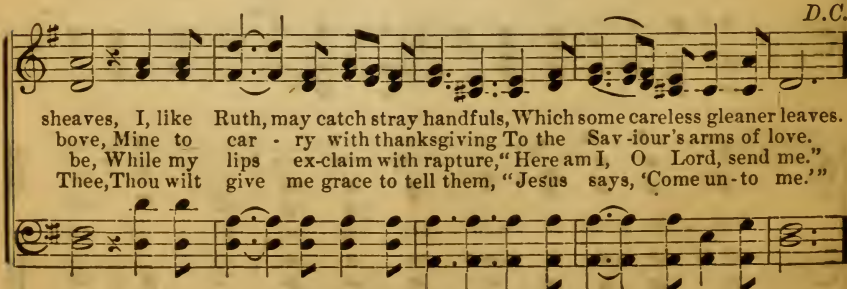


fair; Where the work-men now are bu - sy, I must take my sta - tion here.
 sin, Gol - den grain to grace the gar - ner, Which the la - b'ers have not seen.
 name I'll de - vote my ev - 'ry tal - ent, That He may His lost re - claim.
 shine; Let Thy bless - ed presence cheer me With the rays of light di - vine.

be One a - mong His faith-ful fol'wers; "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



Though I may not with the reap - ers Gath - er large and heav - y
 These are mine to speak of Je - sus, Mine to point the way a -
 These my hands and feet shall la - bor; This my heart His all shall
 Though my ef - forts may be fee - ble, Sin - ful hearts to win to

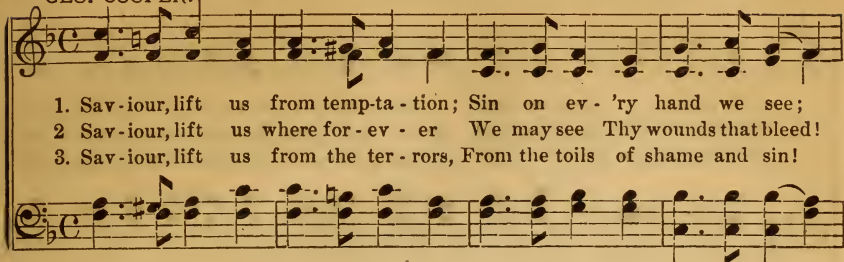


sheaves, I, like Ruth, may catch stray handfuls, Which some careless gleaner leaves.
 bove, Mine to car - ry with thanksgiving To the Sav - iour's arms of love.
 be, While my lips ex - claim with rapture, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
 Thee, Thou wilt give me grace to tell them, "Jesus says, 'Come un - to me.'"

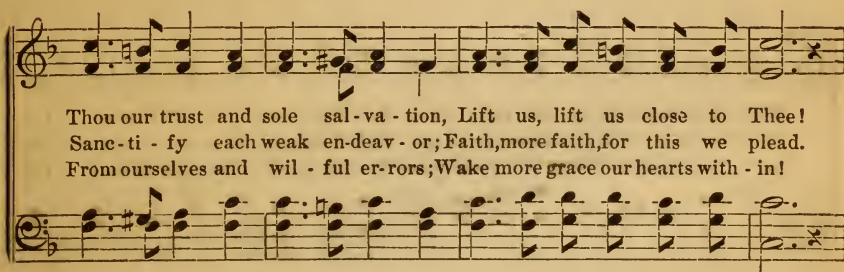
No. 45. SAVIOUR, LIFT US CLOSE TO THEE.

"Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up."—Jas. iv: 10.

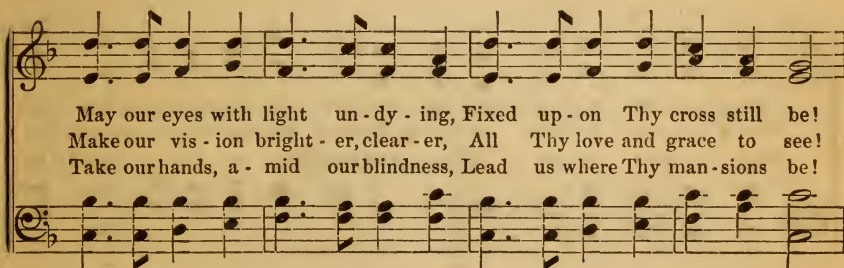
GEO. COOPER.



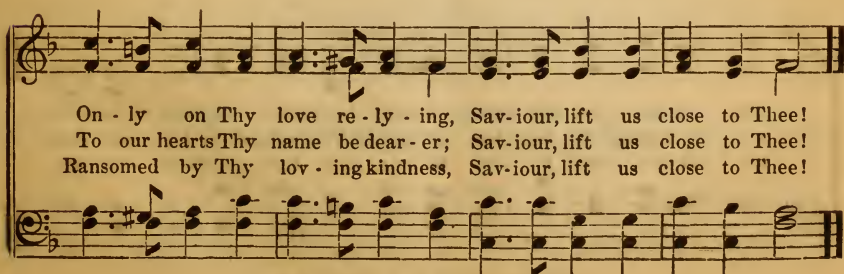
1. Sav-iour, lift us from temp-ta-tion; Sin on ev-'ry hand we see;
 2. Sav-iour, lift us where for-ev-er We may see Thy wounds that bleed!
 3. Sav-iour, lift us from the ter-rors, From the toils of shame and sin!



Thou our trust and sole sal-va-tion, Lift us, lift us close to Thee!
 Sanc-ti-fy each weak en-deav-or; Faith, more faith, for this we plead.
 From ourselves and wil-ful er-rors; Wake more grace our hearts with-in!



May our eyes with light un-dy-ing, Fixed up-on Thy cross still be!
 Make our vis-ion bright-er, clear-er, All Thy love and grace to see!
 Take our hands, a-mid our blindness, Lead us where Thy man-sions be!

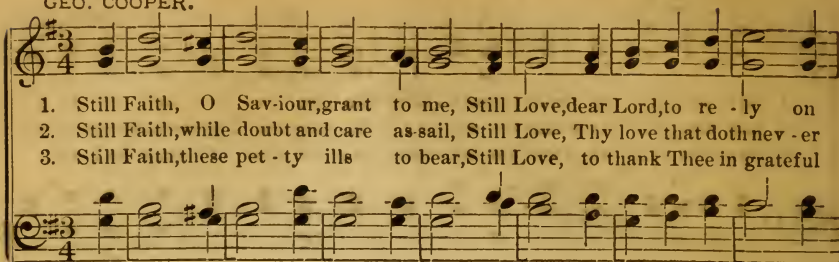


On-ly on Thy love re-ly-ing, Sav-iour, lift us close to Thee!
 To our hearts Thy name be dear-er; Sav-iour, lift us close to Thee!
 Ransomed by Thy lov-ing kindness, Sav-iour, lift us close to Thee!

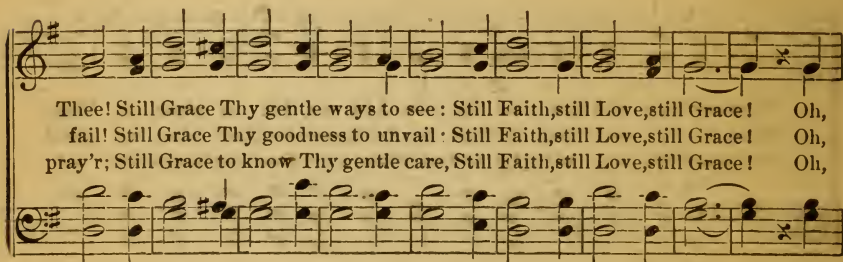
No. 46. STILL FAITH, STILL LOVE, STILL GRACE.

But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.—Luke xxii: 32.

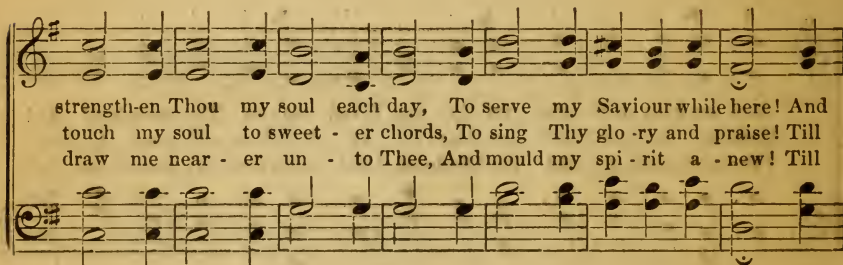
GEO. COOPER.



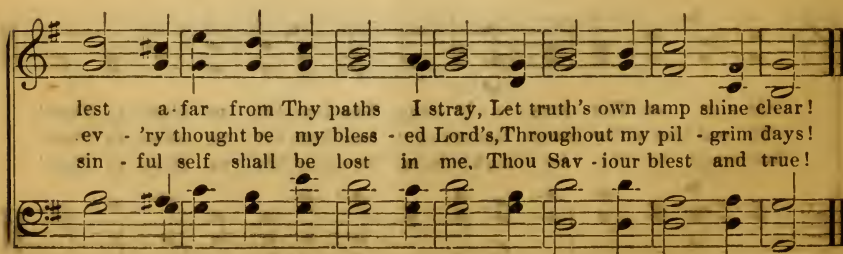
1. Still Faith, O Sav-iour, grant to me, Still Love, dear Lord, to re-ly on
 2. Still Faith, while doubt and care as-sail, Still Love, Thy love that doth nev-er
 3. Still Faith, these pet-ty ills to bear, Still Love, to thank Thee in grateful



Thee! Still Grace Thy gentle ways to see: Still Faith, still Love, still Grace! Oh,
 fail! Still Grace Thy goodness to unvail: Still Faith, still Love, still Grace! Oh,
 pray'r; Still Grace to know Thy gentle care, Still Faith, still Love, still Grace! Oh,



strength-en Thou my soul each day, To serve my Saviour while here! And
 touch my soul to sweet-er chords, To sing Thy glo-ry and praise! Till
 draw me near-er un-to Thee, And mould my spi-rit a-new! Till



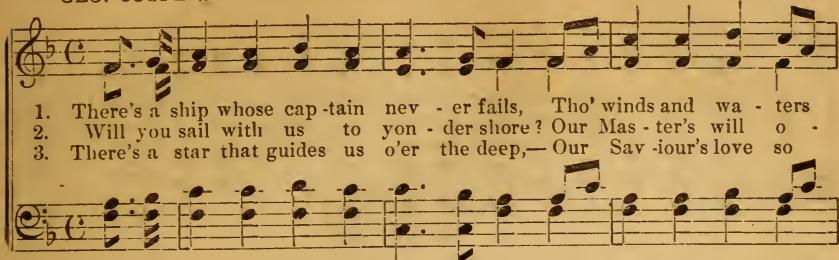
lest a-far from Thy paths I stray, Let truth's own lamp shine clear!
 ev-ry thought be my bless-ed Lord's, Throughout my pil-grim days!
 sin-ful self shall be lost in me, Thou Sav-iour blest and true!

No.47.WE ARE BOUND FOR GLORY-LAND!

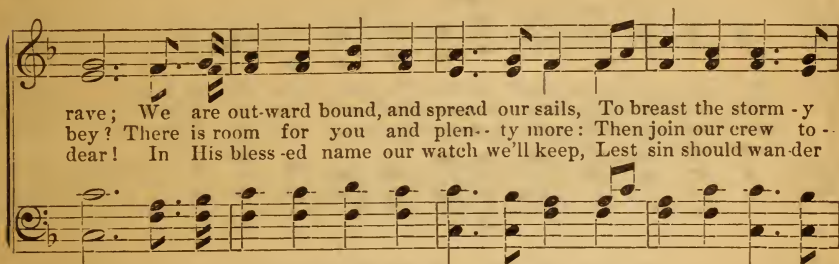
Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.—2 Peter iii: 13.

GEO. COOPER.

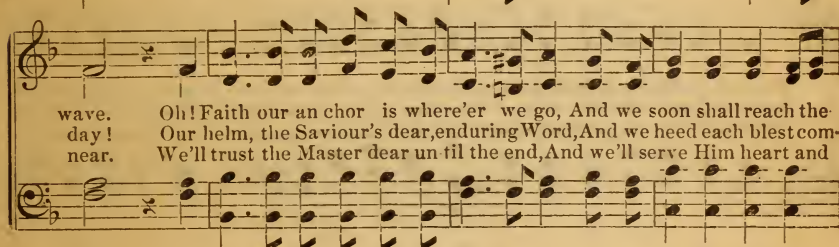
H. M.



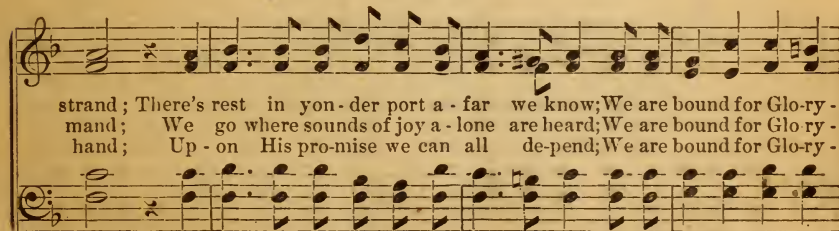
1. There's a ship whose cap-tain nev - er fails, Tho' winds and wa - ters
2. Will you sail with us to yon - der shore? Our Mas - ter's will o -
3. There's a star that guides us o'er the deep,— Our Sav - iour's love so



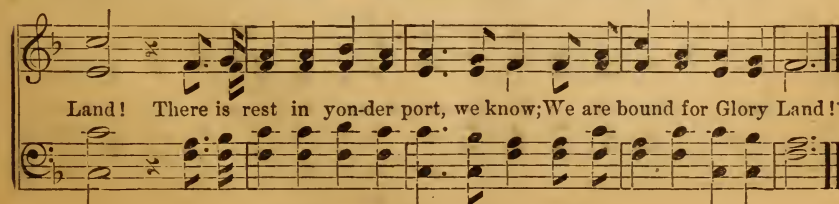
rave; We are out-ward bound, and spread our sails, To breast the storm - y
bey? There is room for you and plen - ty more: Then join our crew to -
dear! In His bless - ed name our watch we'll keep, Lest sin should wander



wave. Oh! Faith our an-chor is where'er we go, And we soon shall reach the-
day! Our helm, the Saviour's dear, enduring Word, And we heed each blest com-
near. We'll trust the Master dear un-til the end, And we'll serve Him heart and



strand; There's rest in yon-der port a - far we know; We are bound for Glo-ry -
mand; We go where sounds of joy a - lone are heard; We are bound for Glo-ry -
hand; Up - on His pro-mise we can all de-pend; We are bound for Glo-ry -

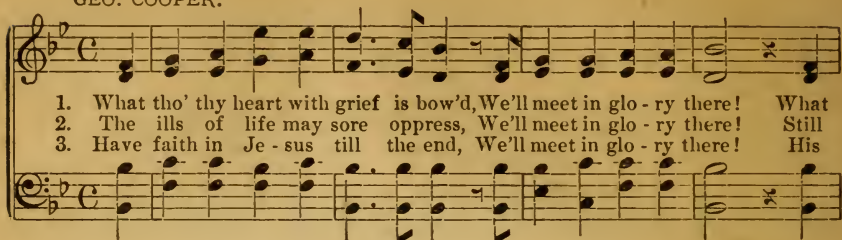


Land! There is rest in yon-der port, we know; We are bound for Glory Land!

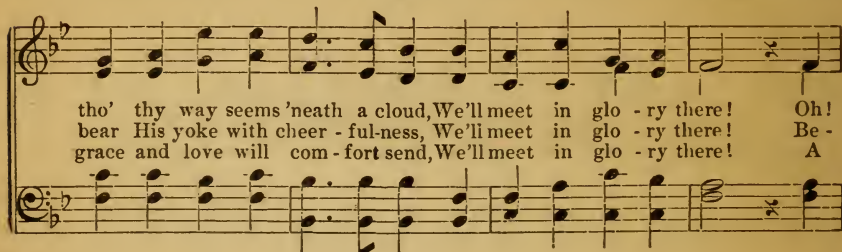
No. 48. WE'LL MEET IN GLORY THERE.

And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.—1 Peter v: 4.

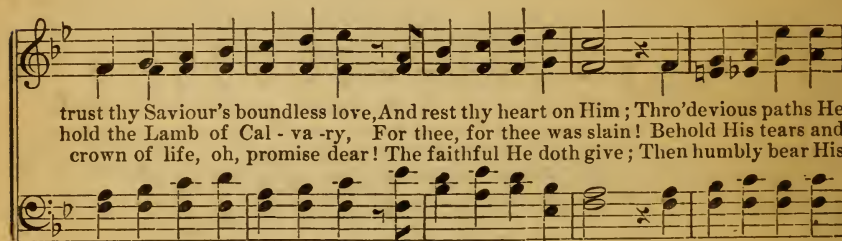
GEO. COOPER.



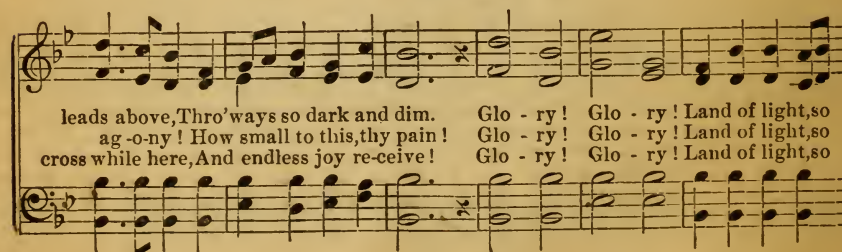
1. What tho' thy heart with grief is bow'd, We'll meet in glo - ry there! What
 2. The ills of life may sore oppress, We'll meet in glo - ry there! Still
 3. Have faith in Je - sus till the end, We'll meet in glo - ry there! His



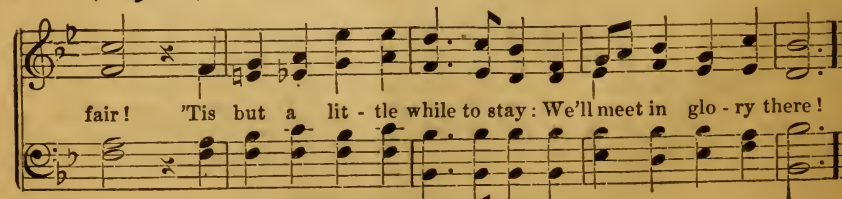
tho' thy way seems 'neath a cloud, We'll meet in glo - ry there! Oh!
 bear His yoke with cheer - ful-ness, We'll meet in glo - ry there! Be -
 grace and love will com - fort send, We'll meet in glo - ry there! A



trust thy Saviour's boundless love, And rest thy heart on Him; Thro' devious paths He
 hold the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, For thee, for thee was slain! Behold His tears and
 crown of life, oh, promise dear! The faithful He doth give; Then humbly bear His



leads above, Thro' ways so dark and dim. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Land of light, so
 ag - o - ny! How small to this, thy pain! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Land of light, so
 cross while here, And endless joy re - ceive! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Land of light, so



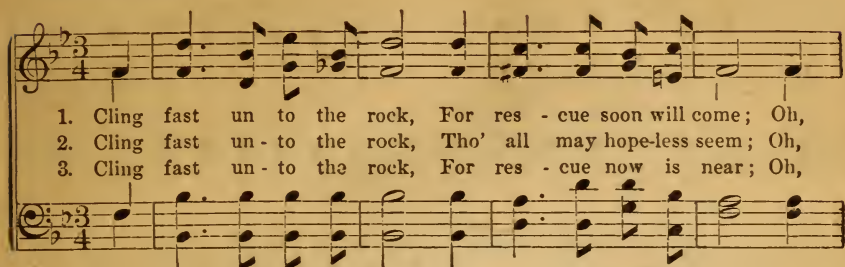
fair! 'Tis but a lit - tle while to stay: We'll meet in glo - ry there!

No. 49. CLING FAST UNTO THE ROCK.

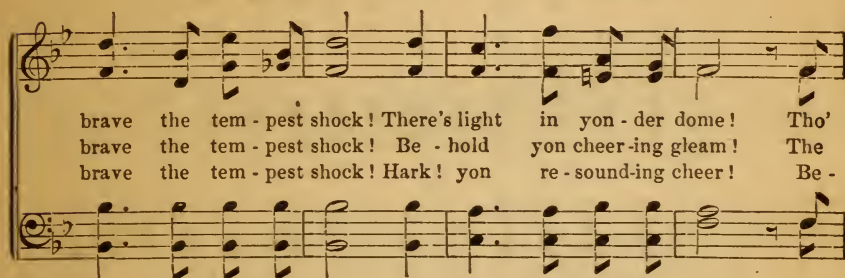
For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.—ISA. xxxi: 3.

GEO. COOPER.

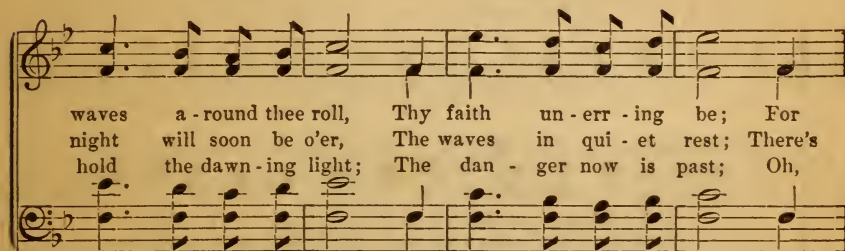
H. M.



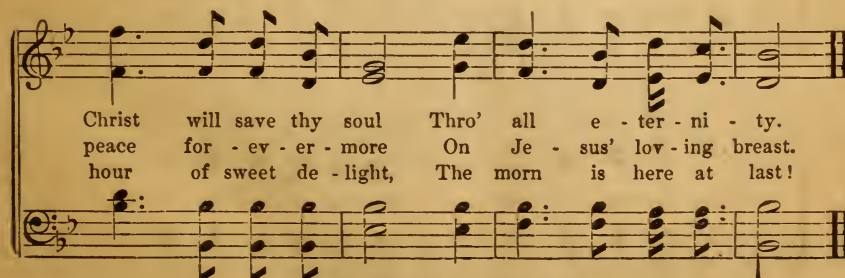
1. Cling fast un to the rock, For res - cue soon will come; Oh,
 2. Cling fast un - to the rock, Tho' all may hope-less seem; Oh,
 3. Cling fast un - to the rock, For res - cue now is near; Oh,



brave the tem - pest shock! There's light in yon - der dome! Tho'
 brave the tem - pest shock! Be - hold yon cheer-ing gleam! The
 brave the tem - pest shock! Hark! yon re - sound-ing cheer! Be -



waves a - round thee roll, Thy faith un - err - ing be; For
 night will soon be o'er, The waves in qui - et rest; There's
 hold the dawn-ing light; The dan - ger now is past; Oh,



Christ will save thy soul Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 peace for - ev - er - more On Je - sus' lov - ing breast.
 hour of sweet de - light, The morn is here at last!

No. 50. HALLELUJAH TO THY NAME!

"It is a good thing, to give thanks unto the Lord."—Ps. xcii: 1.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. I come to Thee be-liev-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah to Thy name! Thy
 2. Thou would'st not have me per-ish, Hal-le-lu-jah to Thy name! My
 3. O, Sav-iour, up-ward guide me, Hal-le-lu-jah to Thy name! In

grace and love re-ceiv-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah to Thy name! Thy
 soul Thy lovedid'stcher-ish, Hal-le-lu-jah to Thy name! I
 sor-row, walk be-side me, Hal-le-lu-jah to Thy name! My

word hath taught me the bles-sed way; Thy blood hath cleans-ed me;
 called to Thee from the depths of sin, Thou bad'st mine eyes to see!
 heart I lay at Thy wounded feet, Oh, mould it to Thy will!

Hal-le-lu-jah, Lord, for more faith I pray, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty! I
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Light now hath entered in, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry! I
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Lord, shall my lips re-peat With strains of rapture still! I

come to Thee, be-liev-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah to Thy name! Thy

Grace and love re - ceiv - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah to Thy name!

No. 51. OH, LET HIM WHOSE SORROW.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

H. OSWALD.

L. CONNELL.

1. Oh, let him whose sorrow No re - lief can find, Trust in God and
2. God will nev - er leave us All our woes He knows, Feels the pains that
3. All our woe and sad - ness In this world be - low Lost will be in

bor - row Ease for heart and mind ; Where the mourner, weeping, Sheds the secret -
grieve us, Sees our care and woes ; When in grief we languish, He will dry the
gladness ; We in heav'n shall know When our gracious Saviour In His realms a -

tear, God His watch is keep - ing, Tho' none else is near.
tear Who His child - ren's an - guish Heals with comfort near.
bove Wel - comes us with fa - vor, Crowns us with His love.

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness. John xii: 46.

HELEN ASHLAND KEAN.

H. M.

1. Je - sus, my Light, oh! all seemed night Un - til I sought and
2. Je - sus, my God, my Hope, my All, Friend clos - er than a

found Thee, Now all seems beau - ti - ful and bright, Like sum - mer's day a -
broth - er; That I might live, Thou life didst give, Where breathes there such an

round me; Je - sus, my Hope, no more I grope 'Mid death and fears ap -
oth - er? Je - sus, my Light, oh! all seemed night Un - til I sought and

pall - ing; Thy lov - ing eyes smile from the skies And Thy low voice is call - ing!
found Thee, Now all seems beauti - ful and bright, Like summer days a - round me.

No. 53. TARRY WITH ME, O MY SAVIOUR!

"And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii : 20.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! For the way is lone and
 2. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! For the day was sad and
 3. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! Till the night of earth be

drear; And the shad-ows round me gath - er, And the night of gloom is
 long; In the night that now is fall-ing, Oh, what sin and sor - row
 past, And to mansions of the bless-ed, Lead me on in joy at

near; Lest my feet grow wea-ry and fal - ter Be my staff Thy boundless
 thron'! On Thy love my heart still re - pos-ing, As a child up - on Thy
 last; While the days are glid - ing beyond me, Be my trust in Thee a -

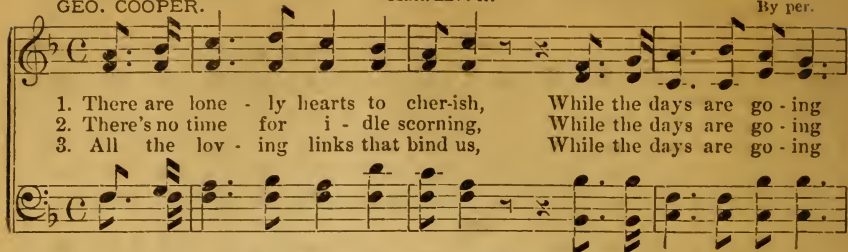
love! And my faith be still un - fail - ing, As the stars that gleam a - bove!
 breast, While the storm with - out is beating, Oh! the sweetness of my rest!
 lone; Till, the song of triumph sing-ing, I shall kneel be - fore Thy throne.

No. 54. WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

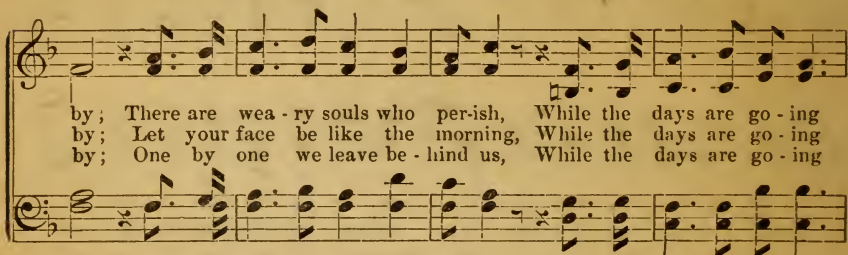
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me." Matt. xxiv: 40.

GEO. COOPER.

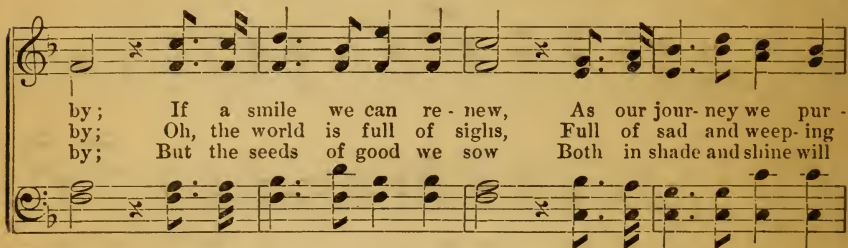
By per.



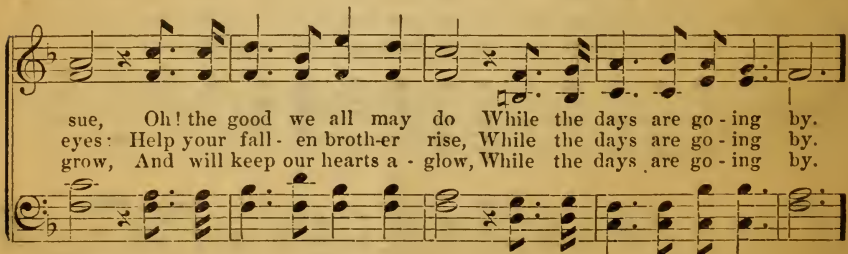
1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go - ing
 2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing
 3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing



by; There are wea - ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go - ing
 by; Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go - ing
 by; One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing

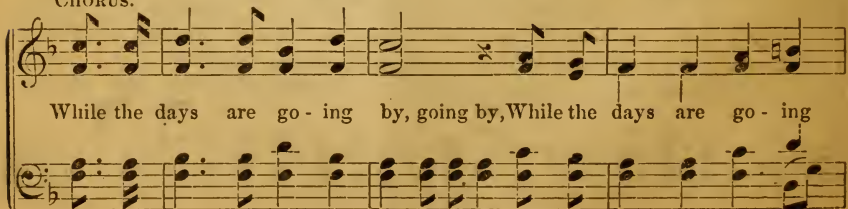


by; If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur -
 by; Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep -
 by; But the seeds of good we sow Both in shade and shine will



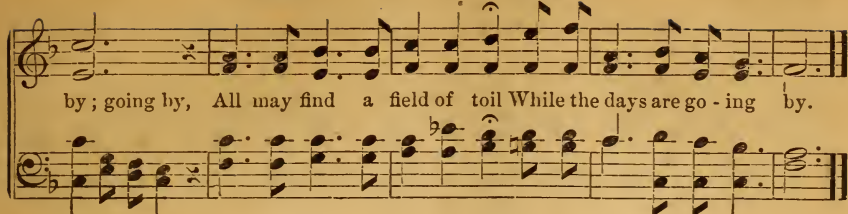
sue, Oh! the good we all may do While the days are go - ing by.
 eyes: Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
 grow, And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

CHORUS.



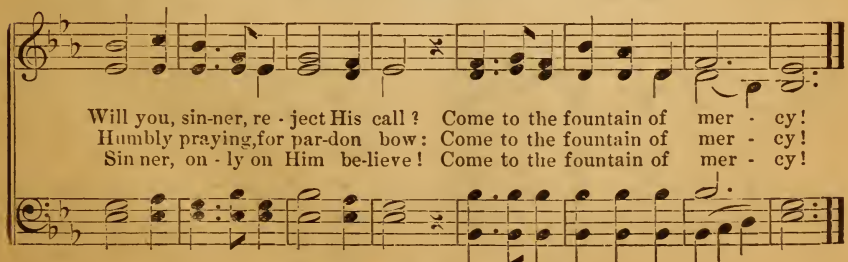
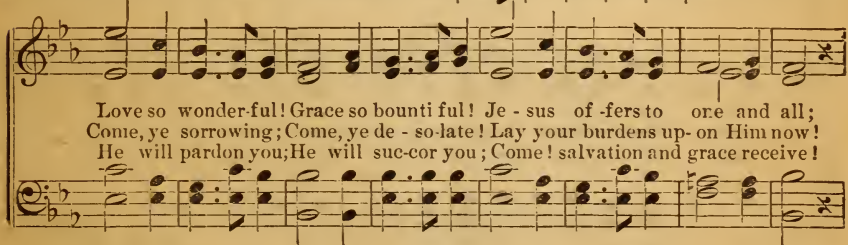
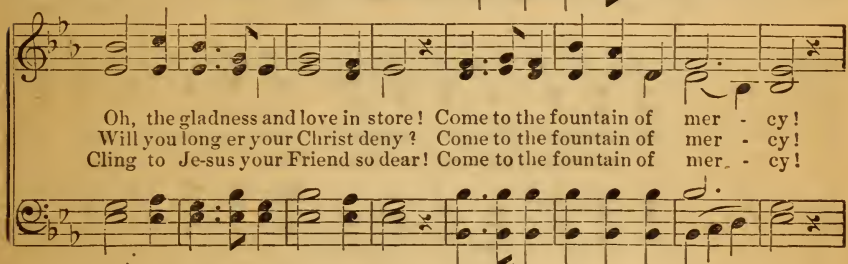
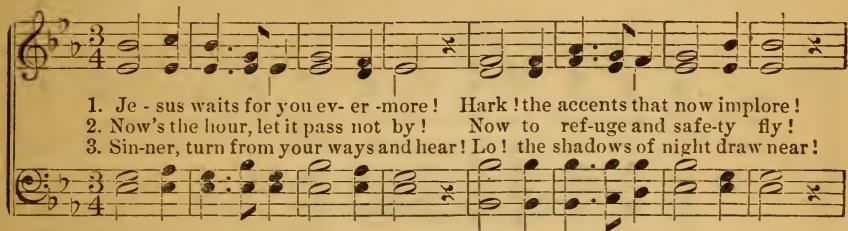
While the days are go - ing by, going by, While the days are go - ing

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.



No. 55. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. Rev. xxi: 6.
GEO. COOPER. H. SPEAR.



Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.—Matt. xxv: 13.

GEO. COOPER.

H. M. By per.

Moderato.

1. Wea - ry wan - d'ers from the fold Take His yoke up - on you
2. Must the Sav - iour call in vain? Will you still His love re -

now: He will shield you from the cold; Hum - bly to His mer - cy
fuse? While ye lin - ger in your pain, Will ye all His com - fort

bow. Oh, ac - cept His pre - cious love! In your doubts no long - er
lose? He will calm each wea - ry sigh; Come to Him, no long - er

wait; Nev - er - more in darkness rove, Lest ye hear the cry, "Too late."
wait; Un - to you may fall the cry, Ere the mor - row, "'Tis too late."

CHORUS.

Lin - ger not while yet 'tis time, Come ye from the paths of

LATE ! TOO LATE !

sin ! Lest ye hear at ev'ning's chime ! "Late, too late ! En-ter not in."

No. 57.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

*Stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel.—Phil. 1: 27.
For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord.—1 Thes. iii 8.*

J. L. GILBERT.

1. Stand up ! stand up for Je - sus ! Ye sol - diers of the Cross ; Lift
2. Stand up ! stand up for Je - sus ! Stand in His strength a - lone ; The
3. Stand up ! stand up for Je - sus ! The strife will not be long ; This

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss. From
arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own ; Put
day the noise of bat - tle,—The next, the vic - tor's song : To

vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead, Till
on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch - ing un - to pray'r, Where
him that o - ver com - eth, A crown of life shall be ; He

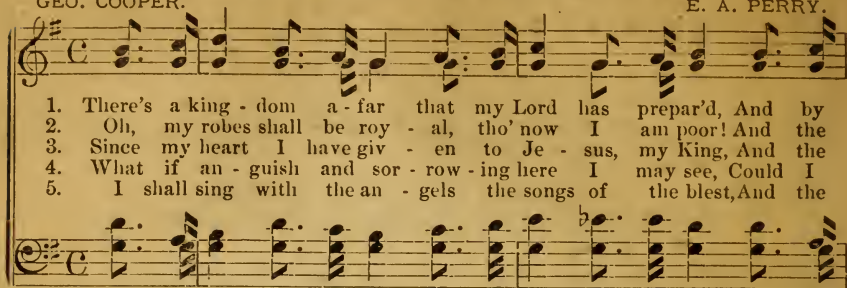
ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there !
with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly !

No. 58. I'M AN HEIR TO CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

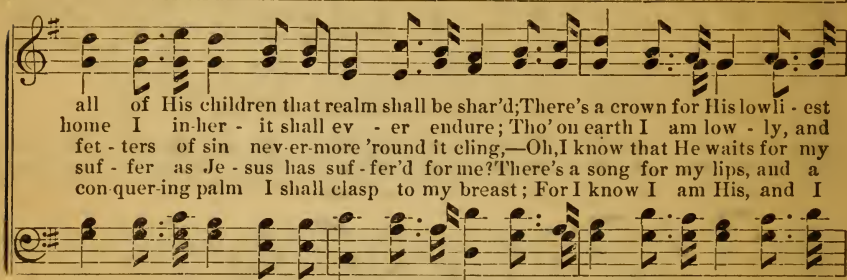
Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.—Matt. xxv: 34.

GEO. COOPER.

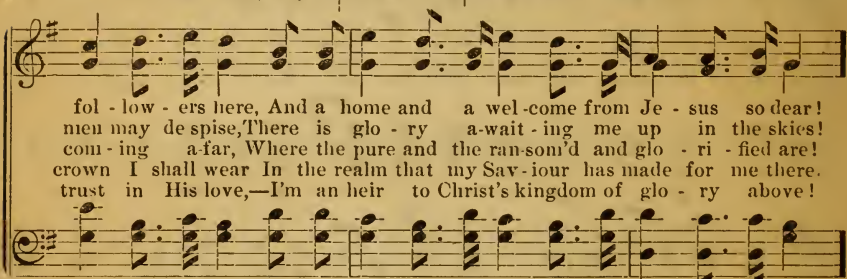
E. A. PERRY.



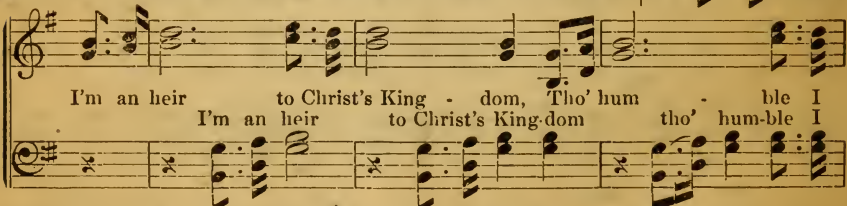
1. There's a king - dom a - far that my Lord has prepar'd, And by
 2. Oh, my robes shall be roy - al, tho' now I am poor! And the
 3. Since my heart I have giv - en to Je - sus, my King, And the
 4. What if an - guish and sor - row - ing here I may see, Could I
 5. I shall sing with the an - gels the songs of the blest, And the



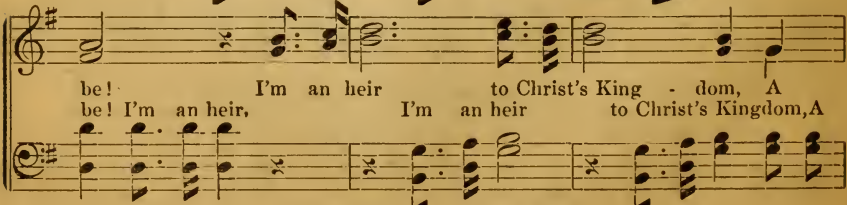
all of His children that realm shall be shar'd; There's a crown for His lowly - est
 home I in - her - it shall ev - er endure; Tho' on earth I am low - ly, and
 fet - ters of sin nev - er - more 'round it cling, — Oh, I know that He waits for my
 suf - fer as Je - sus has suf - fer'd for me? There's a song for my lips, and a
 conquer - ing palm I shall clasp to my breast; For I know I am His, and I



fol - low - ers here, And a home and a wel - come from Je - sus so dear!
 men may de - spise, There is glo - ry a - wait - ing me up in the skies!
 com - ing a - far, Where the pure and the ran - som'd and glo - ri - fied are!
 crown I shall wear In the realm that my Sav - iour has made for me there.
 trust in His love, — I'm an heir to Christ's kingdom of glo - ry above!



I'm an heir to Christ's King - dom, Tho' hum - ble I
 I'm an heir to Christ's King - dom tho' hum - ble I



be! I'm an heir, I'm an heir to Christ's King - dom, A
 be! I'm an heir, I'm an heir to Christ's Kingdom, A

I'M AN HEIR TO CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

crown awaits for me! a crown, a crown, a crown awaits for me!
crown awaits for me, awaits for me!

No. 59.

WANDERERS, COME.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.—John x: 16.

GEO. COOPER.

By per.

1. Wan - der-ers, come to the fold! Je-sus, the Shepherd, is call - ing!
2. Why do ye lin - ger in doubt? Je-sus is wait-ing so kind - ly!
3. Fear will as-sail you no more; Sorrow shall fade in-to glad-ness;
4. Wan - der-ers, come to the fold! Joy to the lost one re-turn-ing!

Out on the hills it is cheerless and cold, Bit-ter the dews that are fall-ing.
Why have ye tarried and linger'd without, Groping in dark-ness so blind-ly?
Faith will your comforts and blessings restore; Hope will illumine all sad-ness.
Out of the darkness and withering cold, Haste while the lamp still is burn-ing.

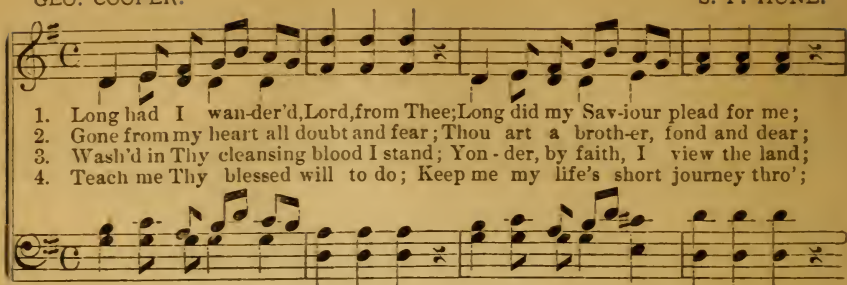
CHORUS.

Wan - der-ers, come to the fold! Wan - der-ers, come to the fold!

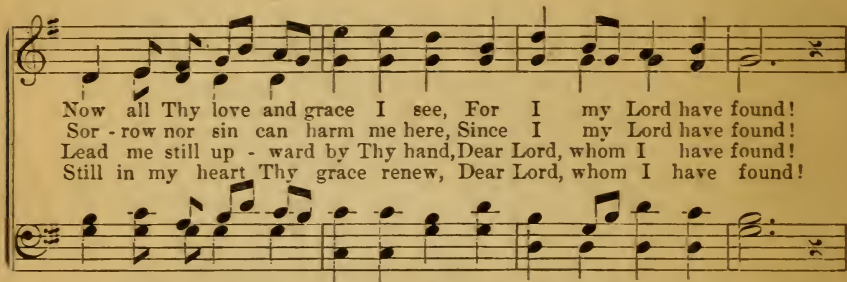
Dan - ger and sin en - ter not in,— Wan - der-ers, come to the fold!

GEO. COOPER.

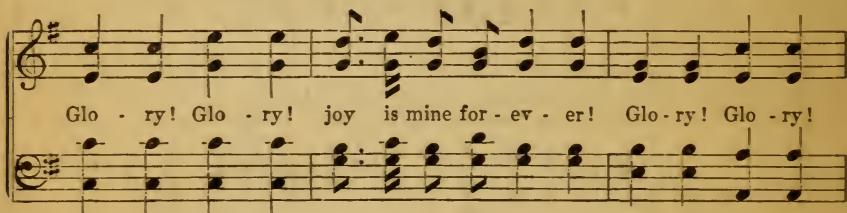
S. P. HONE.



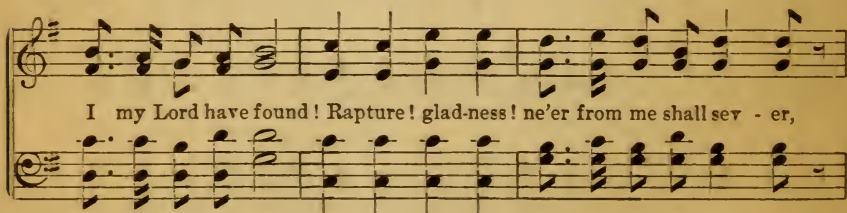
1. Long had I wan-der'd, Lord, from Thee; Long did my Sav-iour plead for me;
 2. Gone from my heart all doubt and fear; Thou art a broth-er, fond and dear;
 3. Wash'd in Thy cleansing blood I stand; Yon-der, by faith, I view the land;
 4. Teach me Thy blessed will to do; Keep me my life's short journey thro';



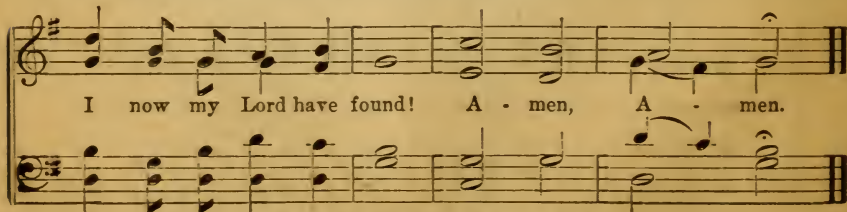
Now all Thy love and grace I see, For I my Lord have found!
 Sor-row nor sin can harm me here, Since I my Lord have found!
 Lead me still up-ward by Thy hand, Dear Lord, whom I have found!
 Still in my heart Thy grace renew, Dear Lord, whom I have found!



Glo-ry! Glo-ry! joy is mine for-ev-er! Glo-ry! Glo-ry!



I my Lord have found! Rapture! glad-ness! ne'er from me shall sev-er,



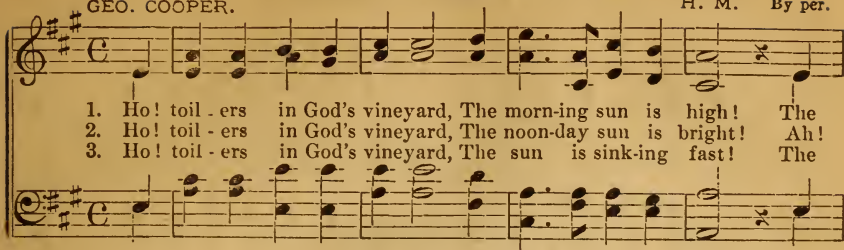
I now my Lord have found! A-men, A-men.

No. 61. THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

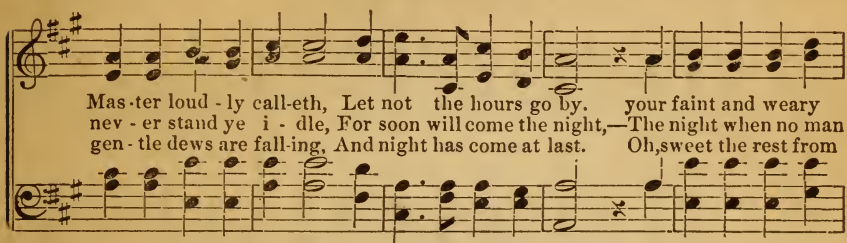
Go work to day in my vineyard.—Matt. xxi: 23.

GEO. COOPER.

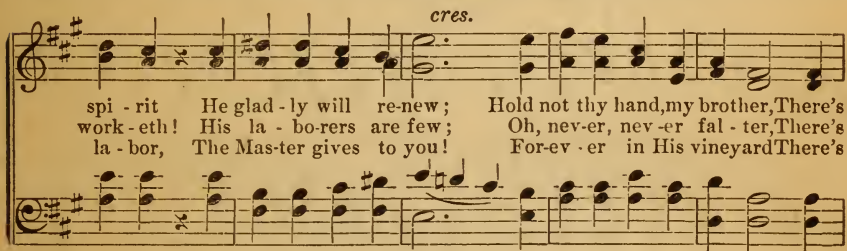
H. M. By per.



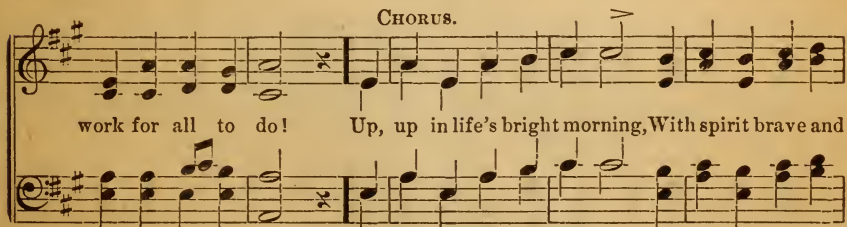
1. Ho! toil - ers in God's vineyard, The morn-ing sun is high! The
 2. Ho! toil - ers in God's vineyard, The noon-day sun is bright! Ah!
 3. Ho! toil - ers in God's vineyard, The sun is sink-ing fast! The



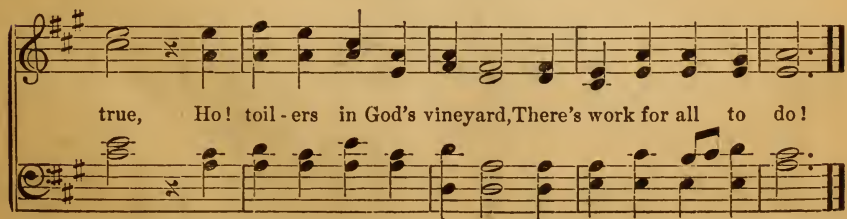
Mas-ter loud - ly call-eth, Let not the hours go by. your faint and weary
 nev - er stand ye i - dle, For soon will come the night, The night when no man
 gen - tle dews are fall-ing, And night has come at last. Oh, sweet the rest from



spi - rit He glad - ly will re-new; Hold not thy hand, my brother, There's
 work-eth! His la - bor-ers are few; Oh, nev-er, nev-er fal - ter, There's
 la - bor, The Mas-ter gives to you! For-ev - er in His vineyard There's



work for all to do! Up, up in life's bright morning, With spirit brave and



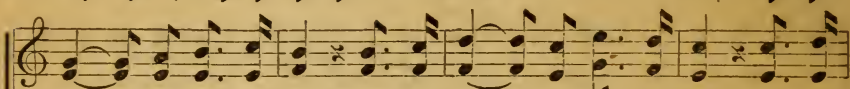
true, Ho! toil - ers in God's vineyard, There's work for all to do!

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."—John x: 11, 28.

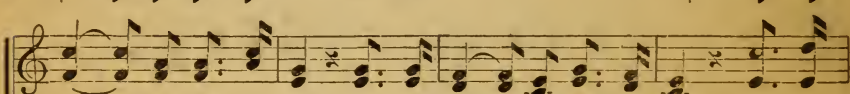
H. MILLARD. By per.



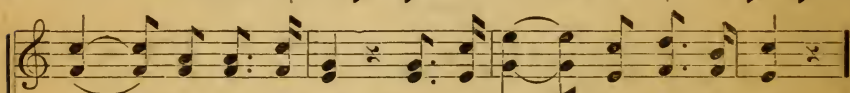
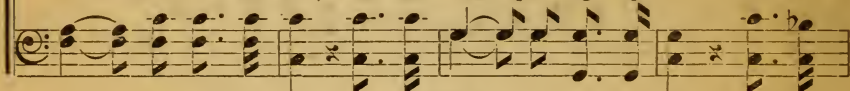
1. They were wan-d'ers from the fold, And the storm was fierce and wild; In the
2. He has hush'd their ev-ery cry, He will lead them to the fold; Not one
3. We are wan-d'ers from His fold, We have left the nar-row way; Je-sus



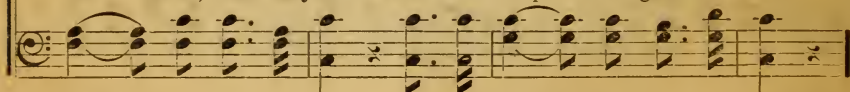
mid - night, dark and cold, When no stars a - bove them smiled. Who will
lamb shall wan-der by, Left to per - ish with the cold; For the
seeks us in the cold; Keeps us kind - ly lest we stray. Who will



gath - er them a - gain, In His arms so kind and warm? Who will
Shep - herd loves His sheep, And tho' oft a - far they stray, He will
heark - en to His voice, 'Mid the tem - pest rag - ing wild? Who will



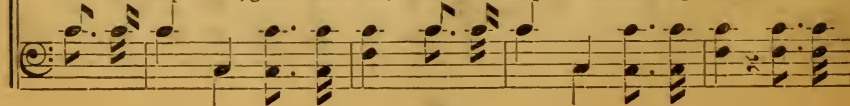
soothe their wea - ry pain? Who will shield them from the storm?
watch and ward still keep, Lead - ing them from harm a - way.
find Him, and ré-joice With the Shep - herd good and mild?



CHORUS.



'Tis the Shep - herd, good and kind, 'Tis the Shep - herd watching there; He will



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

shel - ter from the wind, He will keep His lambs so fair!

No. 63. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."
2 Cor. x: 4.

J. L. GILBERT.

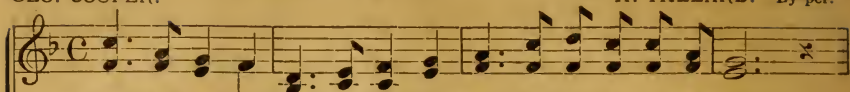
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join the hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or


Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle See His banners go.
All one bod - y we—One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that church prevail; We have Christ's own pro-mise, And that can-not fail.
Un-to Christ the King; This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.

GEO. COOPER.

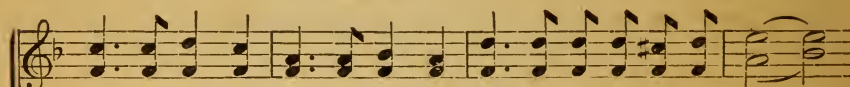
H. MILLARD. By per.




1. Safe from o - cean, safe from o cean, Where the waves are rolling high,
 2. He will guide us, He will guide us; Point the helm to yon-der Light!
 3. Ho! the breakers! ho! the breakers! To thy Compass still be true!



In the har - bor, in the har - bor, We'll be sail - ing by and by;
 Shin - ing bright - er, shin - ing brighter, As the darker grows the night.
 'Tis the Bi - ble, 'tis the Bi - ble — Pre - cious guide for me and you.

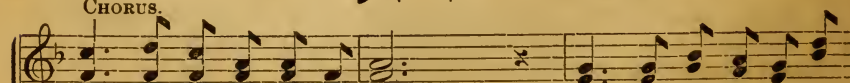


See the Lighthouse! see the Lighthouse! 'Tis our Saviour, blest and dear! . .
 Gal - lant sail - or, gal - lant sail - or, Do thy du - ty till the end! . .
 Joy - ful ti - dings! joy - ful ti - dings! See the land is on our lee! . .



Don't be fear - ful, don't be fear - ful, Tho' the stormy clouds be near.
 Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fal - ter, Christ will aid and comfort send.
 Bless - ed re - fuge! bless - ed ref uge! Un - to all e - ter - ni - ty!

CHORUS.



Safe in har - bor by and by! by , and by! Safe in har - bor by and

by! We will drop the an-chor, broth-er, Safe in har-bor by-and-by!

by-and-by!

No. 65.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

I. H. NEWMAN.

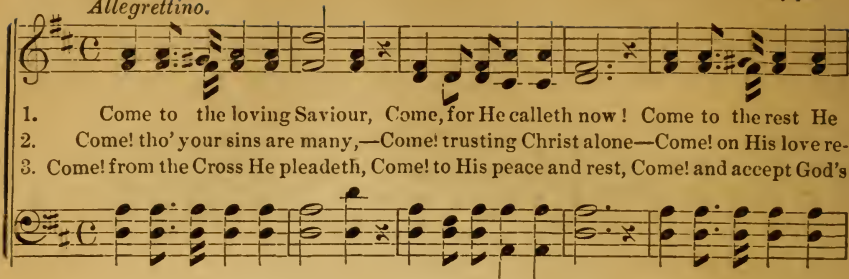
"I am the light of the world."—John ix: 5.

E. WESTON.

1. { Lead, kind-ly Light a - mid th'en-cir- cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 { The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me
 2. { I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
 { I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
 3. { So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me
 { O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is

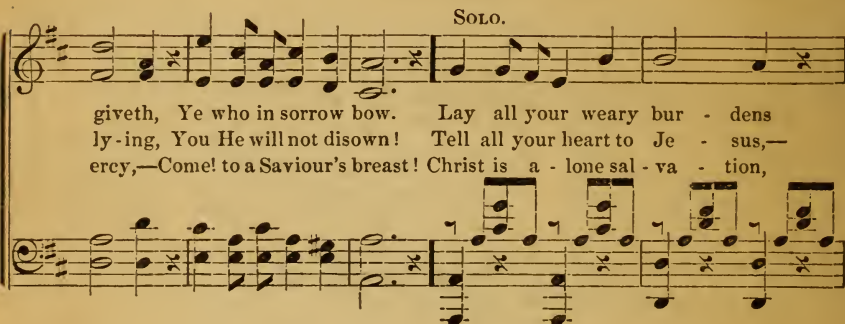
on, Lead Thou me on. } Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
 on, Lead Thou me on. }
 on, Shouldst lead me on. } I loved the gar - ish day: and, spite of
 on, Lead Thou me on. }
 on, Will lead me on } And with the morn those an - gel fac - es
 gone, The night is gone, }

see . . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 fears . . . Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.
 smile . . . Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Allegretto.


1. Come to the loving Saviour, Come, for He calleth now! Come to the rest He
 2. Come! tho' your sins are many,—Come! trusting Christ alone—Come! on His love re-
 3. Come! from the Cross He pleadeth, Come! to His peace and rest, Come! and accept God's

SOLO.



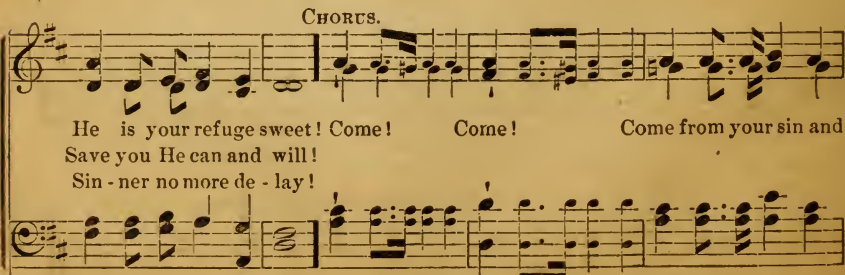
giveth, Ye who in sorrow bow. Lay all your weary bur - dens
 ly - ing, You He will not disown! Tell all your heart to Je - sus,—
 ercy,—Come! to a Saviour's breast! Christ is a - lone sal - va - tion,

TUTTI.



Here at the Saviour's feet; Hark to the call, O, sin - ner,
 Hope of the hope-less still; He is a friend un-fail - ing,
 Turn Him no more a - way! Hark to the call, O, sin - ner,

CHORUS.



He is your refuge sweet! Come! Come! Come from your sin and
 Save you He can and will!
 Sin - ner no more de - lay!

COME.

sor - row, Mer - cy is free to all! Come! Come!

Come now and seek sal - va - tion, Hark ye to the Saviour's call!

No. 67. LEAD US, O, SAVIOUR!

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."—Ps. xxiii: 3.

GEO. COPER.

H. MILLARD. By per.

1. Lead us, O, Saviour, lead,—Dark grows our way! Thy aid—for
2. Hope of our hearts each day, Make us thine own! Thou art, while
3. Thou art our ref - uge here, Sav - iour di - vine! Thou art our

this we plead, While here we stray! Lead us beyond the night, Lead us to
here we stay. Our Friend a-lone! Hear Thou our prayers to Thee, Answer each
joy, so dear, Make us more thine! Till here no more we stray, Till earth shall

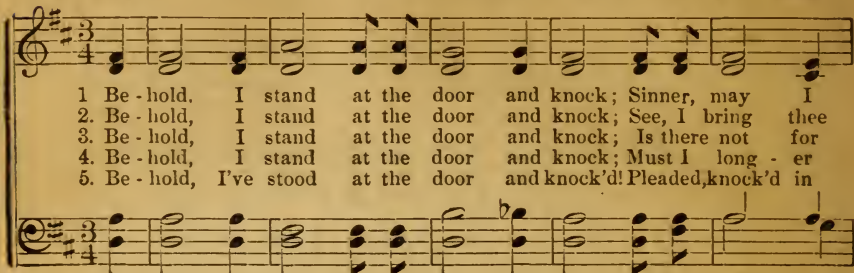
joy - ful light, Lead us in paths a-right, Sav - iour, O lead!
ear - nest plea,—Lead us Thy Home to see, Sav - iour, O lead!
pass a - way, Lead us to Thee each day, Sav - iour, O lead!

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

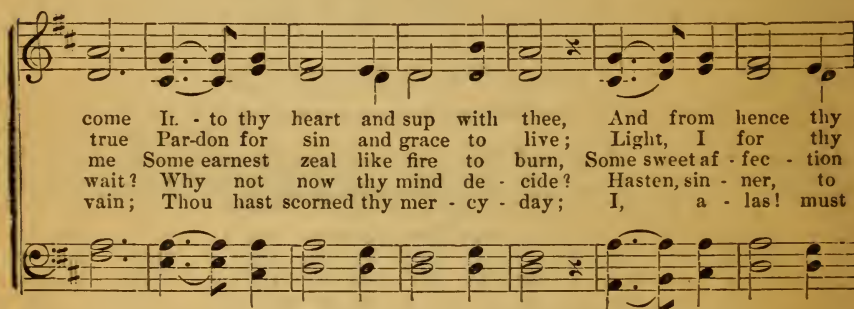
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."— Rev. iii: 20.

K. M. JR.

REV. K. MACKENZIE, JR. By per.

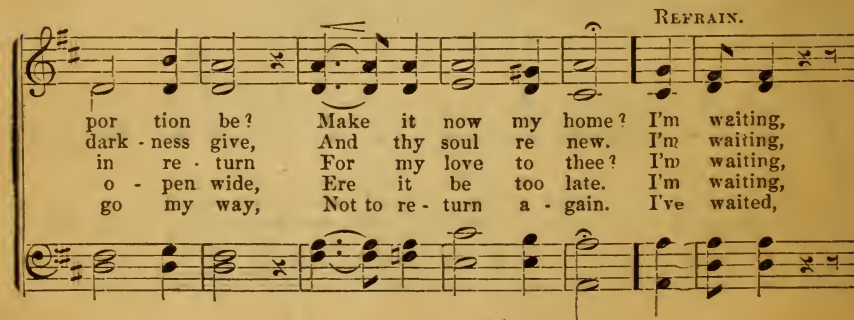


1 Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; Sinner, may I
2 Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; See, I bring thee
3 Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; Is there not for
4 Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; Must I long - er
5 Be - hold, I've stood at the door and knock'd! Pleased, knock'd in



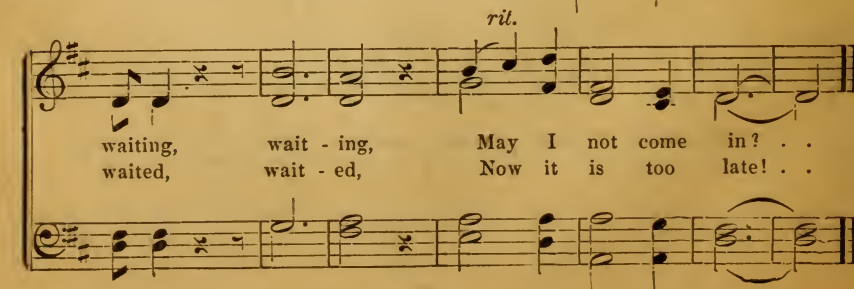
come In - to thy heart and sup with thee, And from hence thy
true Par-don for sin and grace to live; Light, I for thy
me Some earnest zeal like fire to burn, Some sweet af - fec - tion
wait? Why not now thy mind de - cide? Hasten, sin - ner, to
vain; Thou hast scorned thy mer - cy - day; I, a - las! must

REFRAIN.



por - tion be? Make it now my home? I'm waiting,
dark - ness give, And thy soul re - new. I'm waiting,
in re - turn For my love to thee? I'm waiting,
o - pen wide, Ere it be too late. I'm waiting,
go my way, Not to re - turn a - gain. I've waited,

rit.

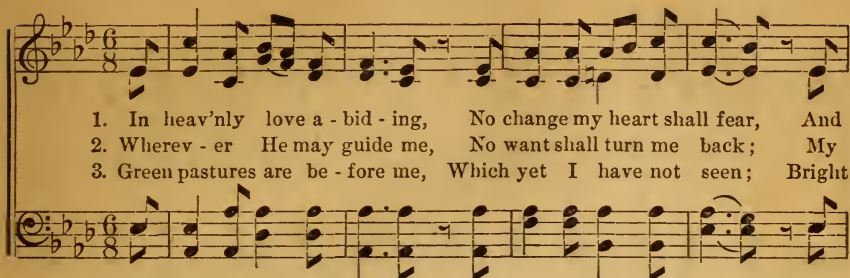


waiting, wait - ing, May I not come in? . .
waited, wait - ed, Now it is too late! . .

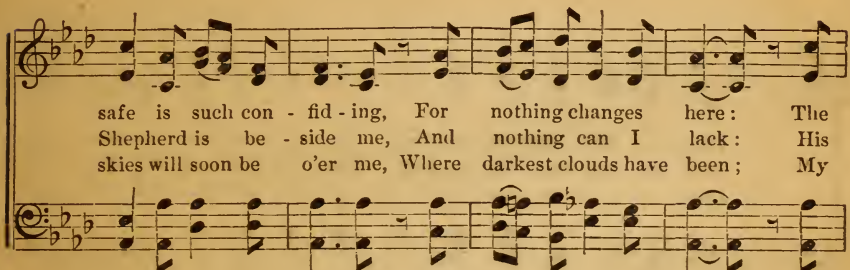
No. 69. IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

MRS. WARING.

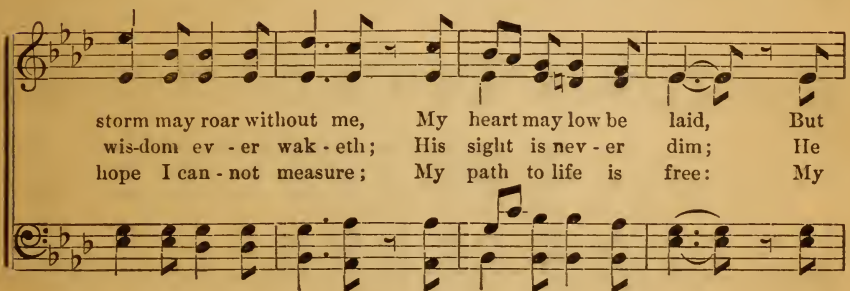
W. H. BRIGGS.



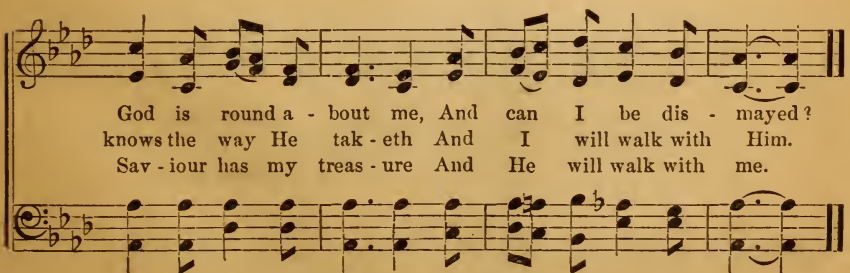
1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And
 2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright



safe is such con - fid - ing, For nothing changes here: The
 Shepherd is be - side me, And nothing can I lack: His
 skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been; My



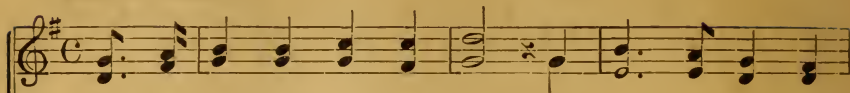
storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But
 wis-dom ev - er wak - eth; His sight is nev - er dim; He
 hope I can - not measure; My path to life is free: My



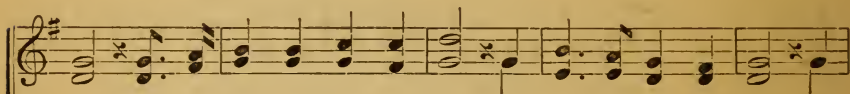
God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
 knows the way He tak - eth And I will walk with Him.
 Sav - iour has my treas - ure And He will walk with me.

"He that believeth on me, I will in no way cast out."


MISS B. WESTON.



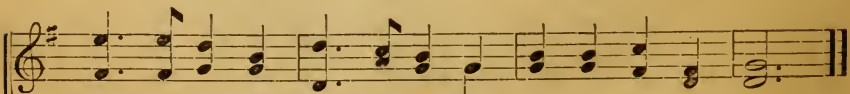
1. Is your heart distressed and tried? Oh, cast your sins a -
 2. In His house you'll find a home, Though pro - di - gal you
 3. Gath - er in His sa - cred fold, And He will love you



way; Trust the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied; Be - lieve on Him to - day! He
 be; You'll be wel - come if you come, From sin and sor - row free! He
 well; There the streets are paved with gold, And saints im - mor - tal dwell! He



calls you to his ten - der arms Like wan - d'ring sheep that stray; Oh,
 loves you with an ear - nest love; He died that you might see A
 beck - ons still—oh, heed the call, And then His mer - ciés tell To

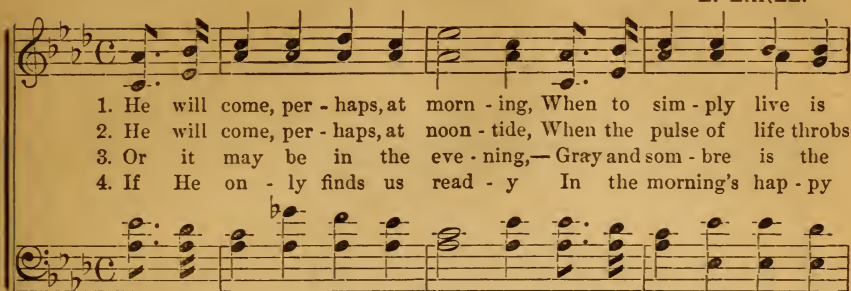


cast a - side all world - ly charms And be the Lord's to - day!
 glo - rious her - i - tage a - bove Through all e - ter - ni - ty!
 oth - er sin - ners ere they fall From grace and peace as well!

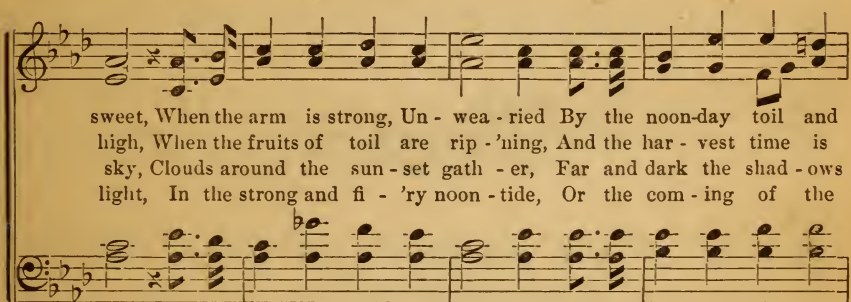
No. 71. HE WILL COME PERHAPS AT MORNING.

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. xxiv: 42.

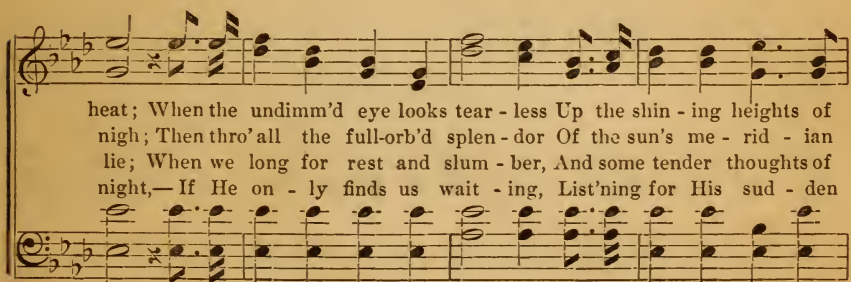
E. EARLE.



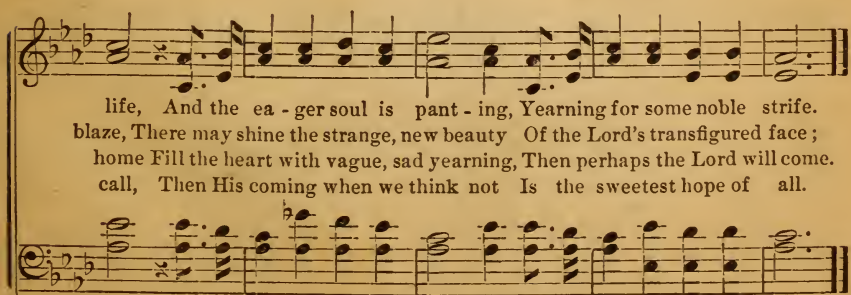
1. He will come, per - haps, at morn - ing, When to sim - ply live is
 2. He will come, per - haps, at noon - tide, When the pulse of life throbs
 3. Or it may be in the eve - ning, — Gray and som - bre is the
 4. If He on - ly finds us read - y In the morning's hap - py



sweet, When the arm is strong, Un - wea - ried By the noon-day toil and
 high, When the fruits of toil are rip - 'ning, And the har - vest time is
 sky, Clouds around the sun - set gath - er, Far and dark the shad - ows
 light, In the strong and fi - 'ry noon - tide, Or the com - ing of the



heat; When the undimm'd eye looks tear - less Up the shin - ing heights of
 nigh; Then thro' all the full-orb'd splen - dor Of the sun's me - rid - ian
 lie; When we long for rest and slum - ber, And some tender thoughts of
 night, — If He on - ly finds us wait - ing, List'ning for His sud - den



life, And the ea - ger soul is pant - ing, Yearning for some noble strife.
 blaze, There may shine the strange, new beauty Of the Lord's transfigured face;
 home Fill the heart with vague, sad yearning, Then perhaps the Lord will come.
 call, Then His coming when we think not Is the sweetest hope of all.

L. M. MILLARD.

H. MILLARD.

1. When life to us seems dreary, And hearts are dark with gloom, Oh,
 2. She cheer'd Him with her presence,—By her devotion sweet; She
 3. O! watcher sweet and lonely, What wealth of love was thine! Mid

think of faithful Mary, Who watch'd e'en at the tomb. With patient, earnest
 pour'd the fragrant essence Up on His holy feet; She used her flowing
 others, faithful on - ly, Thy truth was most divine. Thy woman - ly de -

long-ing, She wait-ed for her Lord, While tender thro'ts came thronging For
 tresses To wipe all stains a-way, So Christ, in our dis-tress-es, Can
 vo-tion Shall teach its lesson sweet From o - cean un - to o - cean While

Him whom she a-dored! }
 cleanse our hearts to-day! } Like Ma-ry at the tomb, Like Ma-ry at the
 earthly hearts shall beat! }

tomb, O love so fond, O faith so true, Will chase a - way life's gloom!

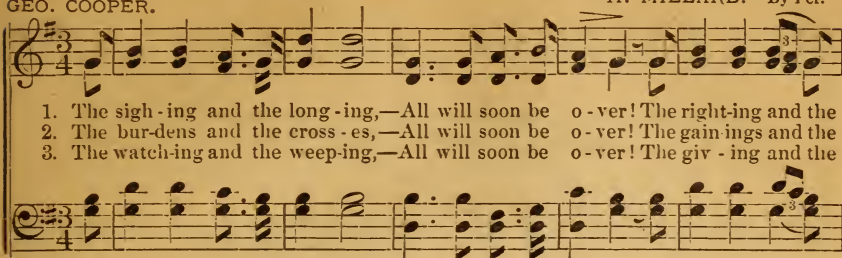
No. 73.

ALL WILL SOON BE OVER.

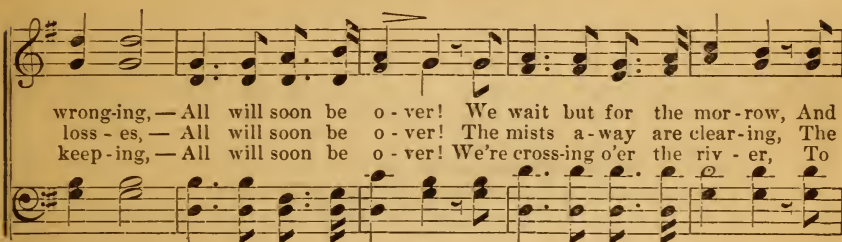
"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi: 4.

GEO. COOPER.

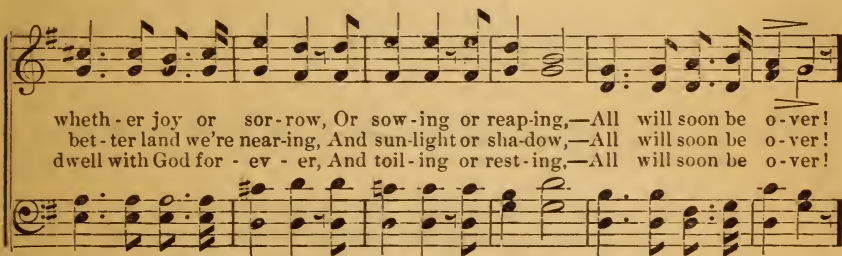
H. MILLARD. By Per.



1. The sigh-ing and the long-ing,—All will soon be o-ver! The right-ing and the
 2. The bur-dens and the cross-es,—All will soon be o-ver! The gain-ings and the
 3. The watch-ing and the weep-ing,—All will soon be o-ver! The giv-ing and the

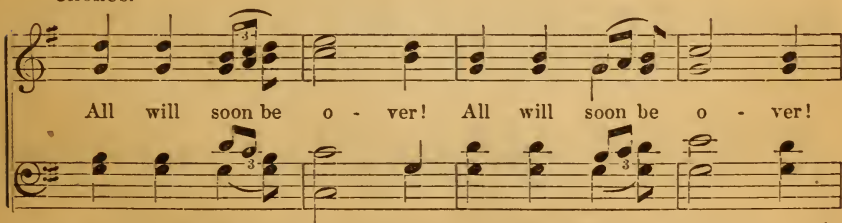


wrong-ing,—All will soon be o-ver! We wait but for the mor-row, And
 loss-es,—All will soon be o-ver! The mists a-way are clear-ing, The
 keep-ing,—All will soon be o-ver! We're crossing o'er the riv-er, To

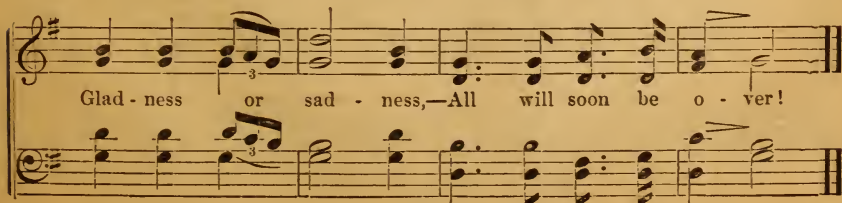


wheth-er joy or sor-row, Or sow-ing or reap-ing,—All will soon be o-ver!
 bet-ter land we're near-ing, And sun-light or sha-dow,—All will soon be o-ver!
 dwell with God for-ev-er, And toil-ing or rest-ing,—All will soon be o-ver!

CHORUS.



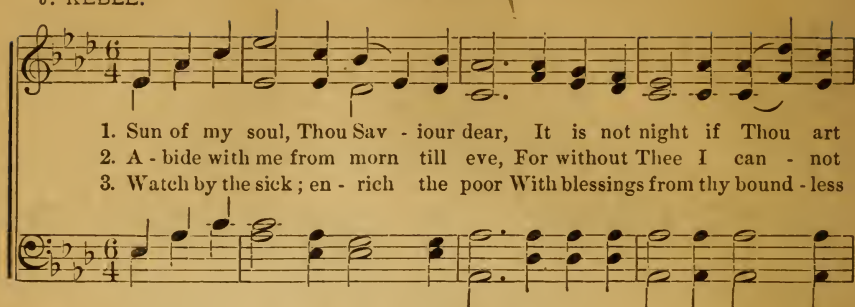
All will soon be o-ver! All will soon be o-ver!



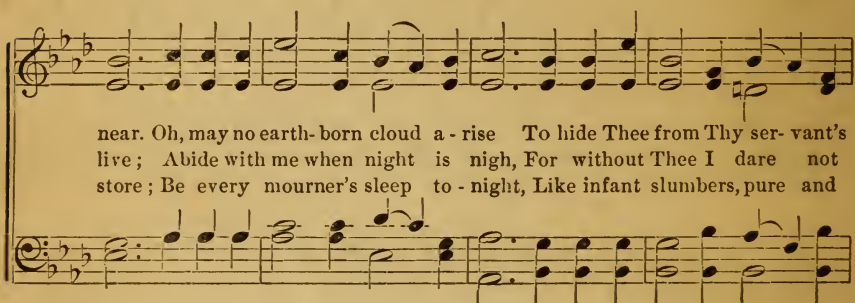
Glad-ness or sad-ness,—All will soon be o-ver!

The Lord God is a Sun.—Psa. lxxiv: 11.

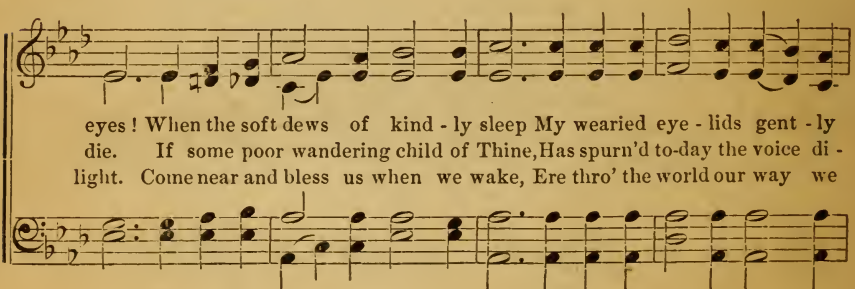
J. KEBLE.



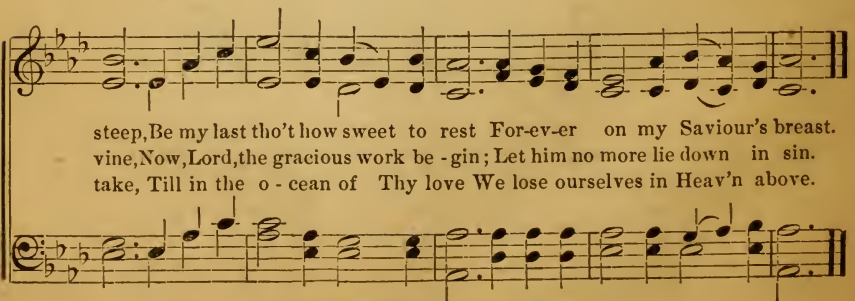
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou art
 2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not
 3. Watch by the sick ; en - rich the poor With blessings from thy bound - less



near. Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser- vant's
 live ; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not
 store ; Be every mourner's sleep to - night, Like infant slumbers, pure and



eyes ! When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly
 die. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Has spurn'd to-day the voice di -
 light. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we



steep, Be my last tho't how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
 vine, Now, Lord, the gracious work be - gin ; Let him no more lie down in sin.
 take, Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.

No. 75. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

"That the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believed."—Gal. iii: 22.

RAY PALMER.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a -
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a -
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust re -

way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 Thee, Pure, warm and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.
 way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

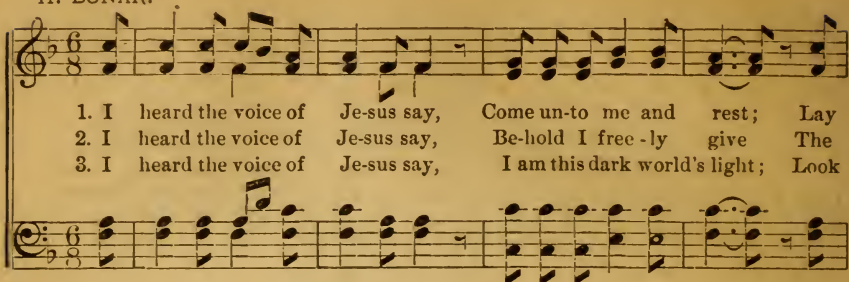
SUN OF MY SOUL.

SECOND TUNE. German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

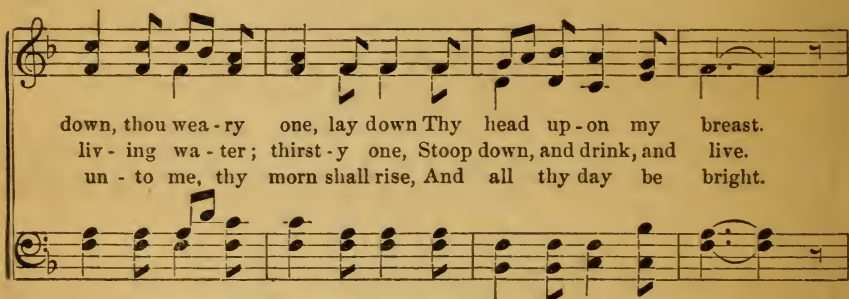
No. 76. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

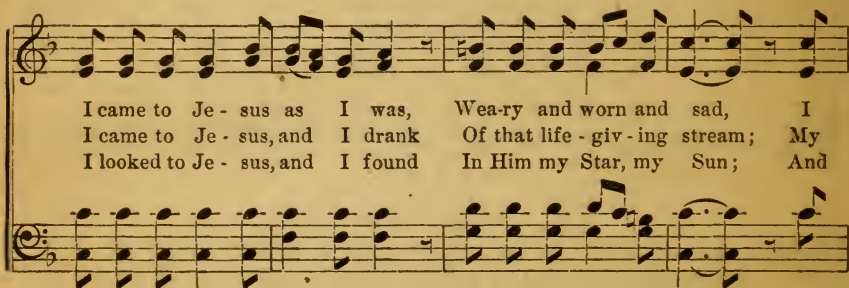
H. BONAR.



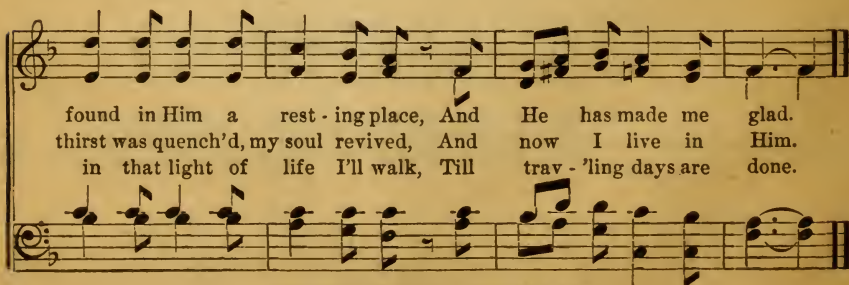
1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Come un-to me and rest; Lay
 2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Be-hold I free-ly give The
 3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, I am this dark world's light; Look



down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast.
 liv-ing wa-ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.
 un-to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.



I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad, I
 I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream; My
 I looked to Je-sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And



found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad.
 thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav-'ling days are done.

No. 77.

WAIT NO LONGER.

H. M.

"For now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation." H. E. CROSSON.

1. Wait no lon - ger, come to Je - sus, Cast your cares up - on Him
 2. Wait no lon - ger, still He's call - ing, There He stands to wel - come
 3. Wait no lon - ger, you have lingered Far too long a - bout the

now; He will aid you, He will save you, At His feet then low - ly
 in; He's al - read - y to re - ceive you, And to save from shame and
 door; Still 'tis o - pen—join the ransomed Ere it close for - ev - er -

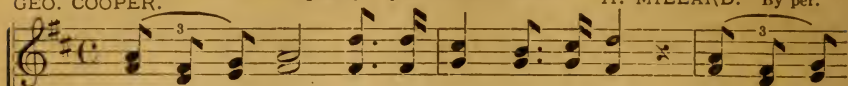
bow, — E'en the vi - lest, if he ask it, Je - sus saves from sin and
 sin; Come this moment, do not grieve him, You have on - ly to be -
 more; Death, at last, may find you long - ing For the prize you now may

loss; None too deep in deg - ra - da - tion—Lo! the thief up - on the
 lieve; Place your trust up - on His mer - cy, He will par - don and re -
 gain; Do not grieve a - way the Spir - it, Shall the Lord implore in

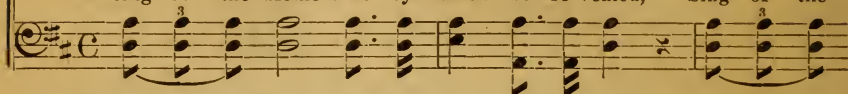
cross. None too deep in deg - ra - da - tion—Lo! the thief up - on the cross.
 ceive. Place your trust upon His mer - cy, He will par - don and re - ceive.
 vain? Do not grieve away the Spir - it, Shall the Lord implore in, vain?

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv: 2. H. MILLARD. By per.

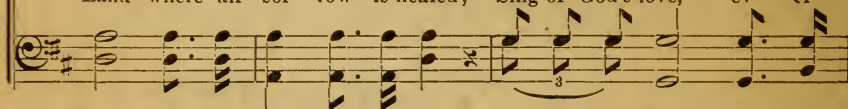
GEO. COOPER.



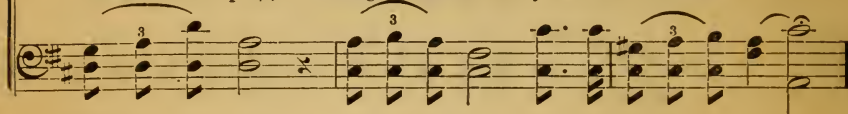
1. Sing of the Home of the good and the blest, Sing of the
2. Sing of the glo - ry that waits us a - far, Sing of the
3. Sing of the Sav - iour on whom we shall gaze, Sing of the
4. Sing of the Home that by faith is re - vealed, Sing of the



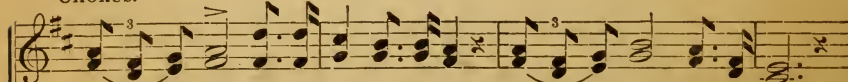
Home where the Saints are at rest. Sing of the Land nev - er
bright - ness that dims ev - ery star; Sing of the Land where our
An - gels that ech - o His praise; Sing of the robes that the
Land where all sor - row is healed; Sing of God's love, ev - er



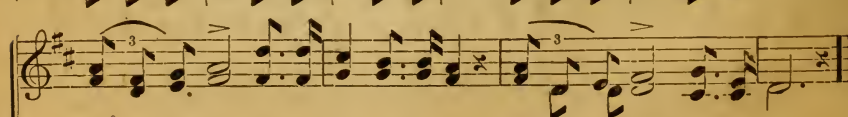
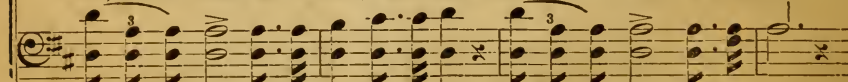
clouded by gloom, Sing of the land where the flow'rs ev - er bloom.
tears nev - er flow, Sing of the beau - ty that earth can-not know.
glo - ri - fied wear, Sing of the Crowns that are wait-ing us there.
boundless and pure, Sing of His mer - cy that still shall en - dure.



CHORUS.



Oh, 'twill be sweet to be there,—to be there! Oh! 'twill be sweet to be there!



Sing of the Home that the Lord doth prepare,—Oh, 'twill be sweet to be there!



No. 79. SEE! 'TIS THE LIFE-BOAT.

GEO. COOPER.

"Neither is there salvation in any other." — Acts iv: 12.

H. MILLARD. By per.

Non troppo presto.

1. See! 'tis the Life-boat, Yonder it sails, Breasting the billows,
 2. See! 'tis the Life-boat, Sailor, what cheer? Storm-clouds are fading,
 3. See! 'tis the Life-boat, Land is in sight, Gleams o'er the billows

Braving the gales. Near - er 'tis glid-ing Safe-ty it brings! Ho! 'tis the
 Sunlight is near. Yonder's the Beacon Shin-ing a - far; Steady the
 Yon Haven light. Dawneth the morning, Breakers are past; Safe-ly at

CHORUS.

sin - ner Now to it clings! } Safe in the Life-boat, Dan - ger is
 helm, now, Steer by yon Star! }
 an - chor Rest we at last.

o'er! Vain now the tempest—Pull for the shore! Safe in the

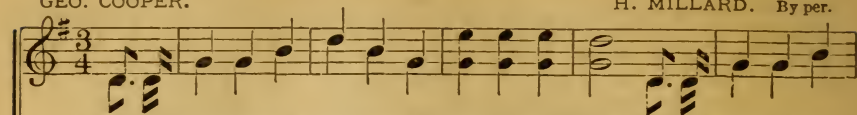
Life-boat, Danger is o'er, Vain now the tempest, Pull for the shore!

No. 80. WHAT CAN I SAY ON THAT DAY?

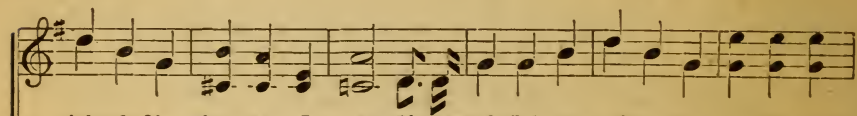
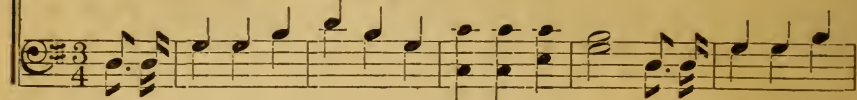
"For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v: 10.

GEO. COOPER.

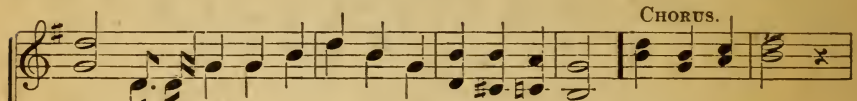
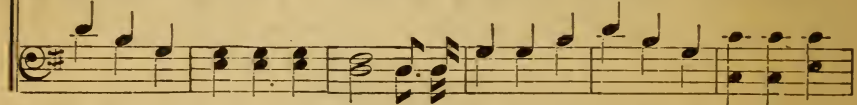
H. MILLARD. By per.



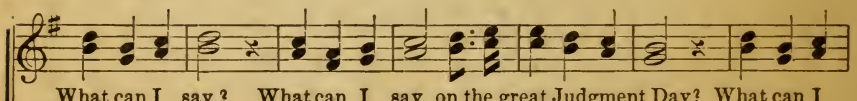
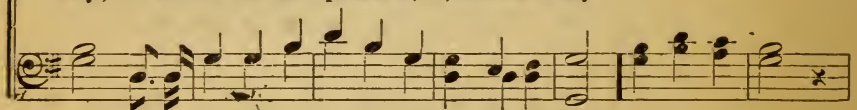
1. If Christ's precepts I've slighted, While plodding Life's way, If no wrong I have
2. If no burdens I've lightened, Where sorrow would stay; If no life I have



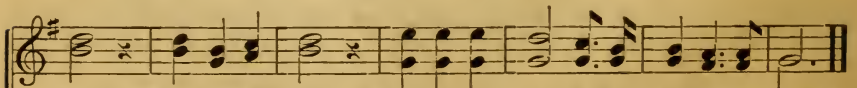
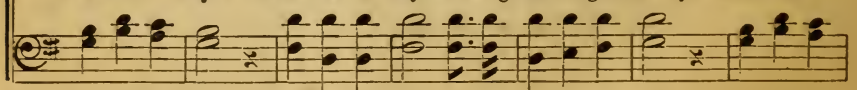
righted, Oh, what can I say? If no word I have spoken To guide those who
brightened, Oh, what can I say? If I've laid up no treasures A-bove while I



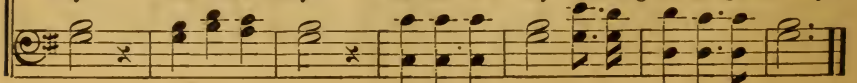
stray; If I've sooth'd no heart broken, Oh, what can I say? What can I say?
stay; If I've lived for Life's pleasures, Oh, what can I say?

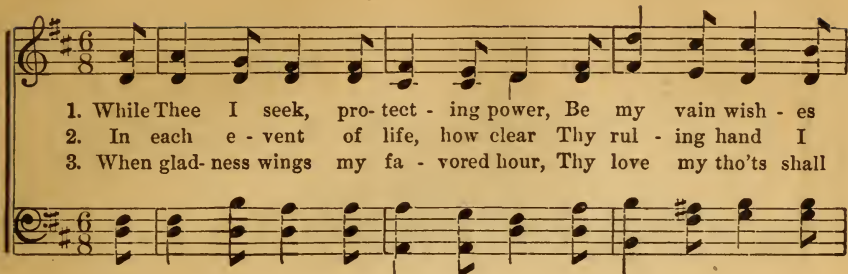


What can I say? What can I say on the great Judgment Day? What can I

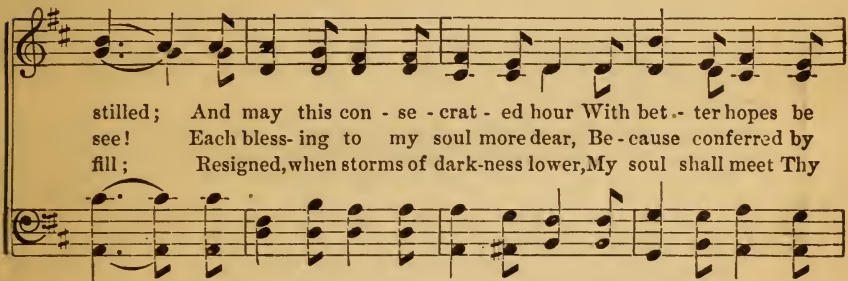


say? What can I say? What can I say On that great Judgment Day?

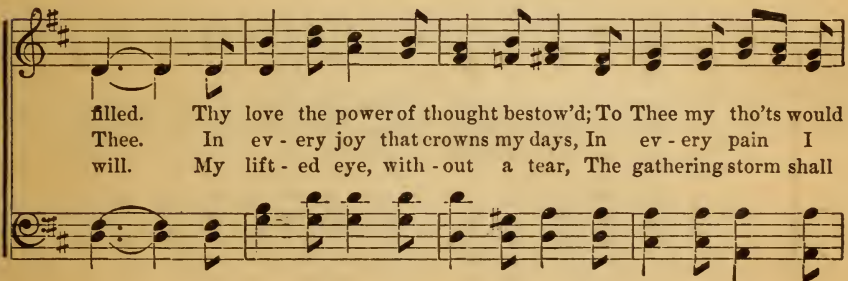




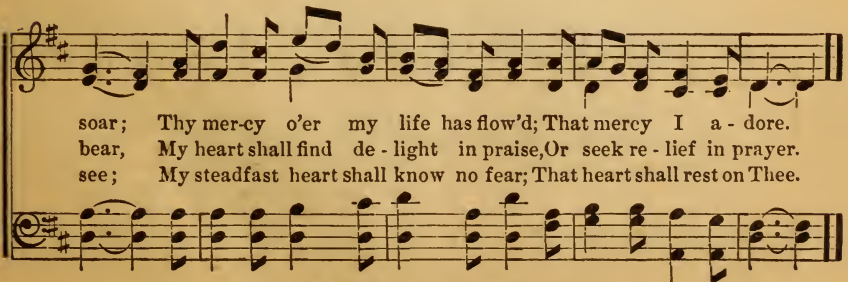
1. While Thee I seek, pro- tect - ing power, Be my vain wish - es
 2. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I
 3. When glad - ness wings my fa - vored hour, Thy love my tho'ts shall



stilled; And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be
 see! Each bless - ing to my soul more dear, Be - cause conferred by
 fill; Resigned, when storms of dark - ness lower, My soul shall meet Thy



filled. Thy love the power of thought bestow'd; To Thee my tho'ts would
 Thee. In ev - ery joy that crowns my days, In ev - ery pain I
 will. My lift - ed eye, with - out a tear, The gathering storm shall



soar; Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mercy I a - dore.
 bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.
 see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart shall rest on Thee.

M. E. BUTLER.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ;
 2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course ;
 3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn ; Press on - ward to the prize ;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place :
 Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun ; Both speed them to their source :
 Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn Tri - umph - ant in the skies :

Sun and moon and stars de - cay ; Time shall soon this earth re - move ;
 So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view His glo - rious face,
 Yet a sea - son, and we know Hap - py en - trance will be given,

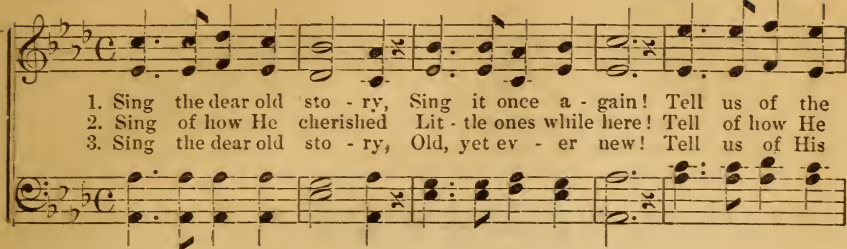
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.
 Up - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - chang'd for heaven.

No. 83. SING THE DEAR OLD STORY.

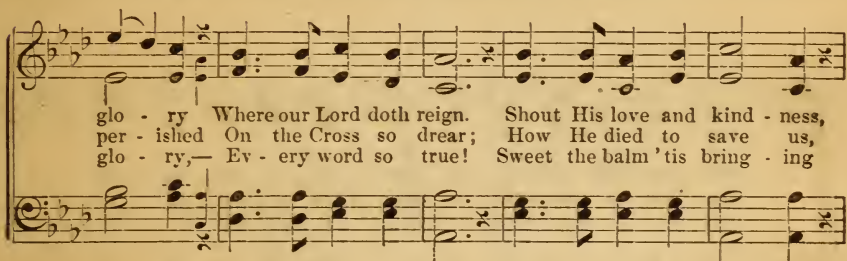
"Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart."—Isa. lxxv: 14.

GEO. COOPER.

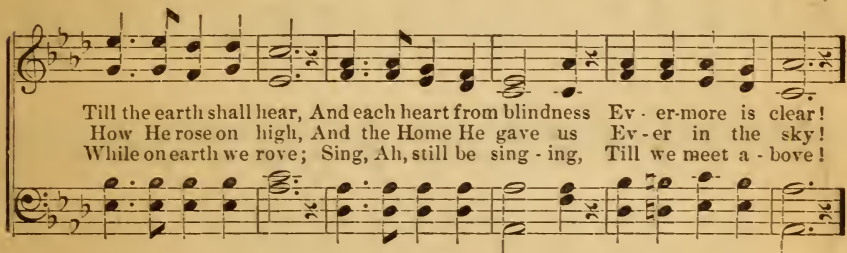
H. MILLARD. By per.



1. Sing the dear old sto - ry, Sing it once a - gain! Tell us of the
2. Sing of how He cherished Lit - tle ones while here! Tell of how He
3. Sing the dear old sto - ry, Old, yet ev - er new! Tell us of His

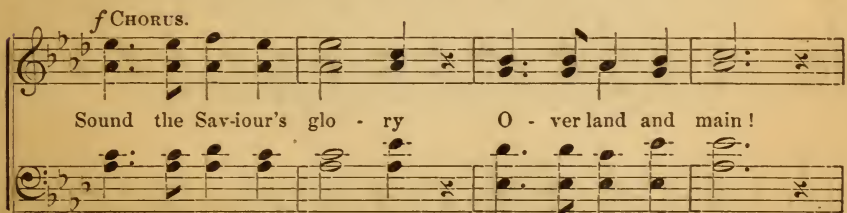


glo - ry Where our Lord doth reign. Shout His love and kind - ness,
per - ished On the Cross so dread; How He died to save us,
glo - ry, — Ev - ery word so true! Sweet the balm 'tis bring - ing

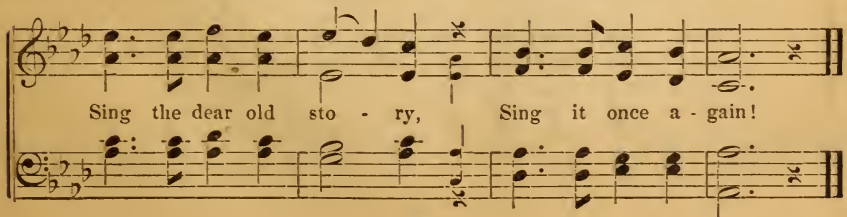


Till the earth shall hear, And each heart from blindness Ev - er-more is clear!
How He rose on high, And the Home He gave us Ev - er in the sky!
While on earth we rove; Sing, Ah, still be sing - ing, Till we meet a - bove!

f CHORUS.



Sound the Sav-iour's glo - ry O - verland and main!

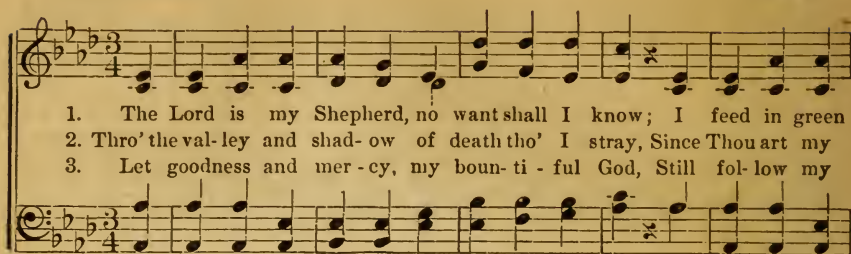


Sing the dear old sto - ry, Sing it once a - gain!

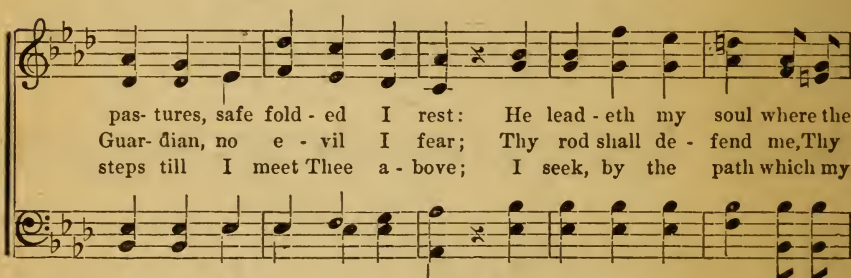
No. 84. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

MONTGOMERY.

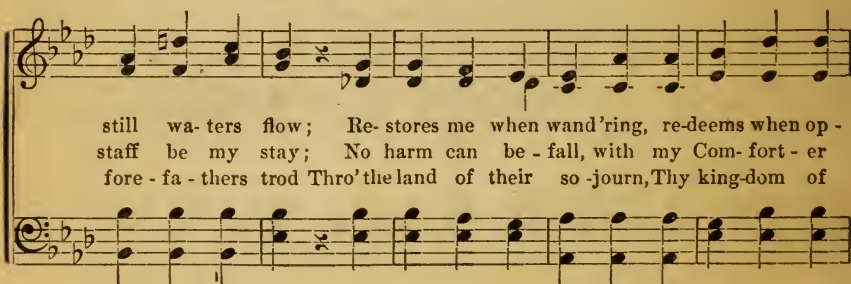
H. M.



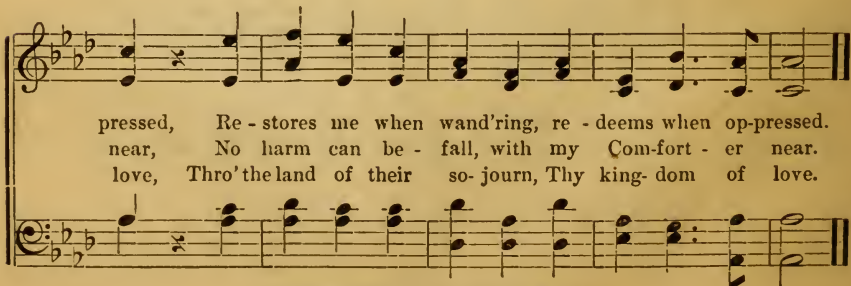
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my



pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest: He lead-eth my soul where the
 Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek, by the path which my



still wa-ters flow; Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
 staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er
 fore-fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of

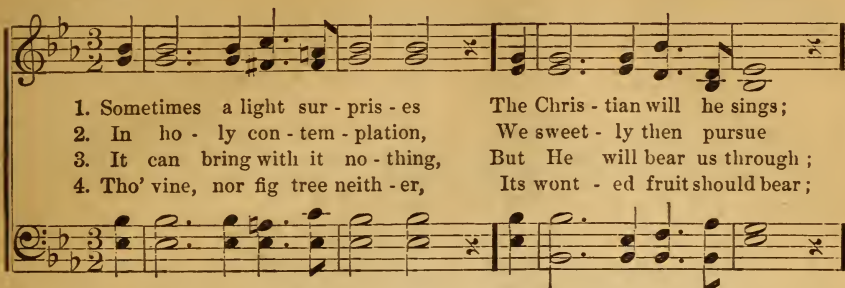


pressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.
 near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

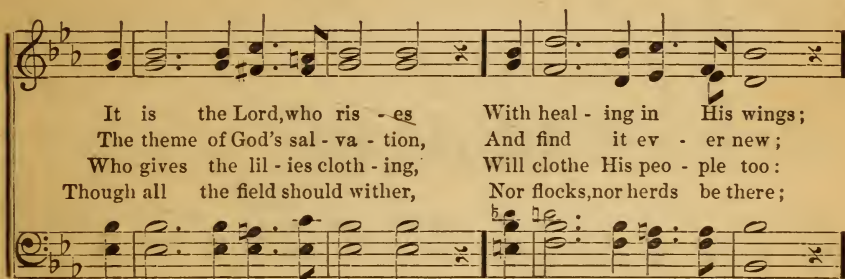
No. 85. SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.

COWPER.

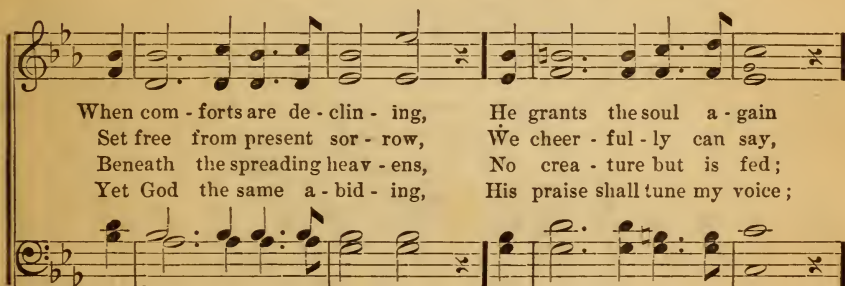
S. THALBERG.



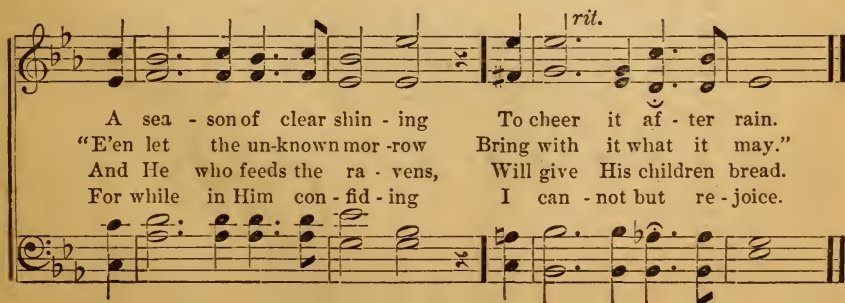
1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian will he sings;
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - plation, We sweet - ly then pursue
 3. It can bring with it no - thing, But He will bear us through;
 4. Tho' vine, nor fig tree neith - er, Its wont - ed fruit should bear;



It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;
 The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;
 Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple too:
 Though all the field should wither, Nor flocks, nor herds be there;



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
 Set free from present sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
 Beneath the spreading heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice;



A sea - son of clear shin - ing To cheer it af - ter rain.
 "E'en let the un - known mor - row Bring with it what it may."
 And He who feeds the ra - vens, Will give His children bread.
 For while in Him con - fid - ing I can - not but re - joice.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and
GEO. COOPER. Not too fast. before thee."—Luke xv: 18.

H. MILLARD. By Per.

1. "I will a - rise and go to Him, My Fa - ther kind and true!
2. "I will a - rise and go to Him, And kneel be - fore His feet!
3. "I will a - rise and go to Him, And lo! while yet a - far,

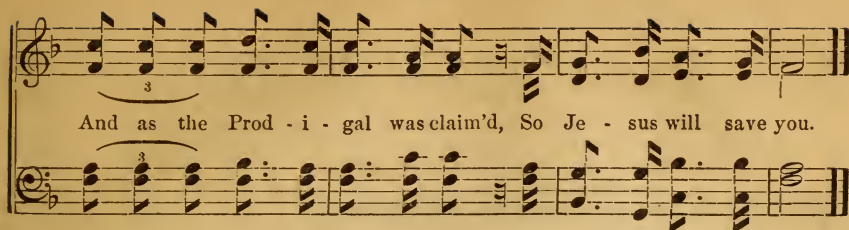
My steps are faint, my way is dim, Un - num - bered ills pur - sue;
My heart is sad, mine eyes are dim, I crave His com - fort sweet!
The Fa - ther came, and call'd his name, With smile like morn - ing star.

I know that He will take me in, And clothe me once a - gain;
I know that I have gone astray, And roam'd in paths of sin;
Up - on the wan - derer's neck He fell, And clasp'd un - to His heart

I know that He will cleanse from sin, And wash out ev - 'ry stain!"
No long - er shall my heart de - lay My Fa - ther's house to win."
The err - ing son He lov'd so well, No more, no more to part!"

CHORUS.

"I will a - rise and go to Him, My Fa - ther kind and true!



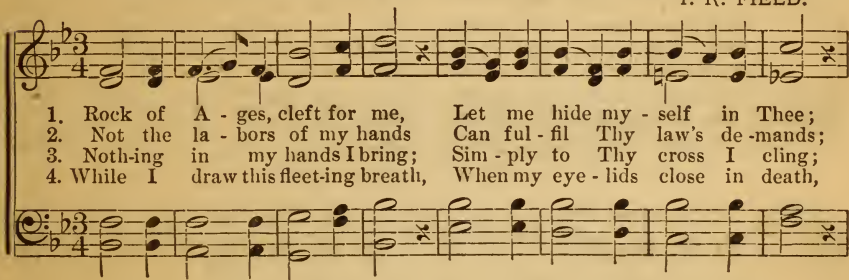
And as the Prod - i - gal was claim'd, So Je - sus will save you.

No. 87.

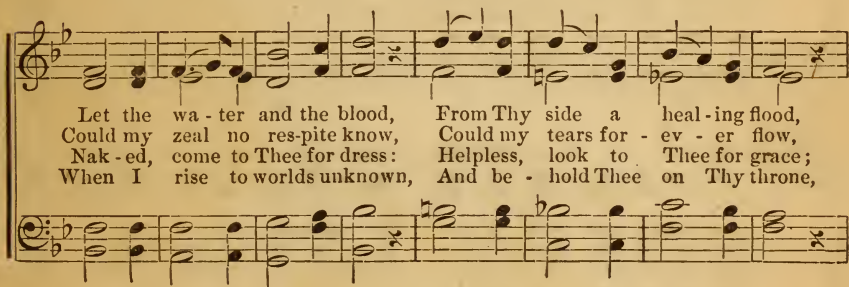
ROCK OF AGES.

"But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge."— Psalms xciv: 22.

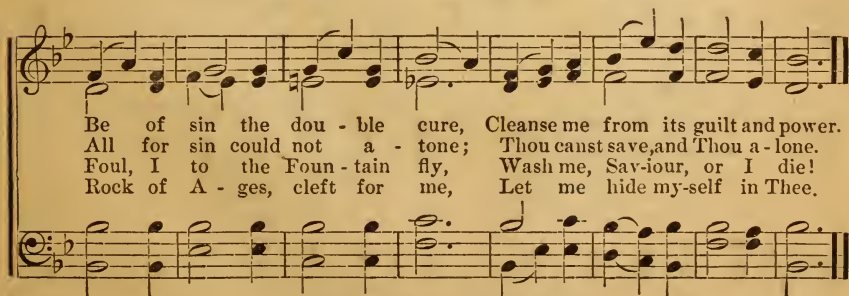
I. R. FIELD.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hands I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side a heal - ing flood,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress: Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

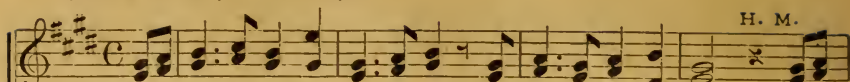


Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou canst save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the Foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

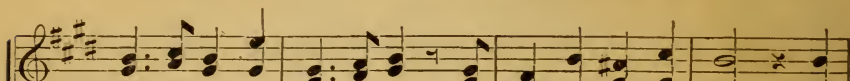
No. 88. THE LAND OF SUNNY SKIES.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

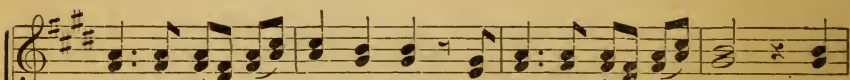
H. M.



1. There is a land of sun-ny skies Be-yond this land of ours, Where
 2. There is a cit-y built a-bove; A cit-y built of old, With
 3. This cit-y is the saint's a-bode, Their ev-er-last-ing rest! Its



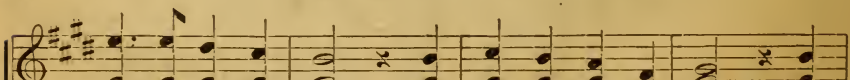
chill-ing winds can nev-er blight Its ev-er-blooming flowers. Un-
 walls of jas-per, gates of pearl, And streets of shin-ing gold. It
 mansions there are built of God, The mansions of the blest. 'Tis



fad-ing beau-ty clothes its hills And fields of liv-ing green, And
 needs no light of sun and moon To show its splendors bright, The
 here the ran-som'd ones shall walk, And His re-deem'd shall come With



glo-rious in their robes of light The ransomed ones are seen, The
 glo-ry of the Lord of Hosts Is its pe-cu-liar light, Is
 songs and ev-er-last-ing joy To their e-ter-nal home, To



ransomed ones are seen, The ransomed ones are seen, And
 its pe-cu-liar light, Is its pe-cu-liar light, The
 their e-ter-nal home, To their e-ter-nal home, With

THE LAND OF SUNNY SKIES.

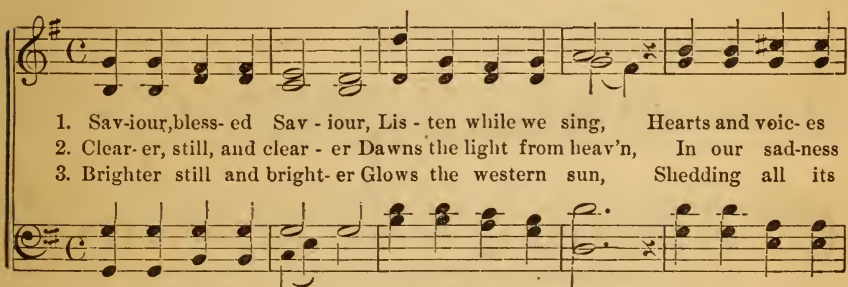


glo-rious in their robes of light The ran-som'd ones are seen.
 glo-ry of the Lord of Hosts Is its pe-cu-liar light.
 songs and ev-er-last-ing joy To their e-ter-nal home.

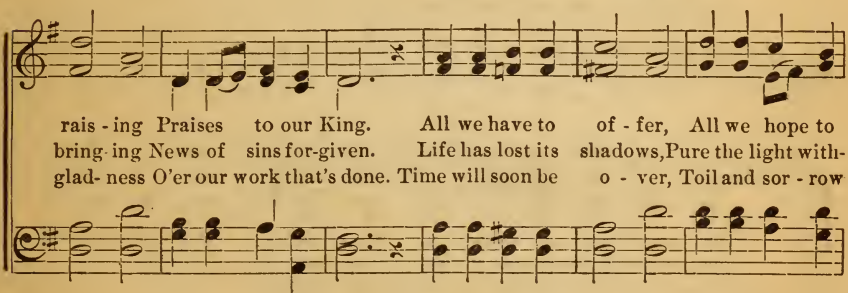
No. 89. SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

G. THRING.

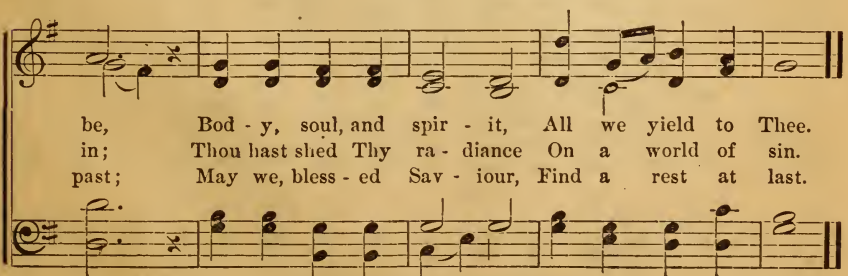
Arr. by H. M.



1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing, Hearts and voic-es
 2. Clear-er, still, and clear-er Dawns the light from heav'n, In our sad-ness
 3. Brighter still and bright-er Glows the western sun, Shedding all its



rais-ing Praises to our King. All we have to of-fer, All we hope to
 bring-ing News of sins for-given. Life has lost its shadows, Pure the light with-
 glad-ness O'er our work that's done. Time will soon be o-ver, Toil and sor-row



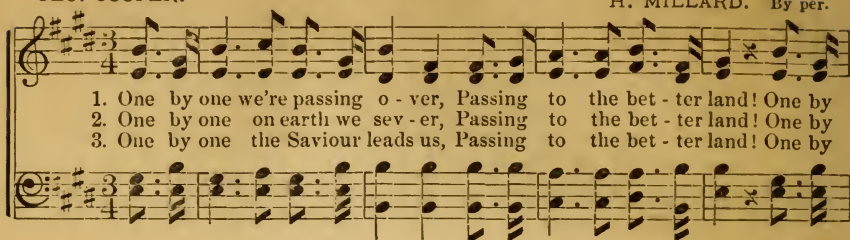
be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.
 in; Thou hast shed Thy ra-diance On a world of sin.
 past; May we, bless-ed Sav-iour, Find a rest at last.

No. 90. PASSING TO THE BETTER LAND.

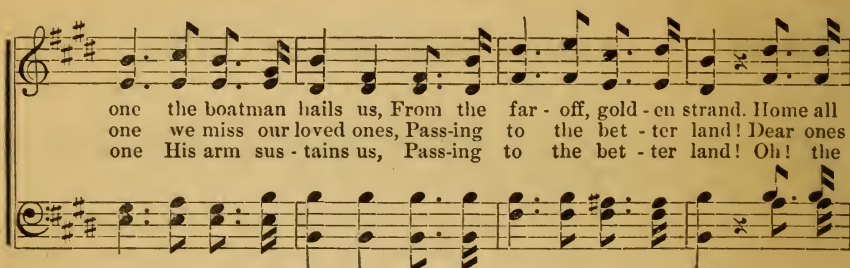
GEO. COOPER.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."

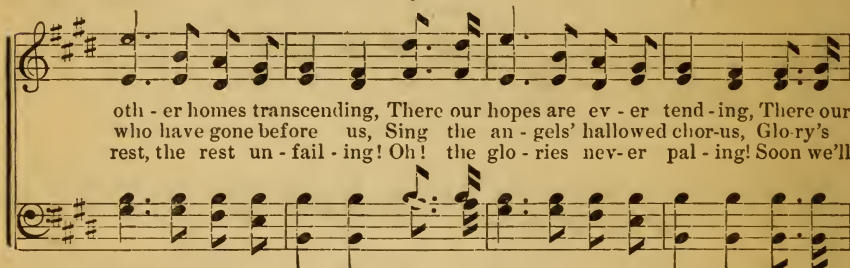
H. MILLARD. By per.



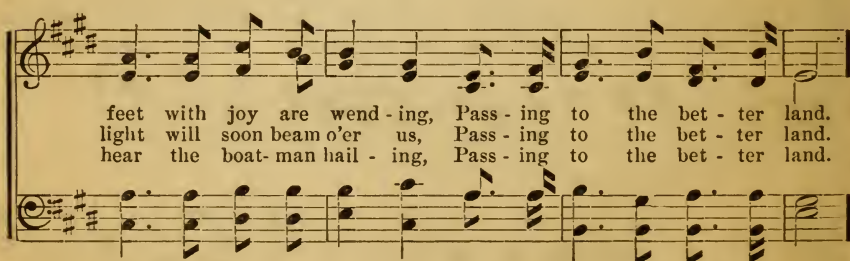
1. One by one we're passing o - ver, Passing to the bet - ter land! One by
 2. One by one on earth we sev - er, Passing to the bet - ter land! One by
 3. One by one the Saviour leads us, Passing to the bet - ter land! One by



one the boatman hails us, From the far - off, gold - en strand. Home all
 one we miss our loved ones, Pass - ing to the bet - ter land! Dear ones
 one His arm sus - tains us, Pass - ing to the bet - ter land! Oh! the

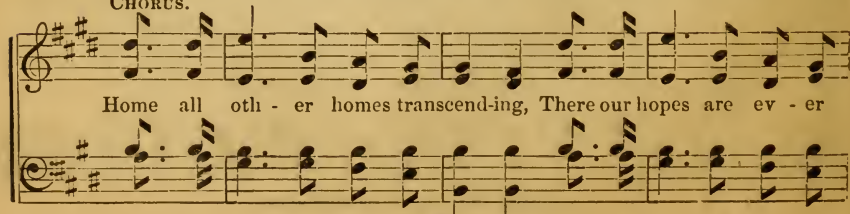


oth - er homes transcending, There our hopes are ev - er tend - ing, There our
 who have gone before us, Sing the an - gels' hallowed chor - us, Glo - ry's
 rest, the rest un - fail - ing! Oh! the glo - ries nev - er pal - ing! Soon we'll



feet with joy are wend - ing, Pass - ing to the bet - ter land.
 light will soon beam o'er us, Pass - ing to the bet - ter land.
 hear the boat - man hail - ing, Pass - ing to the bet - ter land.

CHORUS.



Home all oth - er homes transcend - ing, There our hopes are ev - er

tending, There our feet with joy are wending, Passing to the bet-ter land.

No. 91. WHEN SHALL THE VOICE OF SINGING.

J. EDMESTON.

Arr. by H. M.

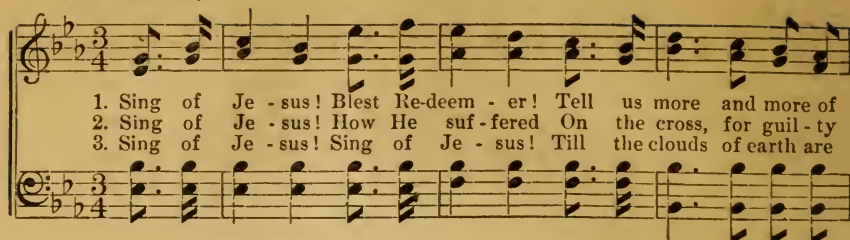
1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When
2. Then from the crag - gy moun - tains The sa - cred shout shall fly; And

hill and val - ley, ring - ing With one tri - umph - ant song, Pro -
sha - dy vales and foun - tains Shall ech - o the re - ply; High

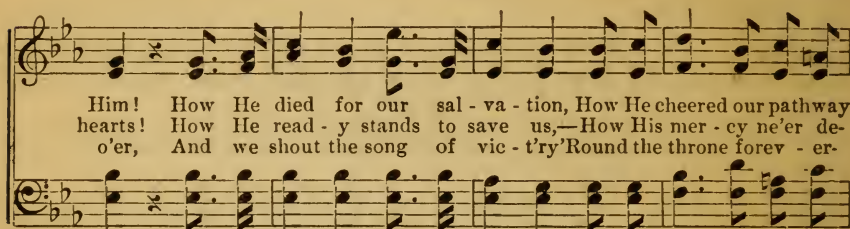
claim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain, A -
tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the cho - rus round, The

gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign.
hal - le - lu - jah swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

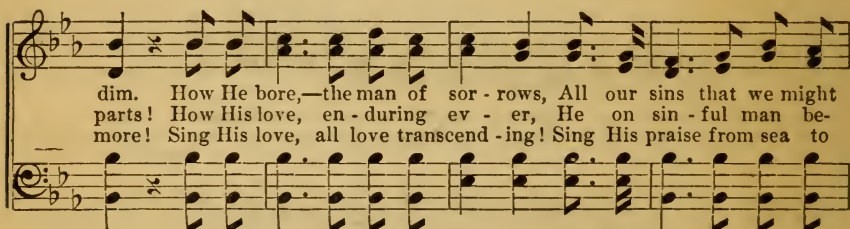
GEO. COOPER.



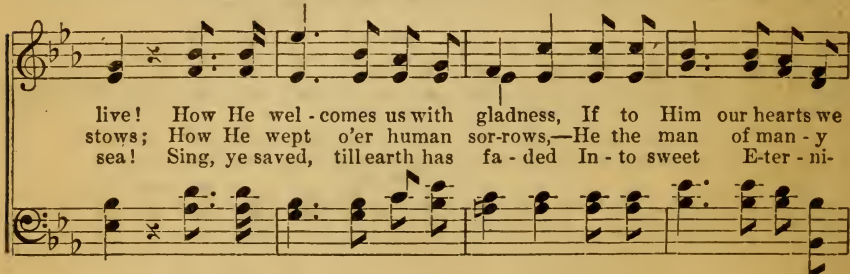
1. Sing of Je - sus! Blest Re-deem - er! Tell us more and more of
 2. Sing of Je - sus! How He suf - fered On the cross, for guilt - y
 3. Sing of Je - sus! Sing of Je - sus! Till the clouds of earth are



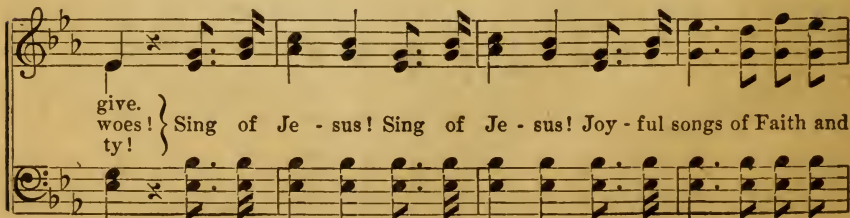
Him! How He died for our sal - va - tion, How He cheered our pathway
 hearts! How He read - y stands to save us,—How His mer - cy ne'er de -
 o'er, And we shout the song of vic - t'ry 'Round the throne forev - er -



dim. How He bore,—the man of sor - rows, All our sins that we might
 parts! How His love, en - during ev - er, He on sin - ful man be -
 more! Sing His love, all love transcend - ing! Sing His praise from sea to

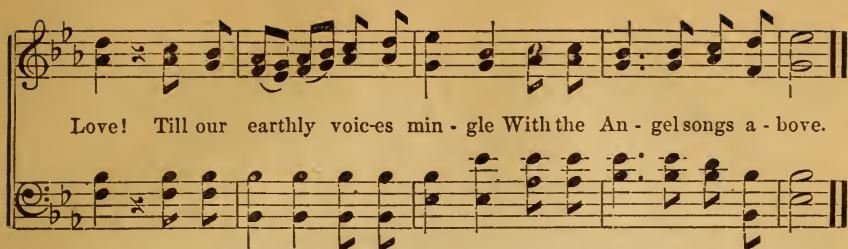


live! How He wel - comes us with gladness, If to Him our hearts we
 stows; How He wept o'er human sor - rows,—He the man of man - y
 sea! Sing, ye saved, till earth has fa - ded In - to sweet E - ter - ni -



give.
 woes! } Sing of Je - sus! Sing of Je - sus! Joy - ful songs of Faith and
 ty!

SING OF JESUS!

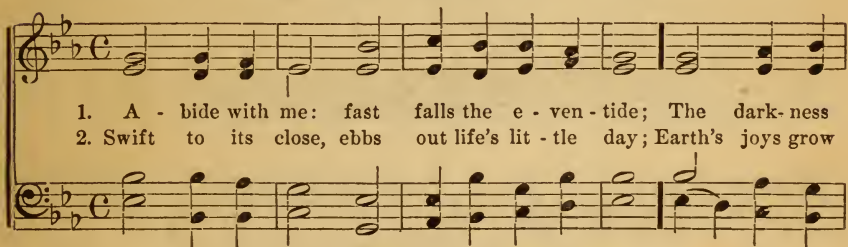


Love! Till our earth-ly voic-es min-gle With the An-gel songs a-bove.

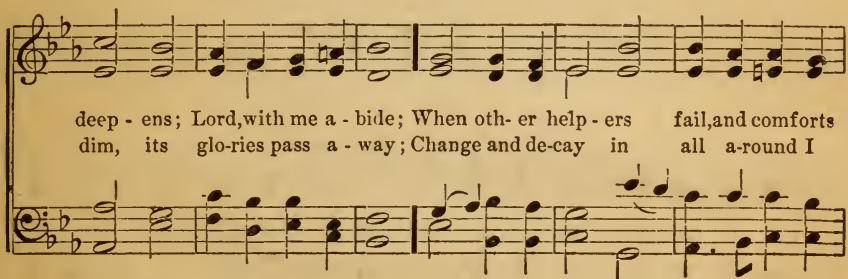
No. 93.

EVENTIDE.

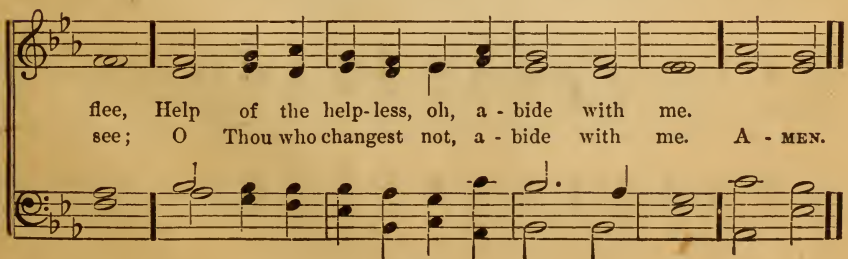
"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them." — Luke xxiv: 29.



1. A-bide with me: fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow



deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide; When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts
dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I

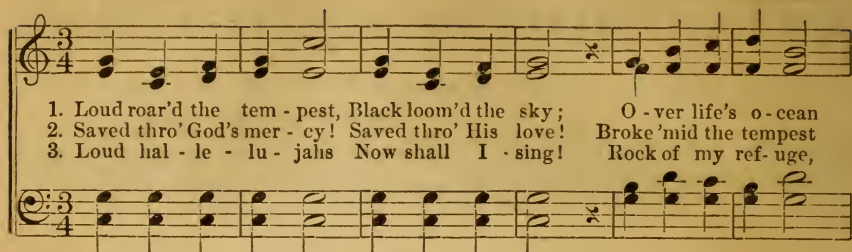


flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me.
see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me. A-MEN.

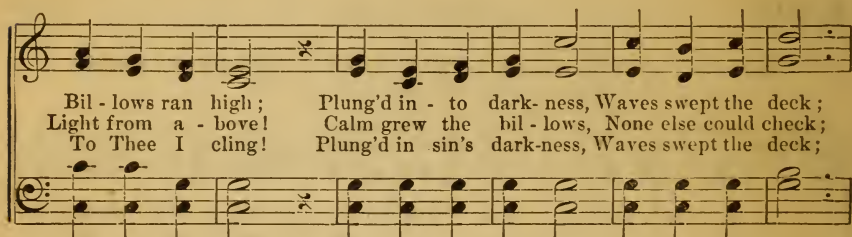
No. 94. SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

GEO. COOPER.

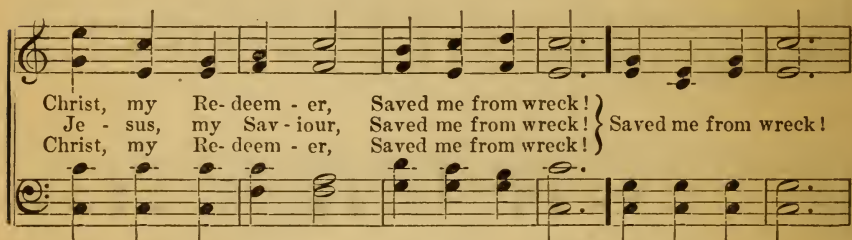
H. WHEELER.



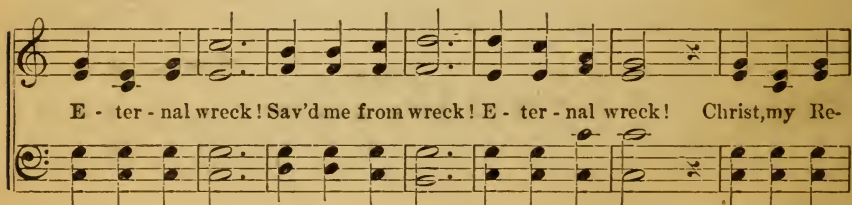
1. Loud roar'd the tem - pest, Black loom'd the sky ; O - ver life's o - cean
 2. Saved thro' God's mer - cy ! Saved thro' His love ! Broke 'mid the tempest
 3. Loud hal - le - lu - jahs Now shall I - sing ! Rock of my ref - uge,



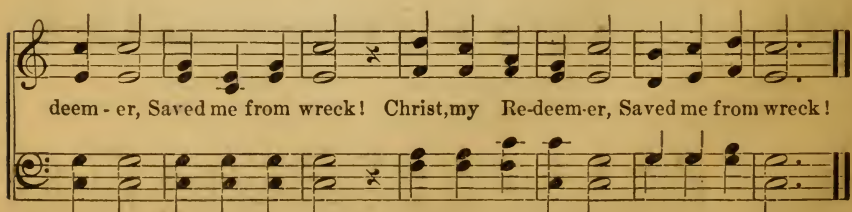
Bil - lows ran high ; Plung'd in - to dark - ness, Waves swept the deck ;
 Light from a - bove ! Calm grew the bil - lows, None else could check ;
 To Thee I cling ! Plung'd in sin's dark - ness, Waves swept the deck ;



Christ, my Re - deem - er, Saved me from wreck !
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Saved me from wreck ! } Saved me from wreck !
 Christ, my Re - deem - er, Saved me from wreck !



E - ter - nal wreck ! Sav'd me from wreck ! E - ter - nal wreck ! Christ, my Re -

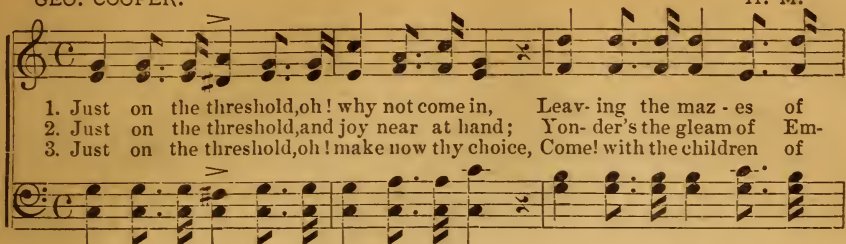


deem - er, Saved me from wreck ! Christ, my Re - deem - er, Saved me from wreck !

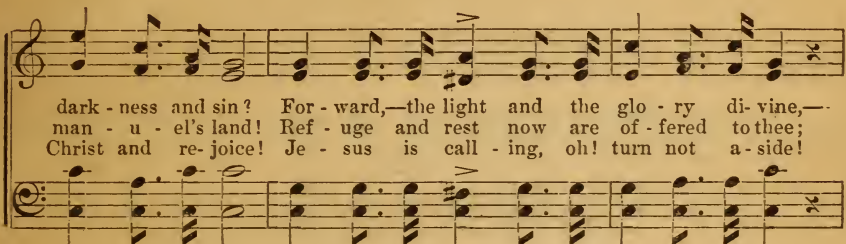
No. 95. "JUST ON THE THRESHOLD."

GEO. COOPER.

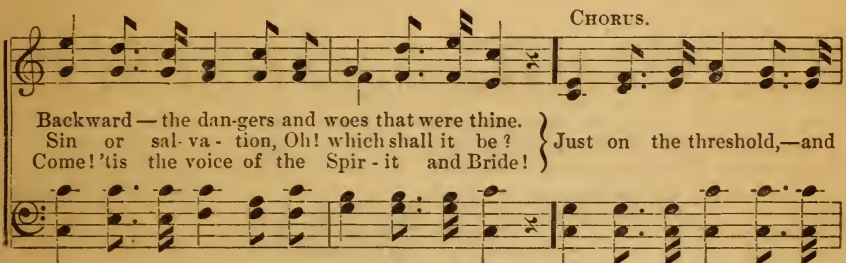
H. M.



1. Just on the threshold, oh! why not come in, Leav - ing the maz - es of
 2. Just on the threshold, and joy near at hand; Yon - der's the gleam of Em -
 3. Just on the threshold, oh! make now thy choice, Come! with the children of

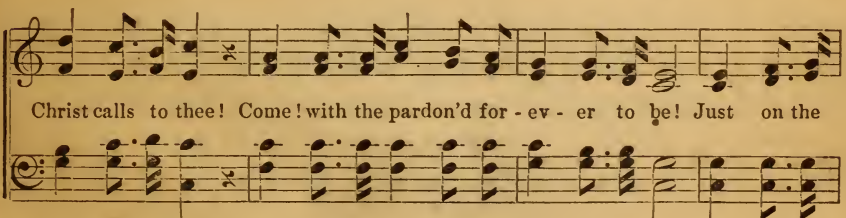


dark - ness and sin? For - ward, — the light and the glo - ry di - vine, —
 man - u - el's land! Ref - uge and rest now are of - fered to thee;
 Christ and re - joice! Je - sus is call - ing, oh! turn not a - side!

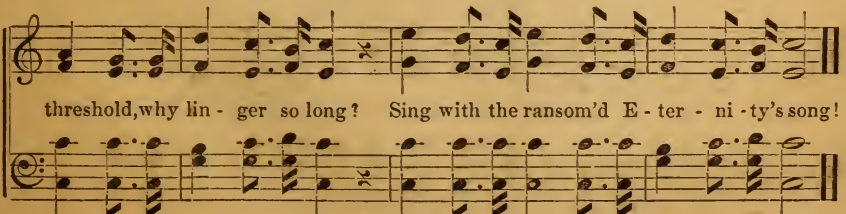


CHORUS.

Backward — the dan - gers and woes that were thine. }
 Sin or sal - va - tion, Oh! which shall it be? } Just on the threshold, — and
 Come! 'tis the voice of the Spir - it and Bride! }



Christ calls to thee! Come! with the pardon'd for - ev - er to be! Just on the

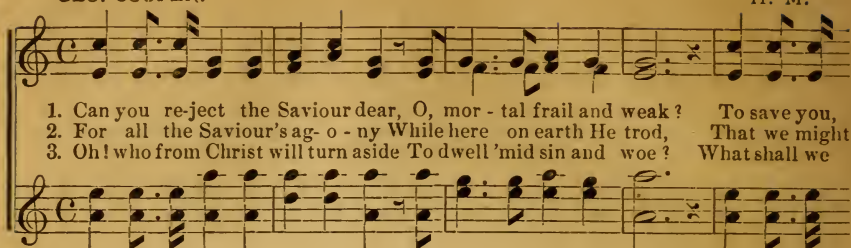


threshold, why lin - ger so long? Sing with the ransom'd E - ter - ni - ty's song!

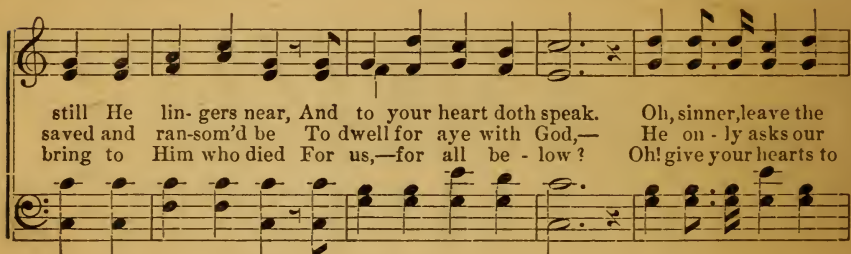
No. 96. HE BORE THE CROSS FOR YOU.

GEO. COOPER.

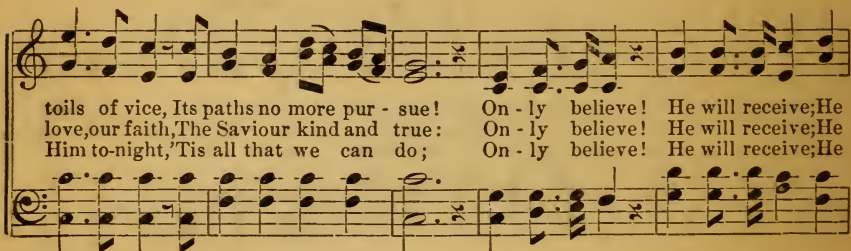
H. M.



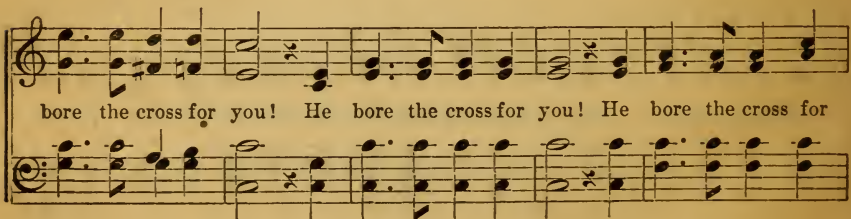
1. Can you re-ject the Saviour dear, O, mor - tal frail and weak? To save you,
 2. For all the Saviour's ag - o - ny While here on earth He trod, That we might
 3. Oh! who from Christ will turn aside To dwell 'mid sin and woe? What shall we



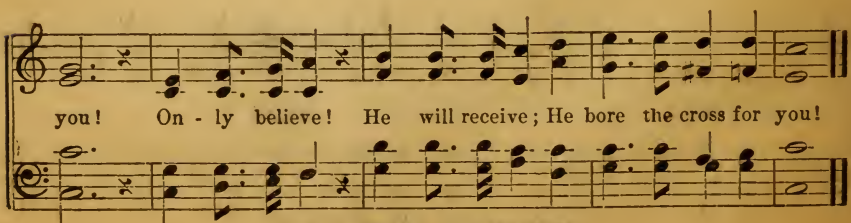
still He lin - gers near, And to your heart doth speak. Oh, sinner, leave the
 saved and ran-som'd be To dwell for aye with God,— He on - ly asks our
 bring to Him who died For us,—for all be - low? Oh! give your hearts to



toils of vice, Its paths no more pur - sue! On - ly believe! He will receive; He
 love, our faith, The Saviour kind and true: On - ly believe! He will receive; He
 Him to-night, 'Tis all that we can do; On - ly believe! He will receive; He



bore the cross for you! He bore the cross for you! He bore the cross for

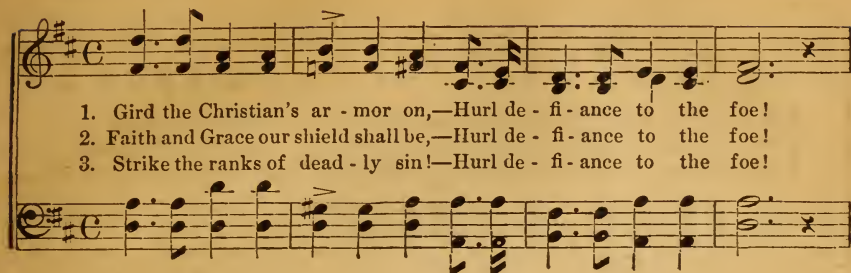


you! On - ly believe! He will receive; He bore the cross for you!

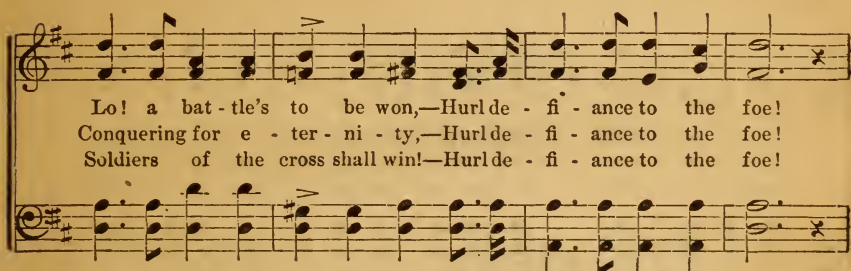
No. 97. HURL DEFIANCE TO THE FOE.

GEO. COOPER.

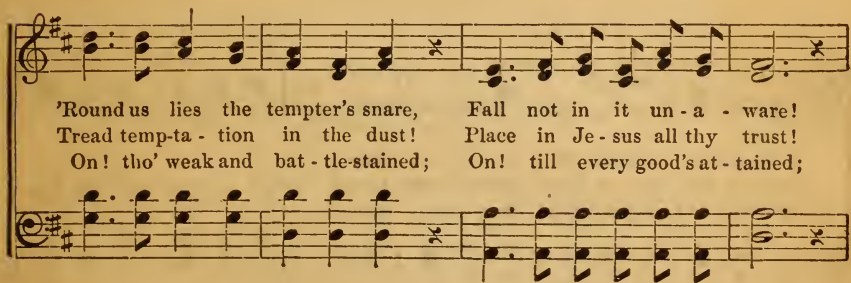
H. M.



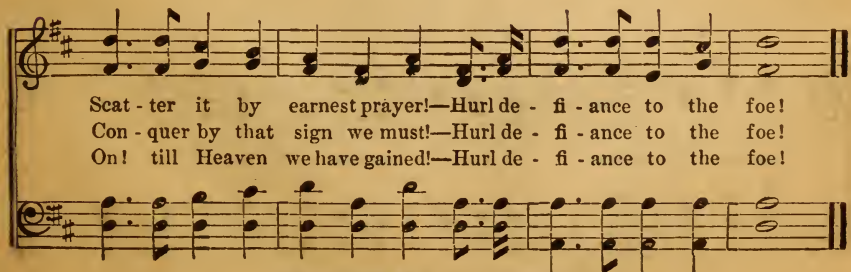
1. Gird the Christian's ar - mor on,—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!
 2. Faith and Grace our shield shall be,—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!
 3. Strike the ranks of dead - ly sin!—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!



Lo! a bat - tle's to be won,—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!
 Conquering for e - ter - ni - ty,—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!
 Soldiers of the cross shall win!—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!



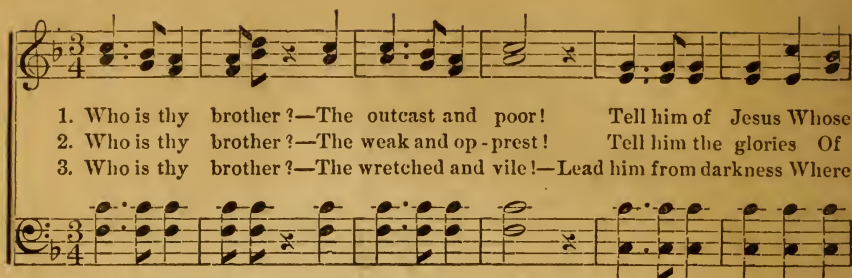
'Round us lies the tempter's snare, Fall not in it un - a - ware!
 Tread temp - ta - tion in the dust! Place in Je - sus all thy trust!
 On! tho' weak and bat - tle - stained; On! till every good's at - tained;



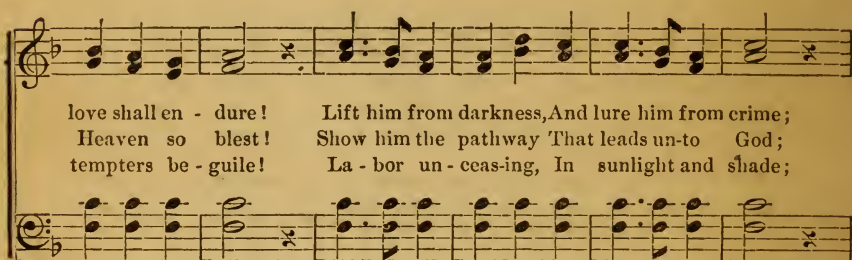
Scat - ter it by earnest prayer!—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!
 Con - quer by that sign we must!—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!
 On! till Heaven we have gained!—Hurl de - fi - ance to the foe!

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

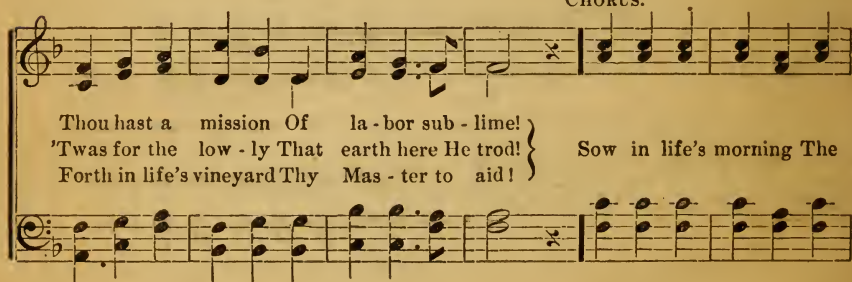


1. Who is thy brother?—The outcast and poor! Tell him of Jesus Whose
 2. Who is thy brother?—The weak and op-prest! Tell him the glories Of
 3. Who is thy brother?—The wretched and vile!—Lead him from darkness Where

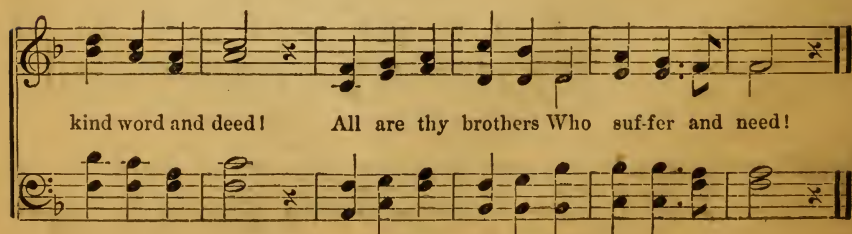


love shall en - dure! Lift him from darkness, And lure him from crime;
 Heaven so blest! Show him the pathway That leads un-to God;
 tempters be - guile! La - bor un - ceasing, In sunlight and shade;

CHORUS.



Thou hast a mission Of la - bor sub - lime!
 'Twas for the low - ly That earth here He trod! } Sow in life's morning The
 Forth in life's vineyard Thy Mas - ter to aid! }

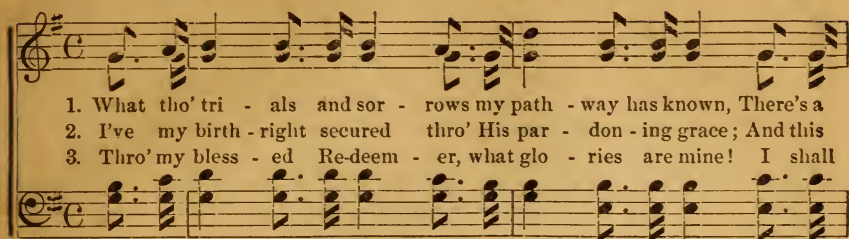


kind word and deed! All are thy brothers Who suffer and need!

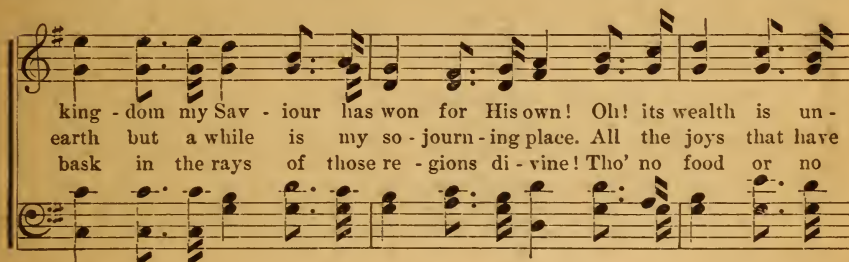
No. 99. I SHALL REIGN WITH THE LORD.

GEO. COOPER.

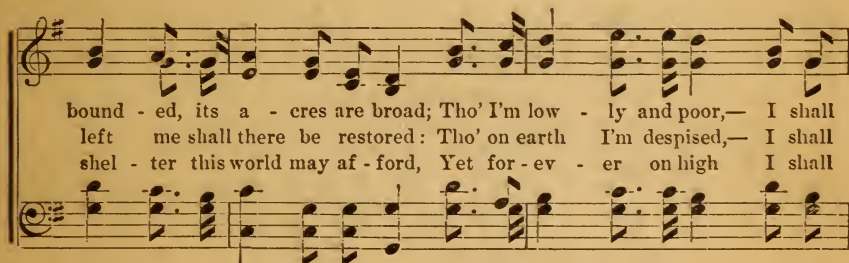
H. M.



1. What tho' tri - als and sor - rows my path - way has known, There's a
 2. I've my birth - right secured thro' His par - don - ing grace; And this
 3. Thro' my bless - ed Re-deem - er, what glo - ries are mine! I shall

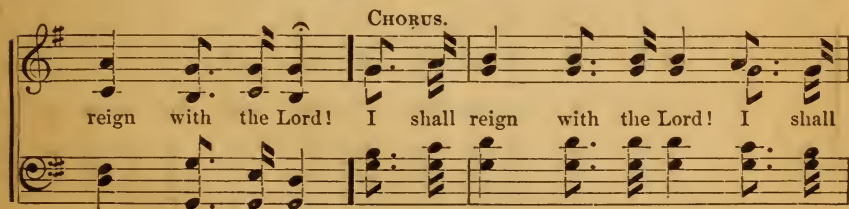


king - dom my Sav - iour has won for His own! Oh! its wealth is un -
 earth but a while is my so - journ - ing place. All the joys that have
 bask in the rays of those re - gions di - vine! Tho' no food or no

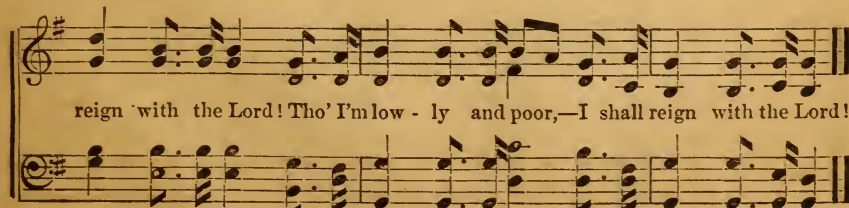


bound - ed, its a - cres are broad; Tho' I'm low - ly and poor,— I shall
 left me shall there be restored: Tho' on earth I'm despised,— I shall
 shel - ter this world may af - ford, Yet for - ev - er on high I shall

CHORUS.



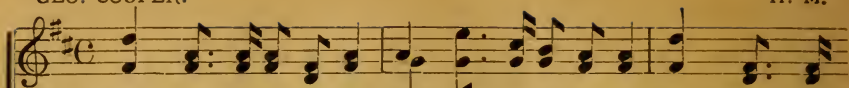
reign with the Lord! I shall reign with the Lord! I shall



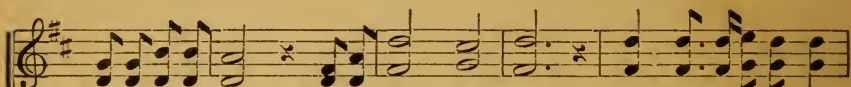
reign with the Lord! Tho' I'm low - ly and poor,—I shall reign with the Lord!

GEO. COOPER.


H. M.



1. Now! is the precious hour! Now! doth thy Saviour call! Now! cast a -
 2. Now! while the lamp doth burn! Now! while the call is heard! Now! from thy
 3. Now! He will take thy hand! Now! He will help and save! Now! tho' 'mid

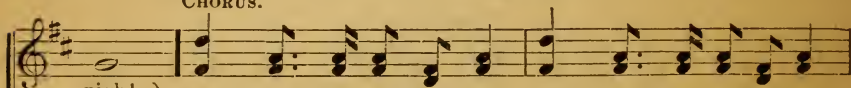


side the pow'r Of sin and its dead - ly thrall! Now! while as yet 'tis light;
 errors turn! And rest on His ho - ly word. Now! take His proffer'd love!
 sin ye stand, Oh! kneel and His mer - cy crave! Now! while the hour is thine!

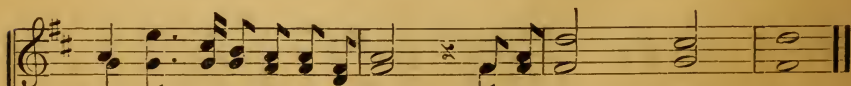


Now! while the sun is high, Turn from the Tempter's might, — Jesus, thy friend is
 Now! give thy heart to Him! Dark grow the skies a - bove, Soon will the day grow
 Now! — shall He call in vain? Now! lest that love di - vine Nev - er thy soul shall

CHORUS.



nigh! }
 dim. } Now! is the pre - cious hour! Now! doth thy Sav - iour call!
 gain! }



Now! cast aside the pow'r Of sin and its dead - ly thrall!
 Of sin and its dead - ly thrall!

No. 101. THERE IS JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. Luke xv: 10.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

1. There is joy among the angels Be - fore the throne on high, A
 2. There is joy among the angels Be - fore the throne a - bove, When
 3. There is joy among the angels Who strike their harps of gold, And

sweet - er burst of rap - ture Is heard throughout the sky, When
 one for sin re - pent - ant Has found re - deem - ing love; When
 lift their hal - le - lu - jahs, In ex - ta - cies un - told; When

one for whom the Saviour Has shed His precious blood, Re -
 res - cued from de - struction Its fu - ture course shall be From
 one for whom the Saviour Has shed His precious blood, Re -

pent - ant seeks sal - va - tion Be - fore the throne of God.
 glo - ry un - to glo - ry, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
 pent - ant finds sal - va - tion Be - fore the throne of God.

"Abide with us for it is toward evening." Luke xxiv: 29

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

H. M.

1. A - bid with me, 'tis e - ven - tide! The day is past and gone; The
 2. A - bid with me, 'tis e - ven - tide! Thy walk to-day with me Has
 3. A - bid with me, 'tis e - ven - tide! And lone will be the night, If

shadows of the evening fall, The night is coming on! With
 made my heart with-in me burn, As I communed with Thee. Thy
 I can-not commune with Thee, Nor find in Thee my light. The

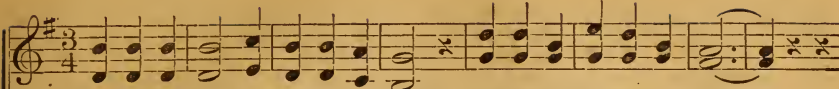
in my heart a welcome guest, With - in my home a - bid; Oh,
 ear - nest words have filled my soul And kept me near Thy side, Oh,
 dark-ness of the world I fear, Would in my home a - bid; Oh,

Saviour! stay this night with me, Be - hold 'tis e - ven - tide. Oh,

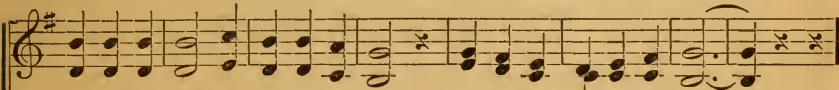
Sav - iour! stay this night with me, Be - hold 'tis e - ven - tide.

GEO. COOPER.

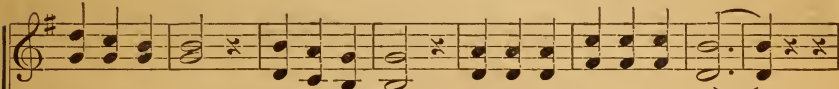
H. M.



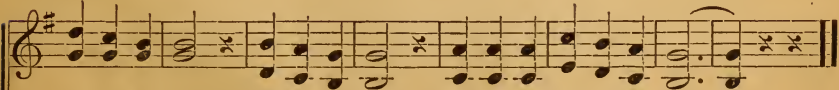
1. Only thro' Christ our pardon is sealed! Only thro' Him can we live!
 2. Only thro' Christ,—no works of our own! Only thro' Him and His love!
 3. Only thro' Christ who paid all the debt! Only thro' Him and His cross!
 4. Only thro' Christ who mercy hath crav'd,—Only thro' Him shall we rise!



Only thro' Christ is Heaven re-vealed,— Ready He stands to for-give!
 Only thro' Christ whose blood did atone, Gaining us pardon a - bove!
 Only thro' Christ our ransom we get, Bow'd with our sin and re - morse!
 Only thro' Christ the vil-est are saved, None will the Father de - spise!



On-ly thro' Christ! On-ly thro' Christ! He is the Way and the Door!



On-ly thro' Christ! On-ly thro' Christ! Can we be sav'd ev-er - more!

GEO. COOPER.

H. M.

1. Tell it to Je-sus,—thy sorrow,—thy pain! Tell it to Je - sus, a -
 2. Tell it to Je-sus,—thy anguish,—thy sin! Tell it to Je - sus,—thy
 3. Tell it to Je-sus,—thy need,—and thy grief! Tell it to Je - sus, with

gain and a-gain! Oh! the sweet sympathy He will be-stow, Lighting and
 torture within! Dark may thy record of wick-ed-ness be, Je - sus hath
 faith and be-lief! Trust in His goodness, thy Saviour will hear; Thou hast a

CHORUS.

blessing thy pathway be - low! } Lay all thy burden of sin at His feet;
 par-don and mercy for thee! }
 friend in Him precious and dear! }

Comfort He giveth, and par-don complete! Go, like a child, un - to

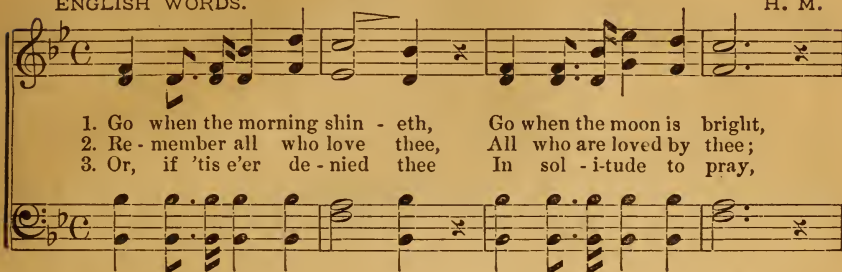
Him with thy prayer,— Tell it to Je - sus,—thy trouble,—thy care!

No. 105. GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

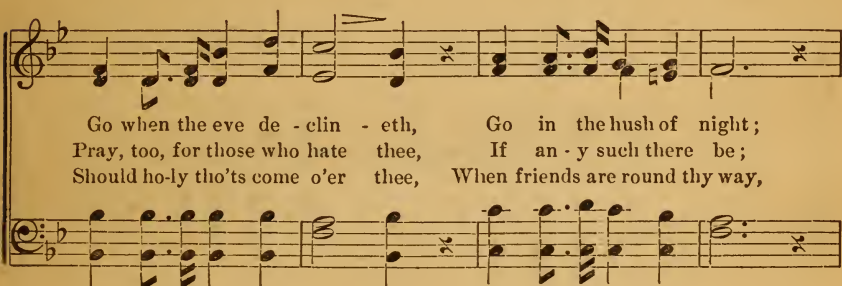
"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice."—Ps. lv: 17.

ENGLISH WORDS.

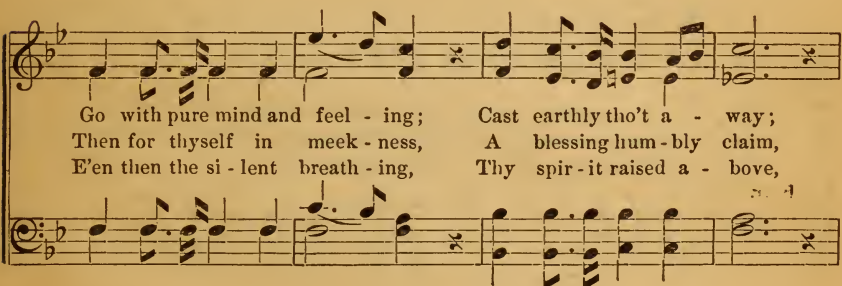
H. M.



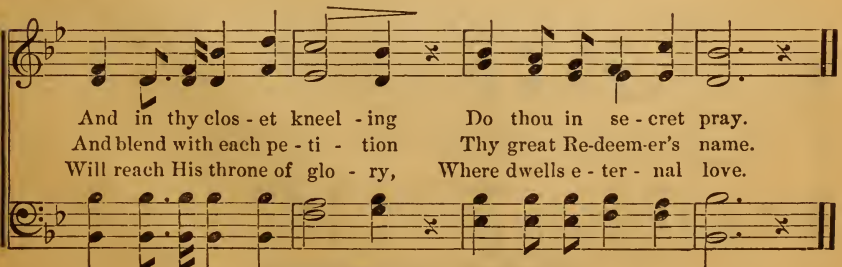
1. Go when the morning shin - eth, Go when the moon is bright,
 2. Re - member all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;
 3. Or, if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i-tude to pray,



Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be;
 Should ho - ly tho'ts come o'er thee, When friends are round thy way,



Go with pure mind and feel - ing; Cast earthly tho't a - way;
 Then for thyself in meek - ness, A blessing hum - bly claim,
 E'en then the si - lent breath - ing, Thy spir - it raised a - bove,

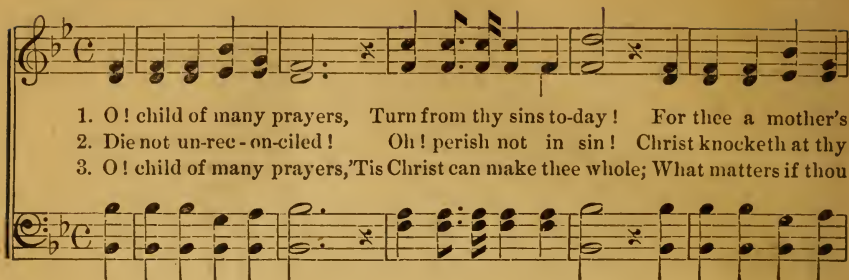


And in thy clos - et kneel - ing Do thou in se - cret pray.
 And blend with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re - deem - er's name.
 Will reach His throne of glo - ry, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.

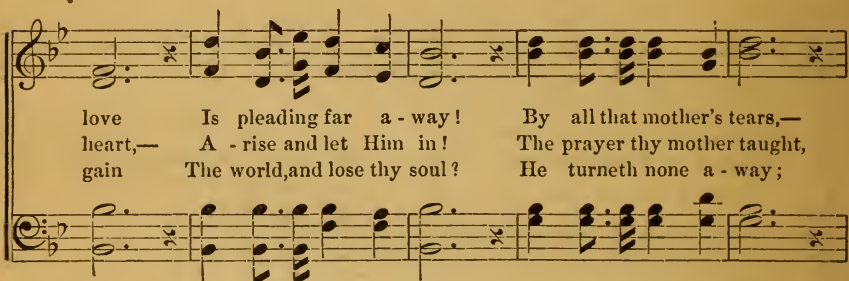
No. 106. CHILD OF MANY PRAYERS.

GEO. COOPER.

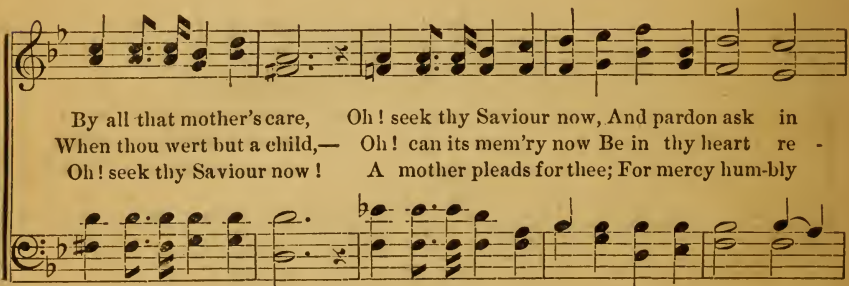
H. M.



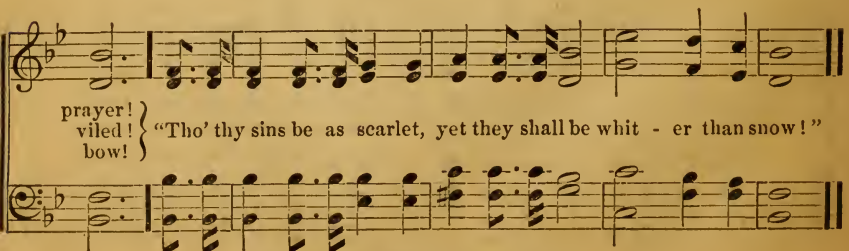
1. O! child of many prayers, Turn from thy sins to-day! For thee a mother's
 2. Die not un-rec-on-ciled! Oh! perish not in sin! Christ knocketh at thy
 3. O! child of many prayers, 'Tis Christ can make thee whole; What matters if thou



love Is pleading far a - way! By all that mother's tears,—
 heart,— A - rise and let Him in! The prayer thy mother taught,
 gain The world, and lose thy soul? He turneth none a - way;



By all that mother's care, Oh! seek thy Saviour now, And pardon ask in
 When thou wert but a child,— Oh! can its mem'ry now Be in thy heart re -
 Oh! seek thy Saviour now! A mother pleads for thee; For mercy hum-bly



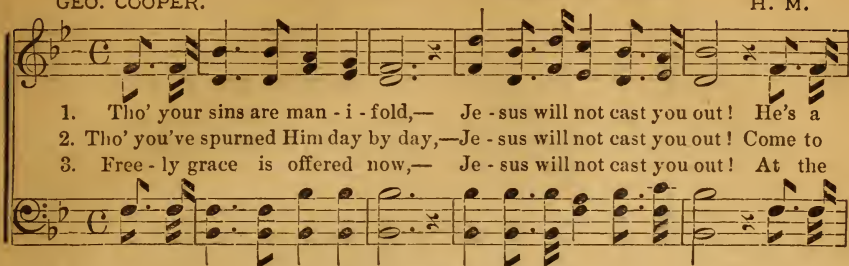
prayer! }
 viled! } "Tho' thy sins be as scarlet, yet they shall be whit - er than snow!"
 bow! }

No. 107. JESUS WILL NOT CAST YOU OUT.

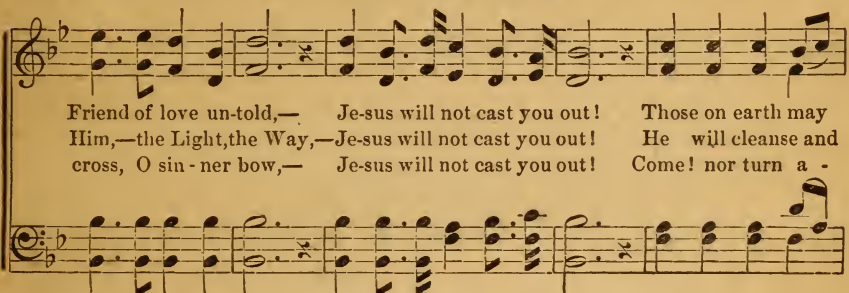
"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi: 37.

GEO. COOPER.

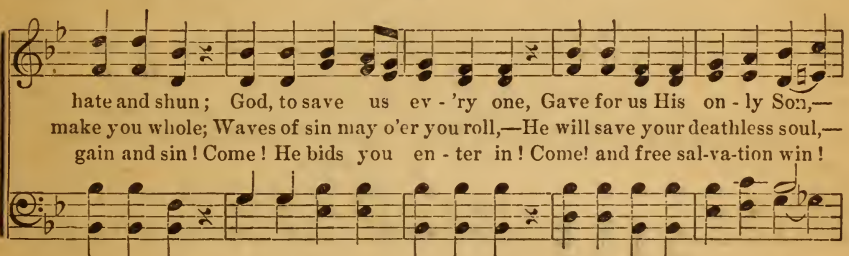
H. M.



1. Tho' your sins are man - i - fold,— Je - sus will not cast you out! He's a
 2. Tho' you've spurned Him day by day,—Je - sus will not cast you out! Come to
 3. Free - ly grace is offered now,— Je - sus will not cast you out! At the

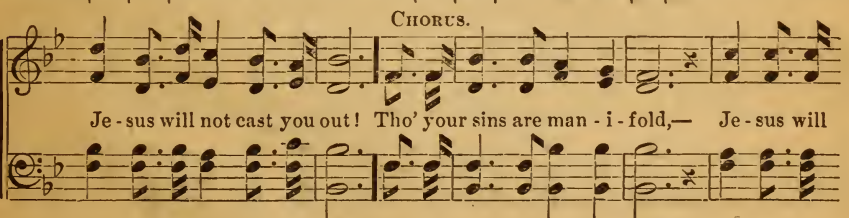


Friend of love un-told,— Je-sus will not cast you out! Those on earth may
 Him,—the Light,the Way,—Je-sus will not cast you out! He will cleanse and
 cross, O sin - ner bow,— Je-sus will not cast you out! Come! nor turn a -

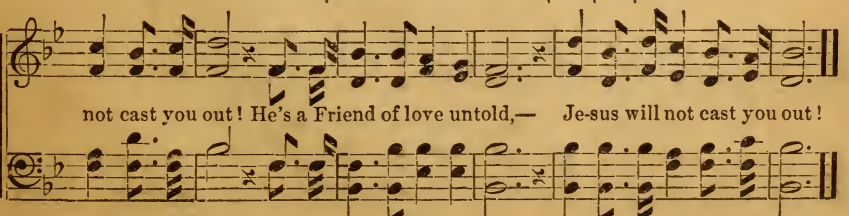


hate and shun; God, to save us ev - 'ry one, Gave for us His on - ly Son,—
 make you whole; Waves of sin may o'er you roll,—He will save your deathless soul,—
 gain and sin! Come! He bids you en - ter in! Come! and free sal - va - tion win!

CHORUS.



Je - sus will not cast you out! Tho' your sins are man - i - fold,— Je - sus will



not cast you out! He's a Friend of love untold,— Je-sus will not cast you out!

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

H. M.

1 Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! With glo - ries all un - told, With
 2. Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Where ev - er - last - ing day Il -
 3. Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Where friends have gone be - fore, Where

gates of glit - ter - ing pearl And streets of shin - ing gold. With ransom'd ones ar -
 lu - mines all in the skies And scat - ters night a - way. Where Je - sus' gen - tle
 loved ones now in that land Have met to part no more; And soon the day will

rayed In robes of spotless white, With flow'rs that never fade, And day without the night.
 hand Wipes every weeping eye, And from the mansions blest Bids pain and sickness fly.
 dawn, And soon the moments come When we shall meet again, In that celestial home.

Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Where

life is one e - ter - nal day, And all that life is love.

No. 109. 'TIS SWEET TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

H. M.

1. 'Tis sweet to think of heaven my home, Of Je - sus whom I love, Of
 2. 'Tis sweet to think of heaven my home, Where friends have gone before, To
 3. 'Tis sweet to think of heaven my home, To strive with earnest care, To

mansions by Him-self pre-pared, For ransomed ones a - bove, 'Tis
 min - gle with the shin - ing ones, On that ce - les - tial shore. Of
 'make my hope and call - ing sure, That I its joys may share. To

sweet to think when toil is o'er And shades of even - ing night, A
 part - ed friends who meet a - gain And part in death no more; But
 wait that gen - tle voice that bids A wandering child re - turn, To

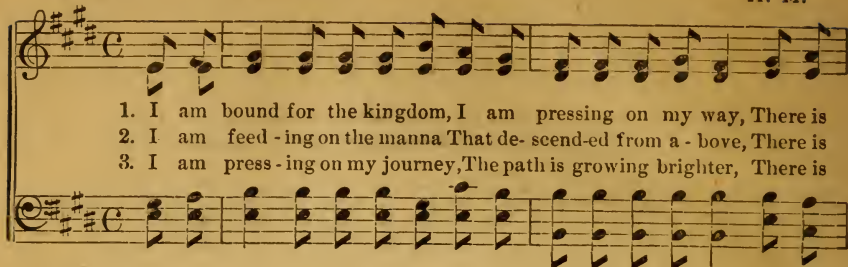
gen - tle voice will call me home To that sweet home on high.
 gath - er in our Fa - ther's house To won - der and a - dore.
 lay my wea - ry bur - den down And has - ten to my home.

Home, home, my glo - rious home, My own sweet home on high.

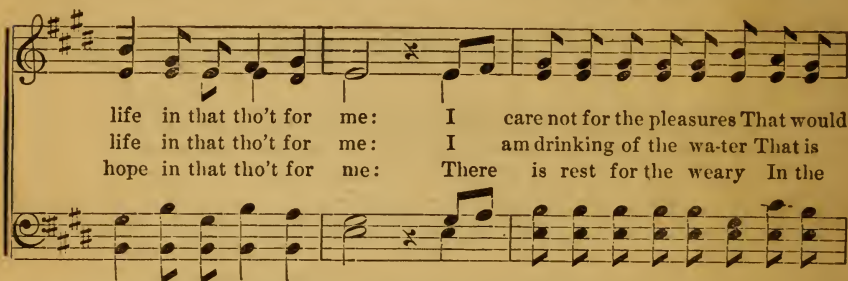
No. 110. I AM BOUND FOR THE KINGDOM.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

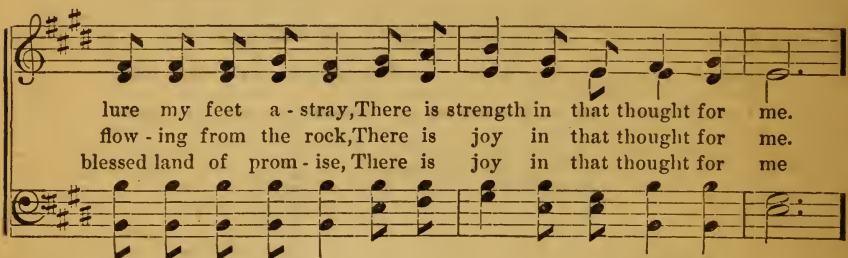
H. M.



1. I am bound for the kingdom, I am pressing on my way, There is
 2. I am feed - ing on the manna That de - scend - ed from a - bove, There is
 3. I am press - ing on my journey, The path is growing brighter, There is

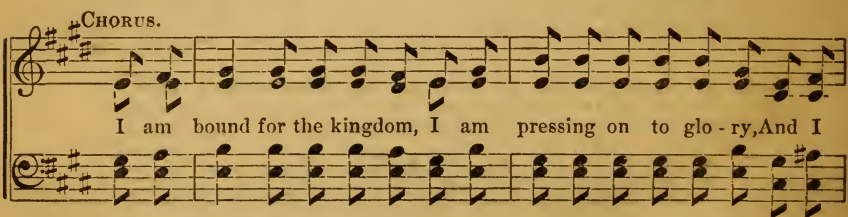


life in that tho't for me: I care not for the pleasures That would
 life in that tho't for me: I am drinking of the wa - ter That is
 hope in that tho't for me: There is rest for the weary In the

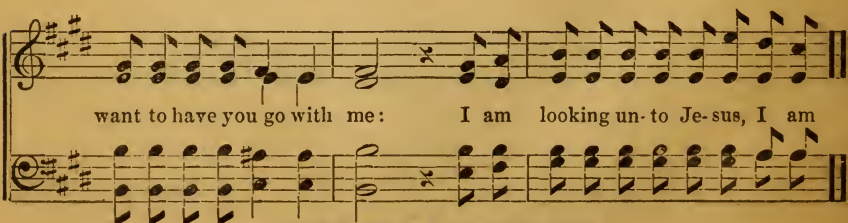


lure my feet a - stray, There is strength in that thought for me.
 flow - ing from the rock, There is joy in that thought for me.
 blessed land of prom - ise, There is joy in that thought for me

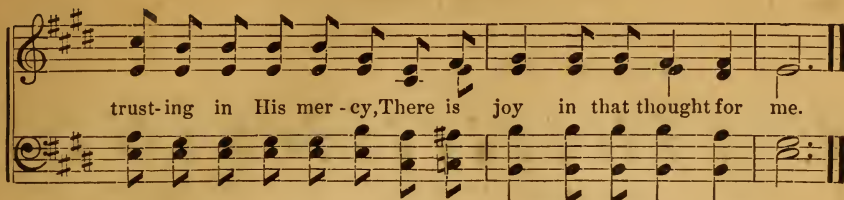
CHORUS.



I am bound for the kingdom, I am pressing on to glo - ry, And I



want to have you go with me: I am looking un - to Je - sus, I am



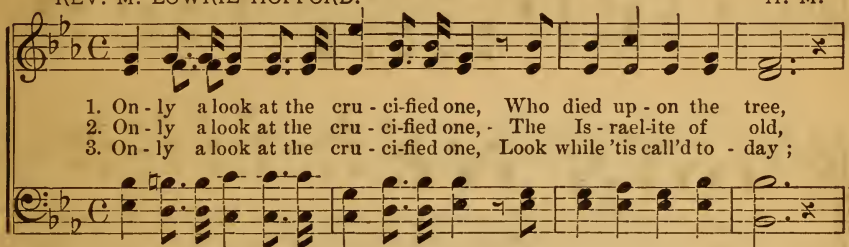
trust-ing in His mer-cy, There is joy in that thought for me.

No. 111. ONLY A LOOK AT THE CRUCIFIED ONE.

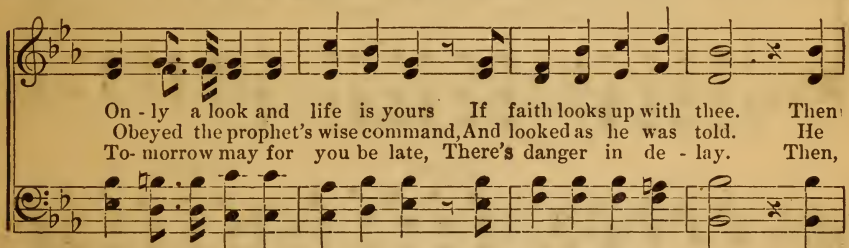
"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isa. xlv: 22.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

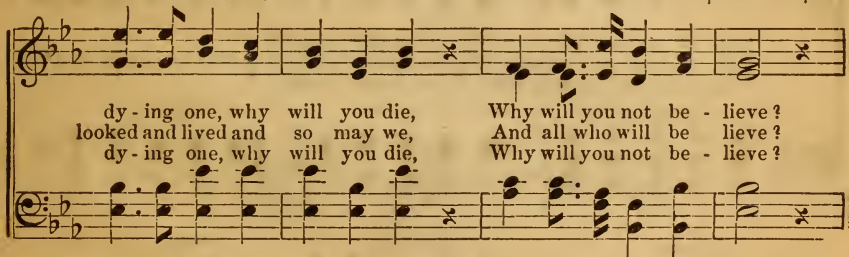
H. M.



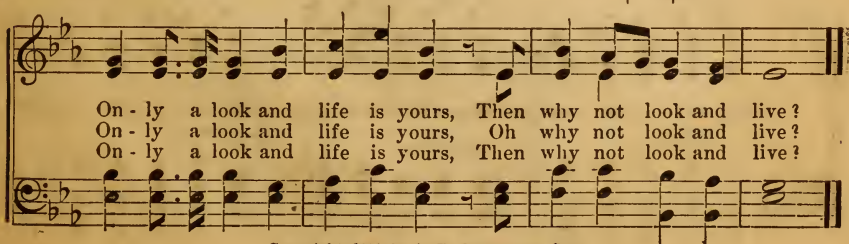
1. On - ly a look at the cru - ci - fied one, Who died up - on the tree,
2. On - ly a look at the cru - ci - fied one, - The Is - rael - ite of old,
3. On - ly a look at the cru - ci - fied one, Look while 'tis call'd to - day ;



On - ly a look and life is yours If faith looks up with thee. Then
Obeyed the prophet's wise command, And looked as he was told. He
To - morrow may for you be late, There's danger in de - lay. Then,



dy - ing one, why will you die, Why will you not be - lieve ?
looked and lived and so may we, And all who will be lieve ?
dy - ing one, why will you die, Why will you not be - lieve ?



On - ly a look and life is yours, Then why not look and live ?
On - ly a look and life is yours, Oh why not look and live ?
On - ly a look and life is yours, Then why not look and live ?

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts xvi: 23.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

H. M.

1. "Almost"—I hear thee say—"Almost I yield my heart"—Why wilt thou yet delay,
 2. Almost—the tho't is sad— To-morrow morning's sun May rise too late for thee,
 3. By all the tender love The Saviour bears to thee, Oh! lift the heart a-bove

Persuaded as thou art? The moments fly apace And time may take its flight,
 And life's great work undone. The beams of heavenly grace May fill each beam of light,
 And how to Him the knee. The an-gels will rejoice Before the throne of light,

*This is the day of grace—Why not decide to-night?
 But all too late for thee—Why not decide to-night?
 The ransomed join their voice If you decide to-night.* } Why not decide to-night?

Why not decide to-night? This is the day of grace, Why not de-cide to-night?

REV. EDWARD O. FLAGG, D. D.

H. MILLARD.

1. Has a fool - ish word been spok - en, Or an e - vil deed been
 2. Is the stern tra - du - cer sneer - ing Thrust - ing in - u - en - do
 3. Ver-dict fair - er will be giv - en In the so - ber af - ter-
 4. But if man re - fuse to soft - en For that weak - ness he may

done; Has the heart been almost broken For the friends that now dis -
 vile; With the world's o - pin - ion veering, Basking in its fick - le
 thought, Char - i - ty, sweet child of heaven, Judgment harsh will set at
 feel, There is One for-gives as oft - en As to Him we choose to

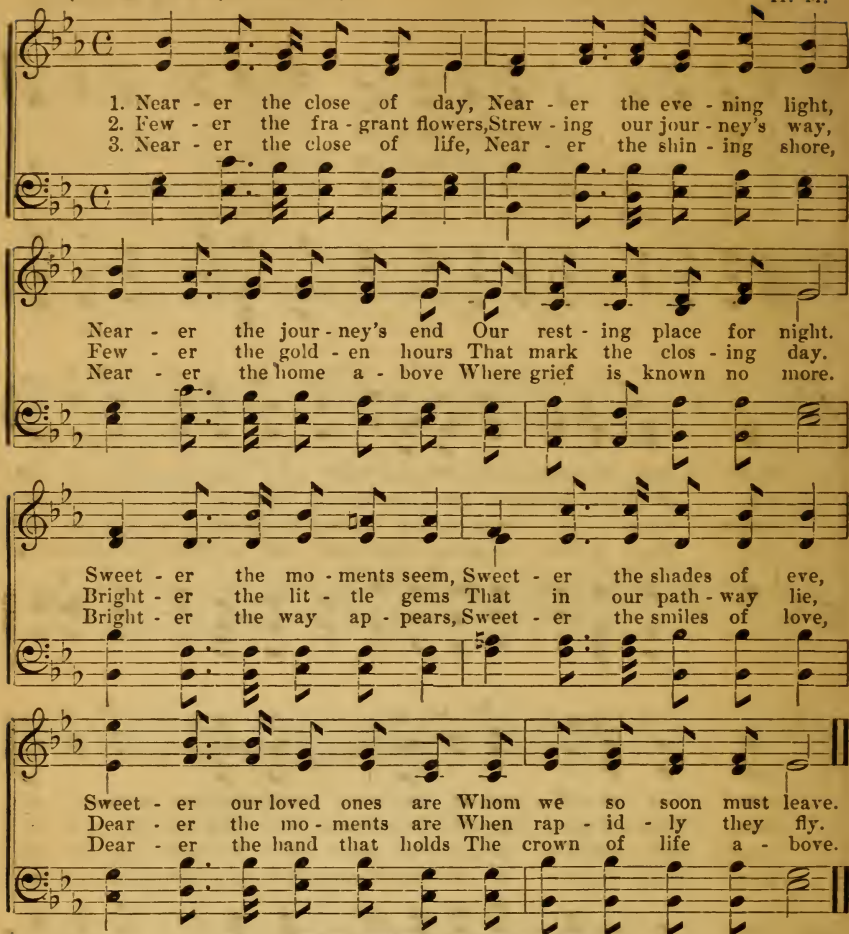
own? Let not cold - ness or the frown Shake thy man - hood—live it
 smile? What are gos - sips with their frown? Buz - zing in - sects—live it
 nought. Then will griev - ed mer - cy's frown Smite the sland'rer—live it
 kneel. Droop not then if all should frown; With such friendship—live it

down! Live it down, Live it down, Live it down! . .

No. 114. NEARER THE CLOSE OF DAY.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

H. M.



1. Near - er the close of day, Near - er the eve - ning light,
 2. Few - er the fra - grant flowers, Strew - ing our jour - ney's way,
 3. Near - er the close of life, Near - er the shin - ing shore,

Near - er the jour - ney's end Our rest - ing place for night.
 Few - er the gold - en hours That mark the clos - ing day.
 Near - er the home a - bove Where grief is known no more.

Sweet - er the mo - ments seem, Sweet - er the shades of eve,
 Bright - er the lit - tle gems That in our path - way lie,
 Bright - er the way ap - pears, Sweet - er the smiles of love,

Sweet - er our loved ones are Whom we so soon must leave.
 Dear - er the mo - ments are When rap - id - ly they fly.
 Dear - er the hand that holds The crown of life a - bove.

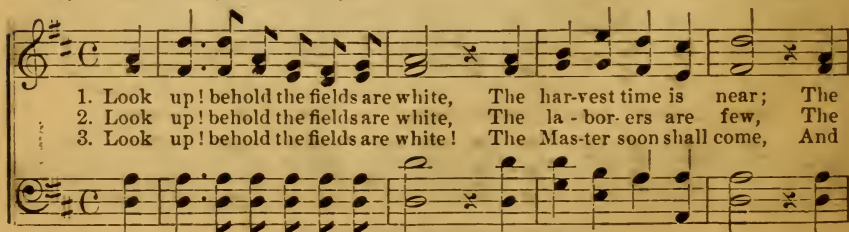
Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

No. 115. LOOK UP! BEHOLD THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to the harvest."—St. John iv: 35.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

H. M.



1. Look up! behold the fields are white, The har-vest time is near; The
 2. Look up! behold the fields are white, The la - bor - ers are few, The
 3. Look up! behold the fields are white! The Mas - ter soon shall come, And

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LOOK UP! BEHOLD THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.

summons of the Master falls Up - on the reaper's ear; Go
gathering of the harvest must By grace de - pend on you. Go
car - ry with re-joicing heart, His gathered trophies home. And

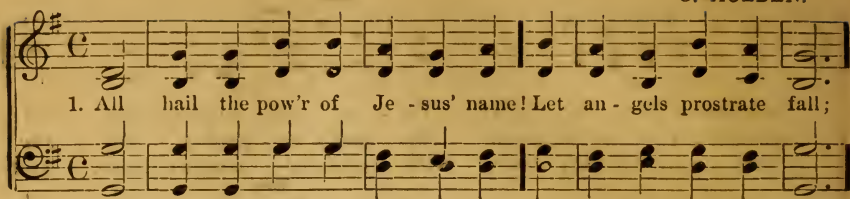
forth in - to the golden grain And bind the precious sheaves, And
forth throughout the busy world, The world of want and sin; And
can you stand with empty arms, While glad - ly He re - ceives From

gar - ner for the Lord of Hosts The har - vest which He gives.
gath - er for the Lord of Hosts Its dy - ing millions in.
oth - ers in the har - vest field A load of precious sheaves?

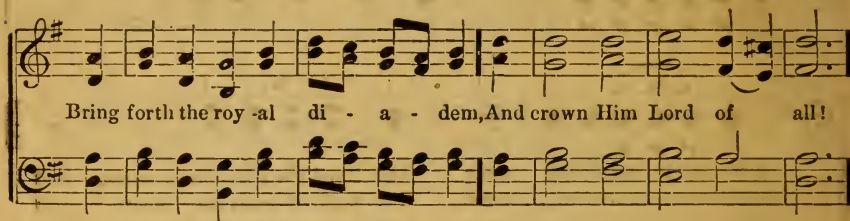
THERE IS A LAND.

May be sung to melody of "Auld Lang Syne" or to "Varina."

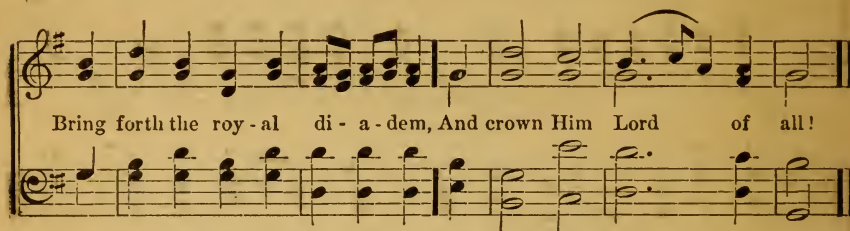
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.</p> <p>2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.</p> <p>3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.</p> | <p>4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.</p> <p>5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes!—</p> <p>6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.</p> |
|--|--|



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

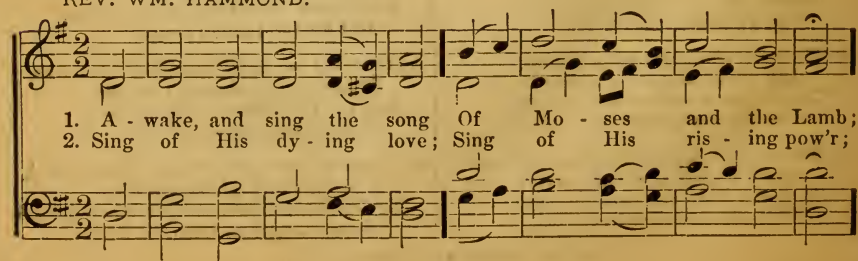
3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 117.

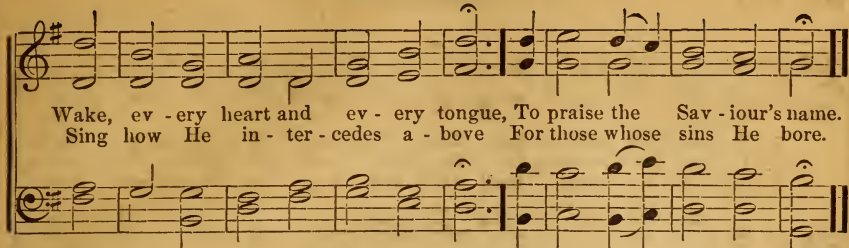
ST. THOMAS.

REV. WM. HAMMOND.



1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing pow'r;

ST. THOMAS.



Wake, ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.

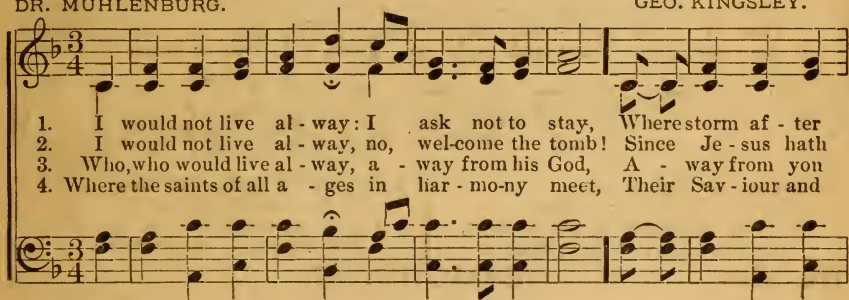
3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice-ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim:
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

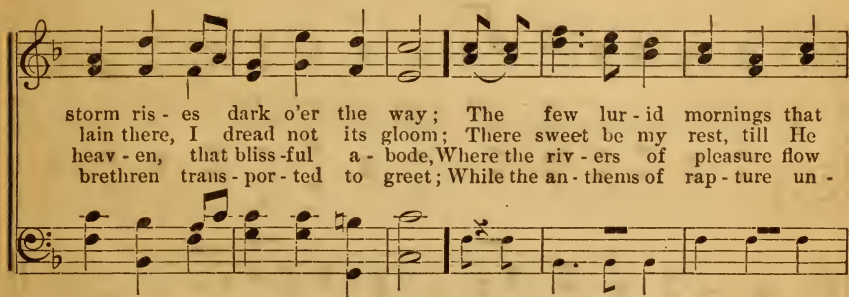
No. 118. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

DR. MUHLENBURG.

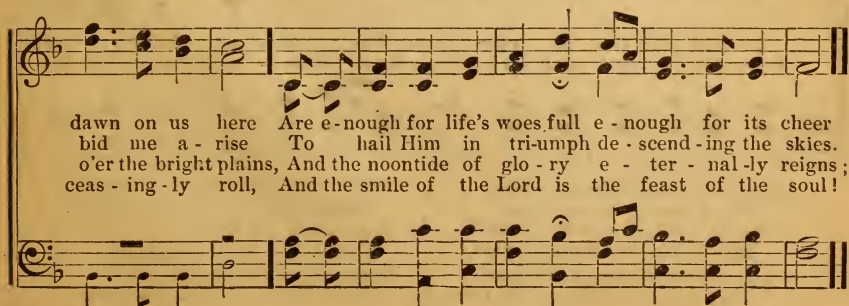
GEO. KINGSLEY.



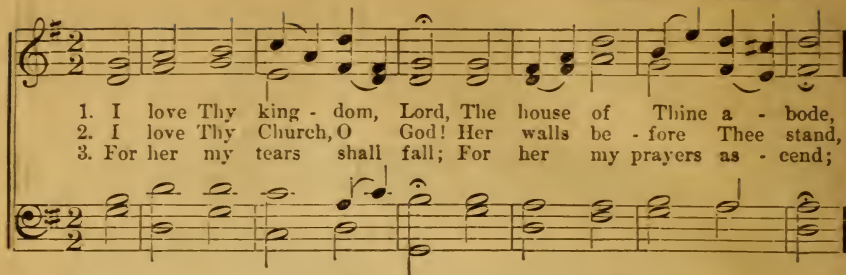
1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter
2. I would not live al - way, no, wel - come the tomb! Since Je - sus hath
3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God, A - way from you
4. Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sav - iour and



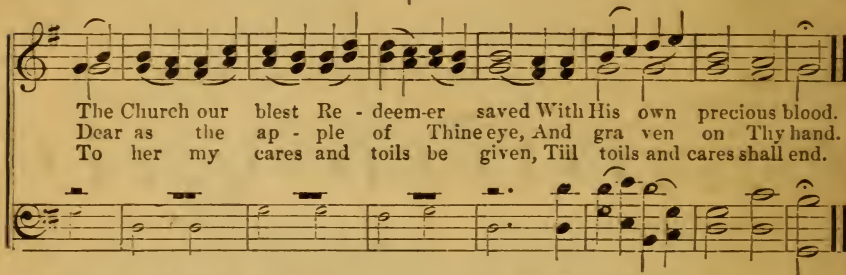
storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lur - id mornings that
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till He
heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where the riv - ers of pleasure flow
brethren trans - por - ted to greet; While the an - thems of rap - ture un -



dawn on us here Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer
bid me a - rise To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.
o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns;
ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;



The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be given, Tiil toils and cares shall end.

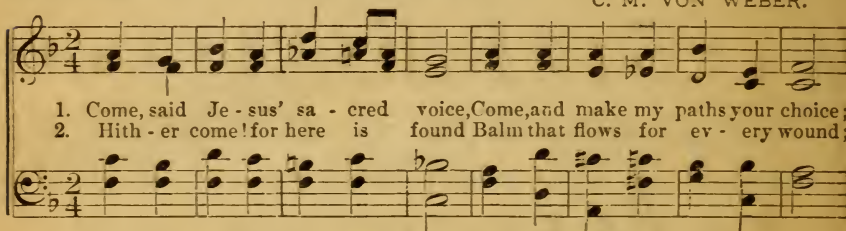
4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

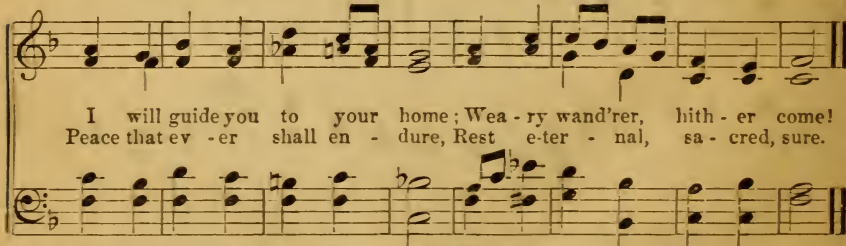
No. 120.

SEYMOUR. 7S.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
 2. Hith - er come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev - ery wound;



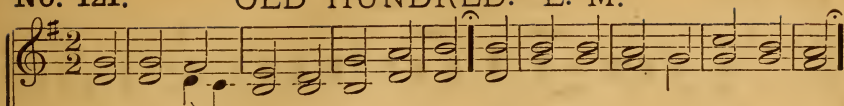
I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry wand'rer, hith - er come!
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
 2 I have long withstood His grace;
 Long provoked Him to His face;

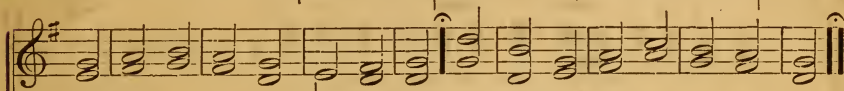
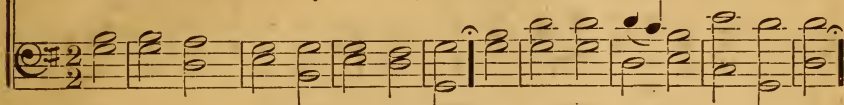
Would not hearken to His calls,
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
 3 Now, incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 121.

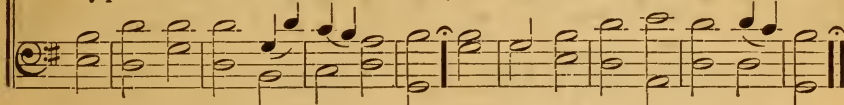
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
 2. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;
 3. E-ter-nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord! E-ter-nal truth at-tends Thy word;



Praise Him a-bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.
 Let the Redeem-er's name be sung Through every land, by ev-ery tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.



No. 122.

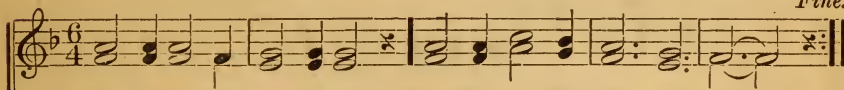
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Psalm ix: 9.

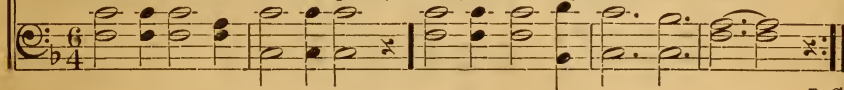
REV. CH. WESLEY, 1740.

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

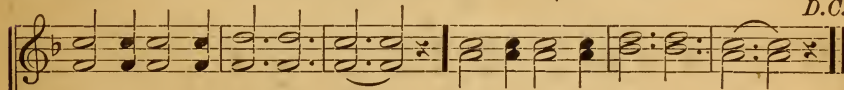
Fine.



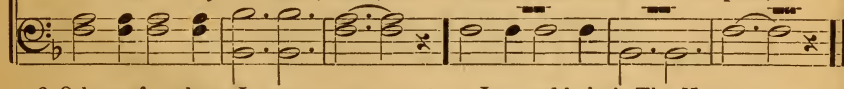
1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 d. c. Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.



D. C.



Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

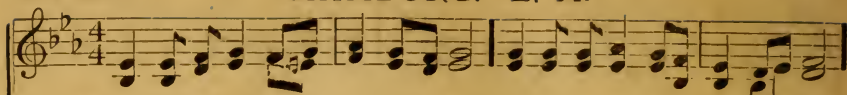


- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

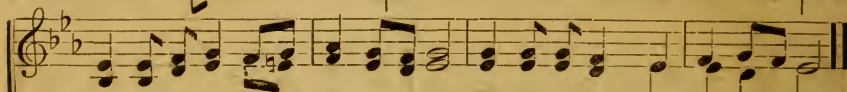
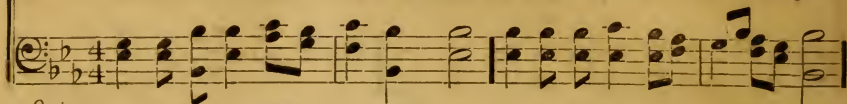
- Just and holy is Thy Name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make me, keep me, pure within.
 Thou the life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 123.

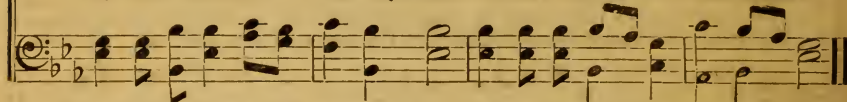
HAMBURG. L. M.



1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend!



Ashamed of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame—That I no more re - vere His name.

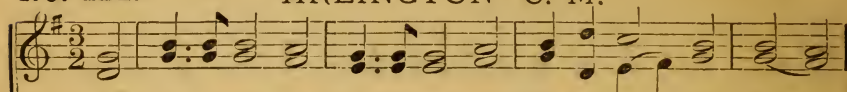


3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

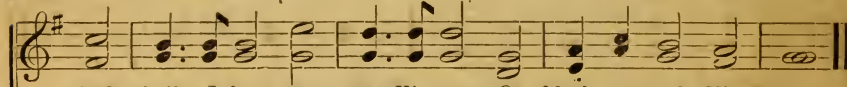
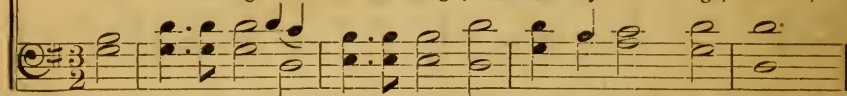
4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
 And oh, may this my glory be—
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

No. 124.

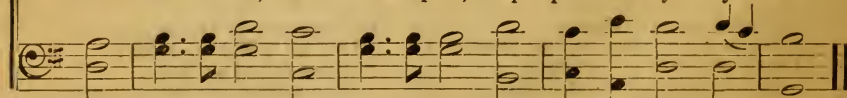
ARLINGTON C. M.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb—
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease;
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word?



1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

4 O Thou by whom we come to God—
 The Life, the Truth, the Way—
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

No. 125. COME, THOU FOUNT. 7S.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

Fine.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
 D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up - on it! Mount of Thy re-deeming love.

D. C.
 Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

3 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.
 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

No. 126. DENNIS. S. M.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

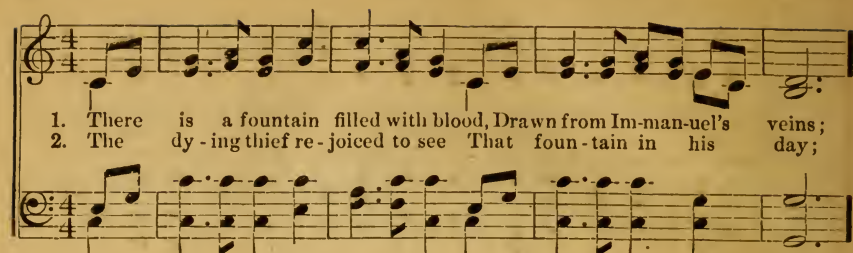
H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;

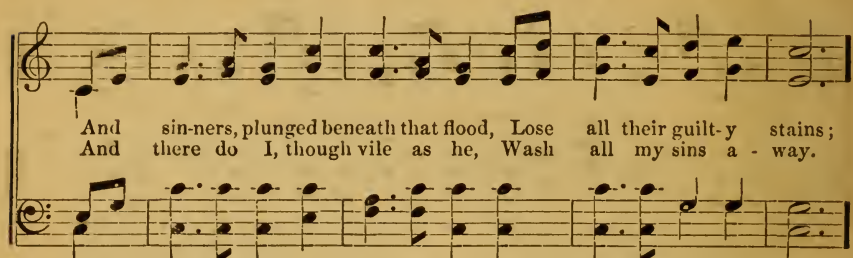
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our com-forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

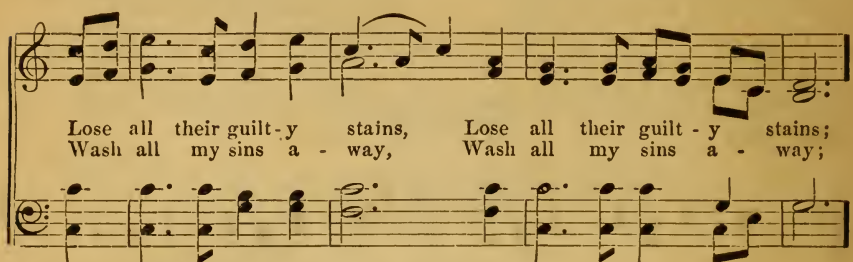
4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.



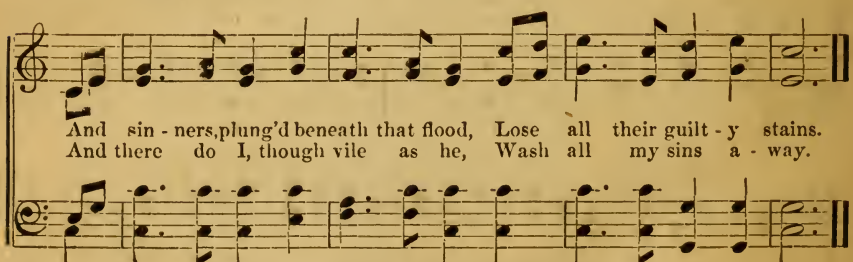
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;



And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 And there do I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.



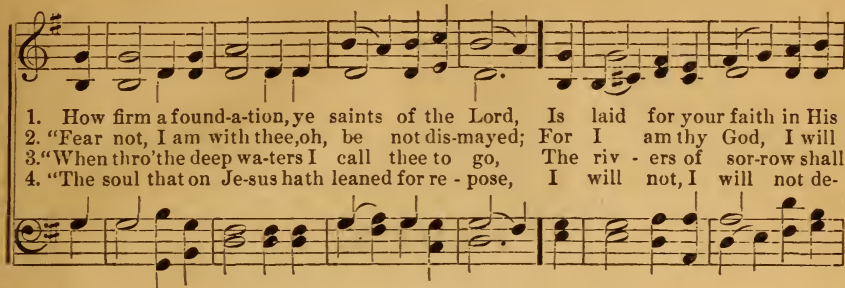
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;



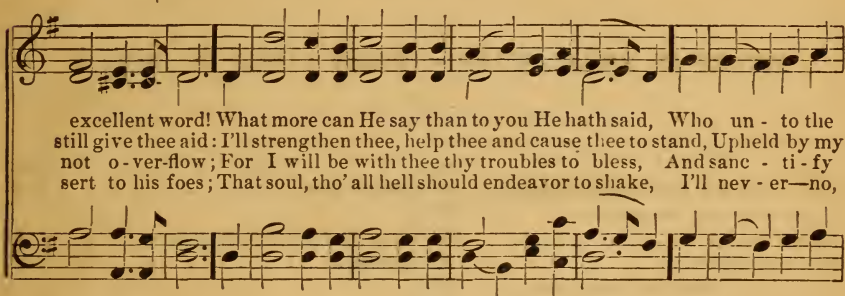
And sin-ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there do I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

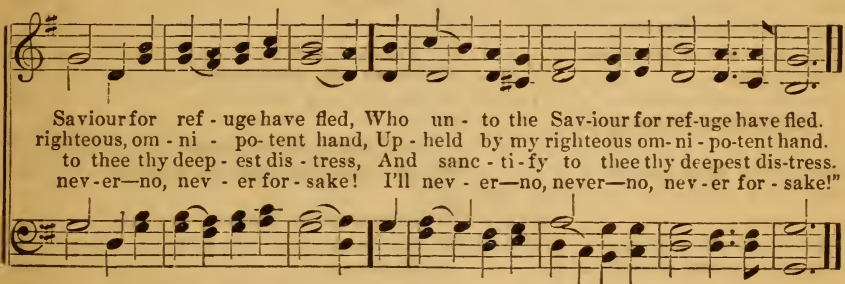
4 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save.

"How Firm a Foundation!"


1. How firm a found-a-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed; For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I will not de-



excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who un-to the
 still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
 sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er-no,



Saviour for ref-uge have fled, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled.
 righteous, om-ni-po-tent hand, Up-held by my righteous om-ni-po-tent hand.
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.
 nev-er-no, nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er-no, never-no, nev-er for-sake!"

Looking Off.

- 1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
 The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
 That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.
- 2 While looking to Jesus my heart cannot fear;
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near:
 I know that His presence my safeguard will be,
 For, "Why are ye troubled?" "He saith unto me.
- 3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
 They bear me away in His presence to be;
 I see Him still nearer whom always I see.
- 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
 Shall know how His love went before me each day.
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

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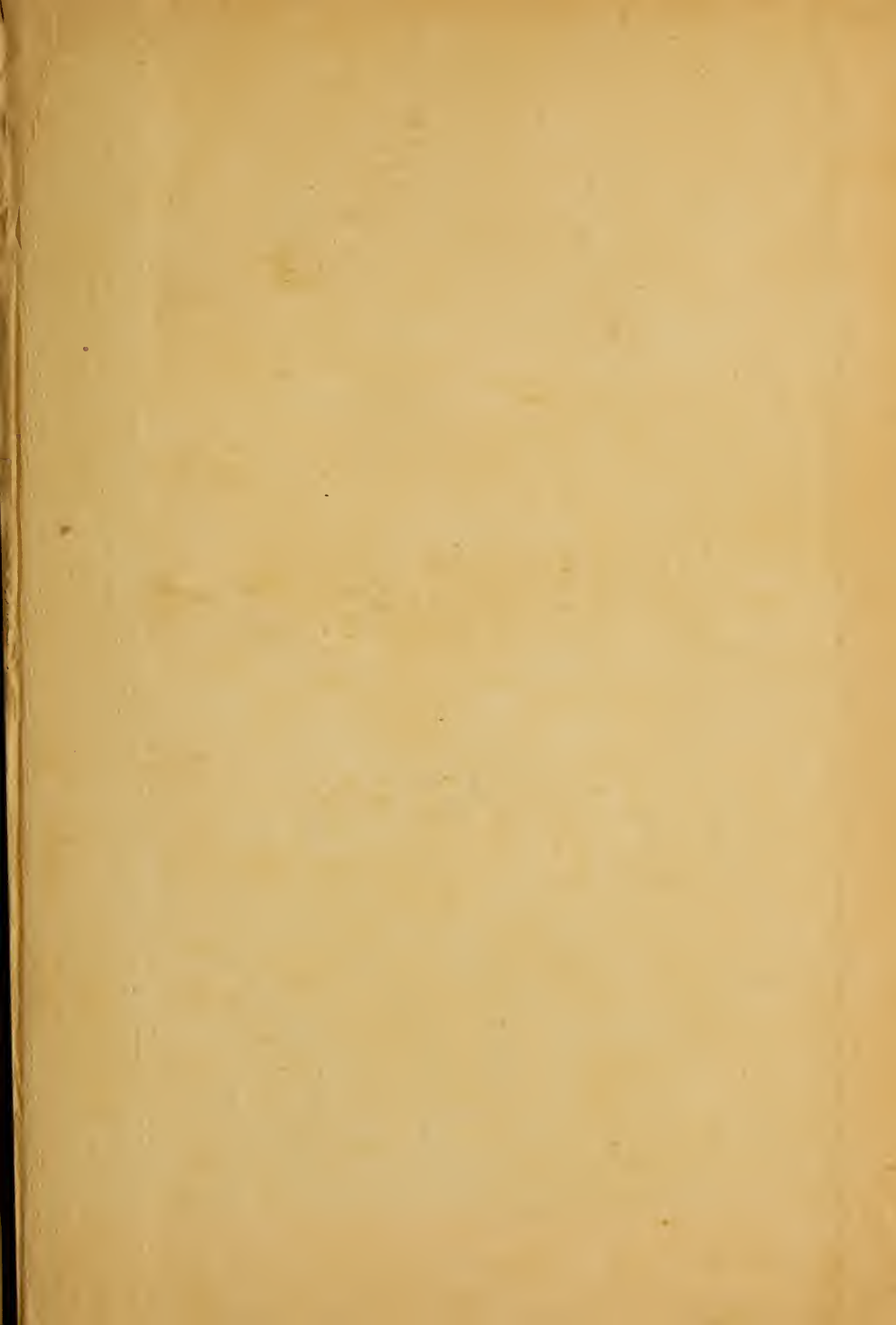


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